THE BLOODY CAPTIVITY OF URANIA WHITE

REAL WEST

35c

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION
NOVEMBER

TIBURCIO VASQUEZ, LOVER-BANDIT

•

THE CURSE OF VAN DUZAN'S TREASURE

•

AFTERMATH OF THE BISBEE HANGING

•

WYATT EARP AS I KNEW HIM

THE SCOUT
by Frederic Remington

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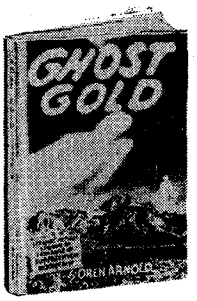

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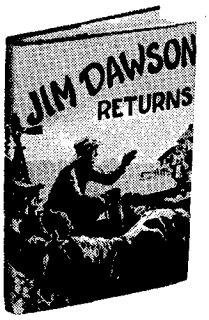

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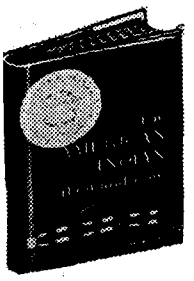

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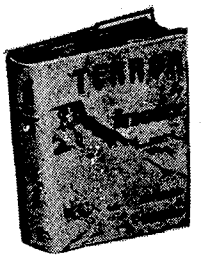

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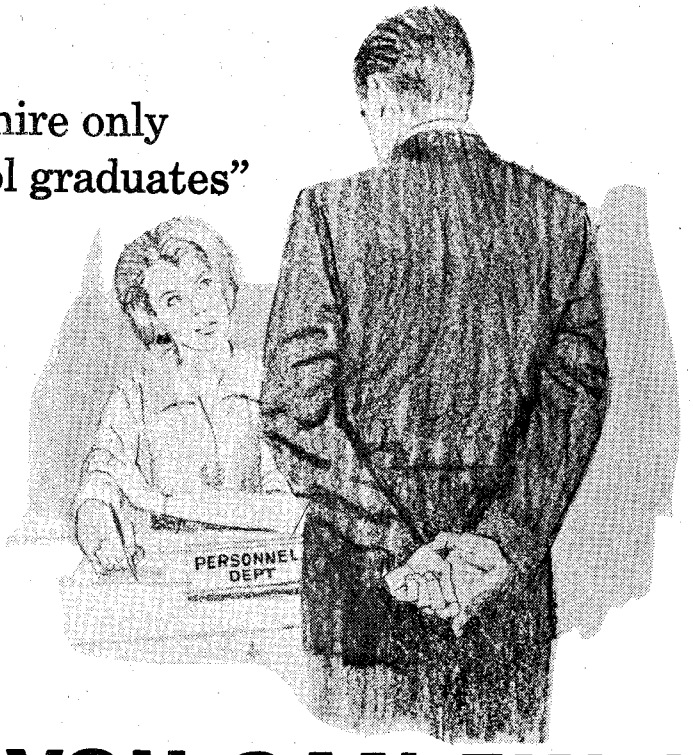

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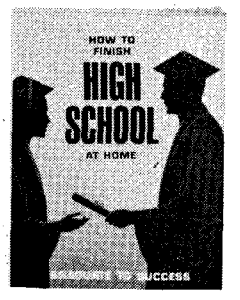

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REAL WEST

Vol. VIII
Number 44
Nov. 1965

The Brand of Quality

Editor: Philip R. Rand
Managing Editor: William T. Kish
Executive Editor: Pat Masulli
Research Director: Edward T. LeBlanc
Art Director: Bohdan Dziubina
Production Manager: William Anderson

IN THIS ISSUE

We try to bring our readers the down-to-earth truth as recorded in the diaries and letters of the pioneers whose daily lives were more thrilling and challenging than fiction. Try to imagine the terror of Urania White who saw her children butchered and then became a prisoner of the fierce Sioux. Put yourself in the boots of the citizen who fearfully dodges to escape the galloping hoofs of the outlaw's horse as Tiburcio Vasquez rides on a rampage of murder and wife-stealing. Hear the shrieks of dying Indian women and children as the army chalks up another questionable victory in the Massacre on Sappa Creek. And try to keep pace with restless Nellie Cashman as she blazes new adventures from Tombstone to Skagway. For variety, you'll visit the rough and tumble mining towns, learn the Indian's calendar and go on a search for cursed treasure. If you're a Wyatt Earp fan, you'll probably bristle at the caustic report of one man who rode the trail with him. But whether you're for the Cowboys or Indians, the lawman or outlaw, you'll enjoy the true tales of life and death as it was in the Real West.

REAL WEST
TIBURCIO VASQUEZ LOVER-BANDIT
THE CURSE OF VAN DUZAN'S TREASURE
AFTERMATH OF THE BISBEE HANGING
WYATT EARP AS I KNEW HIM

THIS MONTH'S COVER

At the request of many readers, we again brighten our cover with the authentic Western art of Frederick Remington. This talented artist painted the frontiersmen as he saw them during his exciting life in the Real West.

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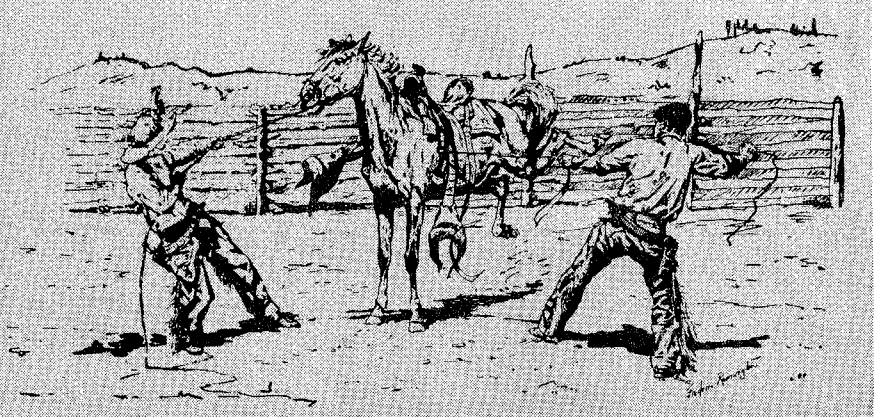
The Editor's Corral



The little spat readers are having about coyotes and wolves (see MAIL ROUND-UP) probably brings back a lot of memories to many of us who spent our boyhoods on the Plains, prairies, and in the mountains. How many of us tried to tame a coyote or wolf, whichever they are, and make pets out of them. I tried it three times with the same unfortunate results. For a few months the animal would be friendly, like a puppy dog, but after six months all the wild streak would come out and all I could do was to turn it loose or kill it. I turned my three loose, and I suppose that is what most of you did because you get kind of attached to these animals.

What is a coyote and what is a wolf is still a puzzle to me. When I was a kid cowboy in New Mexico, the coyotes ran in packs, were small scrawny creatures and they had a peculiar yelp and when it came from about twenty coyotes at the same time it could be rather eerie. When I got back to the plains country, the so-called coyotes ran in pairs, were larger animals, and had the mournful and haunting cry that would float over the night air. Were these larger animals coyotes or wolves? What were smaller and scrawny creatures that infested the foot hills of the Mountains? So I am still puzzled just what is a coyote and what is a lobo wolf?

★

Hal Preece dropped in for a chat the other day. As you know Mr. Preece has written the well-known book on the Daltons, "The Dalton Gang." In the several years he researched for his book, he covered about every angle of the life of the outlaws in the Indian and Oklahoma Territories. As I spent a good part of my young manhood in that same territory, we had a lot to talk about in common. One was the amazing deep bonds of friendship between many of the peace officers and the outlaws. The friendship between Bill Doolin and Bill Tilghman was well-known by all, and on two occasions Doolin refused to permit his men to fire the shots that would have killed Tilghman, and when Tilghman arrested Doolin in the hotel lobby in Excelsior Springs, Arkansas, Doolin cried, begging Tilghman not to make him kill him. The great Chris Madsen was a close friend of Al Jennings, and Bud Ledbetter knew most of the more famous outlaws by their first names.

Yet both Preece and I agreed that these close friendships never interfered with the job of those peace officers to bring these outlaws to justice. Somehow there seemed to be an understanding between the outlaw and peace officer that friendship had no part in the jobs each of them was doing. This feeling did not exist between any peace officer and outlaw in such cases as Cherokee Bill, the Bucks, Ned Bristie, and that coterie of psychotic killers.

★

We are sure that our readers will find Harvey St. John's article, "My Meeting with Wyatt Earp," interesting and a definite contribution to the Earp legend. Here we have a former cowboy who in later life became a gifted Western writer telling in simple and straightforward language his meeting as a boy with an old man, who turned out to be Wyatt Earp. Stuart Lake's book on Wyatt Earp hadn't been published, and before this book was published Wyatt Earp was not too well known and young St. John didn't know at the time that he was talking to a man who was to become one of the strange legends of the old West.

This meeting didn't impress young St. John with the greatness of Wyatt Earp. In fact, he got exactly the opposite opinion of the old man. Whether you agree or disagree about Wyatt Earp, you will have to admit that here you have an honest and unbiased picture of Earp.

★

Are you getting sick and tired of the shootings and killings in the stories of the old West. Scanning the flood of letters that come to the editor's desk, we sense that some of our readers would prefer stories of the early settlers, their hardships and how they overcame them rather than the chase and gun battles. To satisfy this desire we have arranged for a series of articles on the life of those pioneers, how they overcame sickness, the terrifying loneliness, and the pangs of hunger that never left them.

We would like your opinion of this type of story and what type you like best. Tell us what you want and we'll give it to you.

★

We still get letters from readers complaining they can't get to the newsstands fast enough to get their copies of REAL WEST. Again we want to tip you off to the great secret how you can overcome this handicap. Sit down and write a check for a year's subscription to REAL WEST. Mail the letter with the check and you will then get your copy of REAL WEST in the mail before it even hits the news stands. Fresh reading, and something else. You'll be saving money. So write that check today.

★

The next magazine in our Americana Library series is one that our readers are sure to enjoy. The title is "Famous Lawmen of the West", featuring Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, Bill Tilghman, Roy Bean, Bill Hickok, Pat Garrett and other fighting lawmen of that bloody era in our history. You'll smell the acrid smoke of gunfire, thrill to the authentic gunfights, the heroism and tragedy of the sheriffs, rangers, marshals who upheld the tottering law of the old West. Pick up your special collectors edition of Famous Lawmen at your newsstand.

RW

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Carelton Mays And Staff Of RW Answer Questions

Mrs. Blain Wayman, 405 Broadway, Wichita, Kansas wants the real truth about the treatment of the Indian wives. She writes, "some writers picture these wives as abject slaves, driven with the most menial labors, and killed any time the husband desired. Is that true?"

Placing Indian wives of all tribes in the same classification according to the treatment they received is no more a true picture than placing all white wives of all nations and sections of nations in the same classification. The different tribes had different rules for wives. Some of the Plains Indians - the Kiowas, Osages, Cheyenne - required their women to do all the menial work around the lodges, such as cooking, curing hides, weaving, making pottery, etc. The Indian men did the hunting and the fighting.

Yet the women of the Navajos had complete freedom. If a man wanted his pony fed or cared for, it was his job. It was his job to cure skins and to do other menjal labors around the tepees. The Navajo woman had perfect freedom in choosing a husband and if she did not like him, could kick him out.

Among the Haida Indians of the Northwest, there were tribes where the women not only ruled but did the fighting, while the men took care of the children and tended to the cooking and other household chores. The Comanches had a deep respect for their women and chastity was of first importance, and if any Comanche wife or daughter violated those rules she would be put to death. But in the family, the Comanche wife and mother had as much to say as the men.

The Apache women in certain Apache tribes had the right to walk out on their husbands if they so desired, and if they did and went to another Apache, this Apache had to pay the deserted husband the number of ponies the elder council decreed. If this new husband did not pay with the ponies, the original husband got his wife back and could do whatever he wished with her, even kill her.

So you see, there is no overall picture of the treatment of Indian wives. In some tribes the husband could kill the wife if he wished, but this was not general among all the tribes.

In some tribes, the squaw tended to animals and did menial labors.

Q. Did Horace Greely first use the expression, "Go West Young Man?" Charles Laymuth, Mission Kansas.

A. A newspaper in Terre Haute, Indiana is credited with first using that expression, although it was a rather common expression in the West, which was trying to get settlers. Horace Greeley picked it up on his trip West, and his prestige and the prestige of his New York Tribune made the expression famous and he got credit for it.

———:———

Q. With all the material I have read on Tombstone and Wyatt Earp, I still would like to know what really caused Earp and Doc Holiday to flee Tombstone? Was it the law? Alice Wheeler, Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri.

A. The law was after Earp and Doc Holiday for stage holdups, but it was not so much the law that caused the two to flee Tombstone. The fight in the O.K. Corral left the bitter feud between the Earp and Clanton gangs red hot. Morgan Earp had been killed and Virgil Earp wounded in his shoulder, a wound that crippled him for life. The odds were against the Earps and so Wyatt and Doc figured life would be safer in some other town.

{Continued on Page 71}

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***America's 12 Most Famous Artists**

Albert Dorne

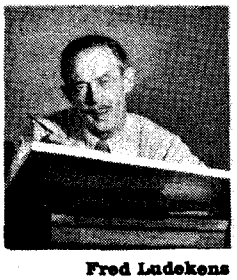
Norman Rockwell

Al Parker

Jon Whitcomb

Austin Briggs

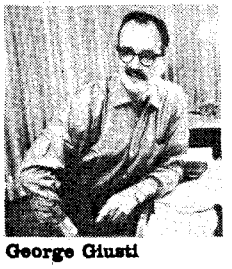
Ben Stahl



Fred Ludekens

Robert Fawcett

Harold Von Schmidt



George Giusti

Peter Helck

Stevan Dohanos

*We're looking for people who like to draw

IF YOU LIKE to draw, America's 12 Most Famous Artists want to help you find out whether you can be trained to be a professional artist.

Some time ago, we found that many men and women who could (and should) have become artists never did. Some were unsure of their talent. Others just couldn't get topnotch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. Taking time off from our busy art careers, we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know-how, and the priceless trade secrets which we ourselves learned through long, successful experience.

Illustrating this knowledge with 5,000 special drawings, we organized a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting . . . lessons that anyone could take right in his own home and in his spare time. We then perfected a very personal and effective method for criticizing a student's drawings and paintings.

Our training works well. It has helped thousands find success in art.

Herb Smith was a payroll clerk. Soon after he started studying with us, he landed an art job with a large printing firm. This was four years ago; today he's head artist for the same firm.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled with us. Now a swank New York gallery sells her paintings.

Father of Three Starts New Career

Stanley Bowen had three children to support and was trapped in a "no-future" job. By studying with us, at home in his spare time, he landed a good job as an advertising artist and has a wonderful future ahead.

Edward Cathony worked as an electrical tester, knew nothing about art except that he liked to draw. Two years after enrolling with us, he became Art and Production Manager for a growing advertising agency.

With our training, Wanda Pickulski was able to give up her typing job and become the fashion artist for a local department store.

Earns Seven Times as Much

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied nights with us. Today, he is a successful advertising illustrator, earns seven times as much and is having a new home built for his family.

Reta Page of Payson, Utah, writes: "Thanks to your course, I've sold more than 60 paintings at up to $100 each."

Even before he finished our training, schoolteacher Ford Button had sold a monthly comic strip to one national magazine plus panel cartoons to a host of other magazines.

Send for Famous Artists Talent Test

To find others with talent worth developing, we created a special 12-page Art Talent Test. Thousands formerly paid to take this test. But now we offer it free and grade it free. People who do well on the test—or offer other evidence of art talent—may enroll in the School. But there's no obligation. Mail coupon today.

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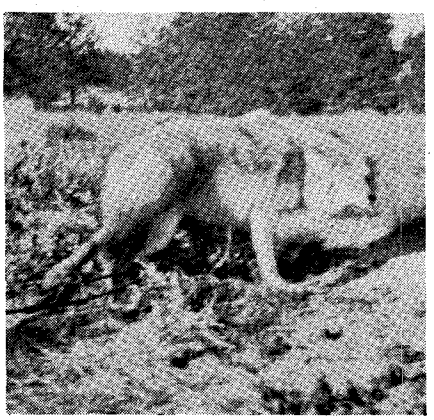
MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

We never know when a pack of readers are coming charging at us, yelping their disapproval at some item published in a story or in MAIL ROUNDUP. For some reason, probably because it is so popular, this department gets most of the irate mail. This time it was a wolf or a coyote or a lobo wolf that caused all the trouble. Determining which one of these animals was caught in the trap in the picture supplied us by Jesse Warren, Worden, Montana has caused all the trouble. Mr. Warren sent us the picture to answer a question about a coyote asked in MAIL ROUNDUP by Jake Monman. Mr. Warren's answer brought us a flood of letters, some against Mr. Warren and others approving.

This is the picture of the animal in the trap sent us by Mr. Warren:



Here are some samples of the letters we have received on the subject:

AGREES WITH MR. WARREN

Dear Sir:

I will have to agree with Jesse Warren in the May 1965 issue of RW. Jake Monman was truthfully given bum dope. J. Warren's picture of a coyote was a real good one.

I may be only 18 years old but when you fight wolves, coyotes and foxes all your life you can't miss a coyote. I was born and raised on a ranch near Dodge City, Kansas and I love to hunt coyotes and wolves.

I would like a letter with proof that a coyote is the size of a fox and I and everyone else back home will probably eat their hats. I will also state that a coyote does not run in packs. You will very seldom find them in more than twos.

They are about twice to three times the size of a fox and smaller than a wolf. He is a dead ringer for a Collie dog except for color.

The Lobo prairie wolf you mentioned is common back home but they are larger than a coyote and are kill crazy where a coyote will not attack cattle, he only eats dead ones already killed, unless the cow is very sick and can't move good or at all.

I can't find a guy from the west that will say a coyote is the same size a fox is. I think your magazine is tops and keep up the work.

A faithful reader,
Tom B. Rutherford
Co Navscol, Mine Warfare
Charleston, S. C.

A WOLF'S TRAIL

Hi you all:

Have read several issues of REAL WEST. Some stories I like and some I don't, but, I'm the same way about food, I don't like carrots but I like onions. So there it is.

In the May issue 1965, on pages 79 and 80 I see you and Jesse L. Warren are having differences about coyotes and wolves.

I'm just a youngster (66 years) but then maybe I had better teachers than you.

I've retired and spend my time hunting coyotes. I haven't seen a wolf for a long, long time. You can tell a wolf from a coyote by his trail (I didn't say track) as easy as you can tell a buck from a doe by its trail.

I hope both of you are not mad at me. I'll just keep reading your old magazine anyway.

So long you all,
Louis D. Larkin
320 Cherry St.
Ottawa, Kansas

DESCRIPTION OF COYOTE

Dear Mr. Rand:

It was with interest the undersigned read a letter in your May, 1965 issue from a reader, Trapper Jesse Warren, Worden, Montana, in reference to the size of a coyote. From my unpublished copyrighted work entitled, A Century of Western Wit and Tragedy, I give you permission to publish the short excerpt on the coyote of 91 years ago; "About 450 miles west of Omaha we first catch a glimpse of the coyote, an under-sized species of wolf. Sneaking, treacherous, voracious, they are among beasts what thistles are among grain - a curse and hard to kill. Still there is the soul of good in things evil - the old hunters pronouncing wolf mutton not unsavory in hard times. The flavor, I suspect, is not in the flesh, but in the times."

That's all, Mr. Editor,
Stanley J. Smith
Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada

MORE ABOUT COYOTES

Dear Sir:

After reading your comments to Jesse L. Warren's description of the coyote, I think I should have my say in defense of Mr. Warren. Mr. Warren described the coyote perfectly.

When I was a boy of 15 yrs. back in Missouri about 1912, a few animals that the people there called wolves, began to appear.

They have increased until they are quite common along the Mo. River, upstream from Kansas City, at least. They were just plain coyotes then and are still coyotes though some people there still call them wolves. They came across on the ice from Kansas.

They are all the way from Missouri to California and they are coyotes regardless of what the local people call them. There are two color phases of them. Some being quite gray and others more brown on backs. Otherwise I never saw any difference. They are both found in some areas.

This color difference shows up in the mule deer too. I have heard much of the lobo but never saw one. Until I see one and have my own proof I will continue to believe they are

{Continued on Page 74}

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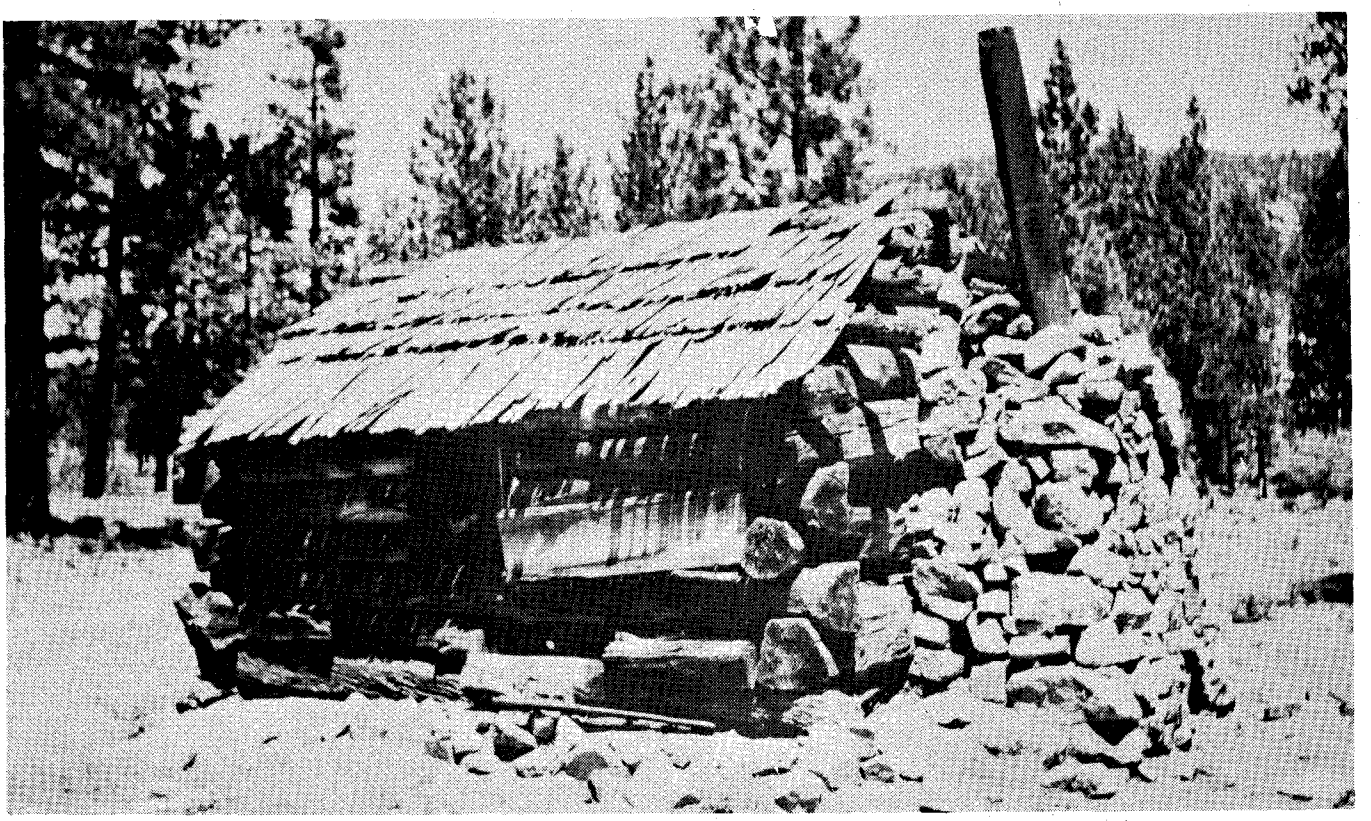
THE CURSE OF VAN DUZAN'S TREASURE

Somewhere in San Bernardino County the jealous ghost of a murdered miner guards a fortune in hidden gold.



Photos by Neil Murharger

by Louise Cheney

There's a lost gold mine in the Van Duzan Canyon, located in the south wall of the 8,000 foot divide that separates the Bear and Holcomb valleys in San Bernardino County. The story of the rich mine, its discovery and its subsequent loss is neither a fantasy nor a legend dreamed up by some old timer for the main elements in the tale are well substantiated facts and there is undisputed evidence that a rich deposit of gold was located and that it still exists.

Many men saw the gold that Van Duzan brought out of the canyon that now bears his name but none knew the location of its source. Only Van Duzan and his partner possessed that vital knowledge and they confided in not a single soul. Consequently when Van Duzan was murdered and his partner faded into oblivion never to be seen again in the vicinity, the mine was lost. There is a strong possibility that one other man, a Frenchman, found the Van Duzan diggings in 1886 but like his predecessors, he, too, kept his secret well and the location never became known. And then, like Van Duzan's partner, he too vanished from the face of the earth. So the mine was lost once more, (that is, if the Frenchman's find was the Van Duzan lode) and lost it has remained for around a century although many hopefuls have searched for it.

Van Duzan made his appearance in the Holcomb Valley during the mad gold rush of 1860-1870 triggered by Uncle Billy Holcomb's discovery of gold in a large valley north of Big Bear Lake. Van Duzan was no greenhorn prospector. Possessed of a better education than the average man of his day and equipped with a working knowledge of geology and engineering, he used no helter-skelter, hit or miss methods in his search for "color." First he made a careful appraisal of the region and then with a partner whose name has been lost to history, located in the canyon where the two

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men built a cabin. After a few weeks Van Duzan showed up at the mining camp with a supply of rich gold with which he purchased needed supplies. Though neither Van Duzan nor his partner volunteered any information as to the source of their sudden wealth, it was assumed in the settlement that they had struck a rich lode in the canyon.

The two men worked steadily week after week and then Van Duzan confided to a friend that he and his partner were preparing to pack their gold to San Bernadino for banking. So consequently a few days later little attention was paid to the partner who, driving several laden pack animals, left the valley and headed in the San Bernadino direction. It was a week before a chance visitor happened upon the body of Van Duzan in the cabin. He had been murdered, shot to death. No trace of the gold was found and the partner never returned to the valley nor was he ever seen by anyone who had known him there.

It was in 1861 that Van Duzan was murdered. Many men tried to locate his claim in the years that followed but none succeeded and eventually his mine came to be catalogued as another lost digging of the west.

Then one day in 1868 two prospectors came to the Holcomb valley and concentrated their efforts in the canyon which now bore Van Duzan's name. One was a middle aged Frenchman and his partner was a youth by the name of Stebbins. The Frenchman displayed quite a knowledge of lode mining and began his search for gold in the higher levels of the canyon. It was not long before he, like Van Duzan, appeared in the mining camp with a quantity of rich gold which appeared identical in characteristics with that which Van Duzan had mined seven years previous.

The Frenchman kept as tight a mouth as Van Duzan before him and no one could learn the source of his wealth. He even forbade his partner, the youthful Stebbins, to accompany him to his diggings. And then one morning the Frenchman left the camp to work his mine and never returned.

Stebbins stoutly maintained that he knew nothing of his partner's fate. There were some who were of the opinion that the Frenchman had acquired a good sized stake and quietly faded away. Others entertained the suspicion that he had been murdered and his body tossed down some unused mine shaft. Then too there was a possibility that he had been caught in a cave in and that both his body and his mine had been covered with falling rocks and earth. The mystery was never solved.

Stebbins remained in the valley for several weeks after the Frenchman disappeared but he never found a trace of the lode. Then he, too, disappeared completely.

The Holcomb Valley gold rush came to an end by 1870 for with depth the ore played out. First the miners drifted away and then the merchants in the settlements that had sprung with the coming of the prospectors in the initial days of the boom. The buildings and houses in the once booming camps in time fell prey to vandalism and deterioration and in time trees and vegetation took over the roads that once throbbed with commerce to the gold camps. The years swept by and finally half a century was gone. During this period, many men, from time to time, sought the lost Van Duzan mine but it eluded every search and remained lost.

Then one day an old white haired man came to Holcomb Valley. He said his name was Stebbins and that he had prospected there as a boy. He boasted that after he left the vicinity he had prospected for gold with much success in the Klondike, at Tonopah, Golfield and other rich areas. He stated that he now believed his experience in the above areas would serve him in locating the Van Duzan.

Hopefully, the old man began his search in the canyon. But he found that the years had left their mark on the terrain. The bed of the canyon had been eroded by Caribou Creek and the underbrush had thickened to an almost impenetrable thicket. Landslides had also lacerated the walls and the earth was pock marked with pot-holes and tunnels made by hopeful prospectors.

Undaunted Stebbins started his search for the elusive Van Duzan Mine. Day after day he combed the canyon. Week after week he hacked his way through the thickets. After months of back breaking labor he came up with exactly nothing. The Van Duzan defied all his efforts. Eventually his age put an end to his search.

Others took up where Stebbins left off. Even today over a century since Van Duzan hit "color" in the canyon, men still hunt for his lost mine. And so far it has defied them all. But it is there, in rugged Van Duzan canyon, waiting for some lucky prospector to tap its golden richness.

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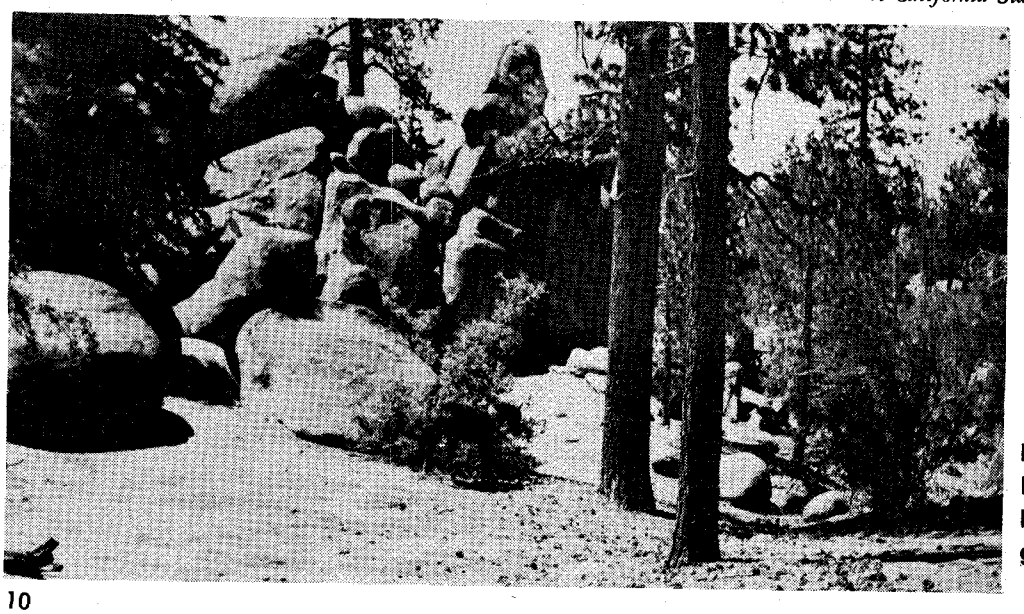

Holcomb Valley at Van Duzan Canyon. Uncle Billy Holcomb's discovery of gold was the start of the whole mess.

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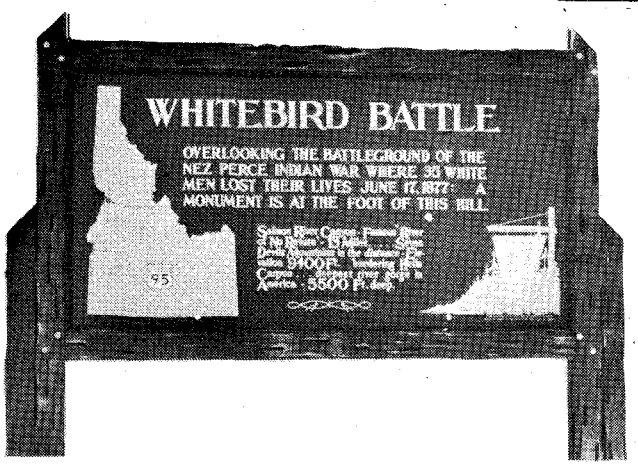
AMBUSH AT WHITEBIRD CANYON


WHITEBIRD BATTLE
OVERLOOKING THE BATTLEGROUND OF THE NEZ PERCE INDIAN WAR WHERE 33 WHITE MEN LOST THEIR LIVES JUNE 17, 1877. A MONUMENT IS AT THE FOOT OF THIS HILL.
95

The peaceful Idaho valley was the bloody scene of one of the Army's most tragic defeats in its history of Indian warfare.

by L. K. Jones

Traveling south on Highway 95 in the state of Idaho, one comes to Whitebird Canyon, through which flows Whitebird Creek. At its mouth, the creek flows into the Salmon River. As the traveler drops over the crest of the surrounding hills and starts the winding descent, he is greeted by a scene of rugged yet peaceful beauty.

It is difficult to realize that this beautiful place was the scene of one of the greatest disasters ever to befall the army of the U. S. in its long history of Indian warfare. Only the Custer, Fetterman and Dade battles were of greater magnitude. At dawn on the morning of June 17, 1877, these canyon walls echoed and re-echoed to the sound of gunfire, the agonized screams of men and horses, and the exultant war-whoops of the victorious Nez Perce Indians under the leadership of their great Chief Joseph.

Roughly about one mile from the Salmon River the canyon opens out, the hills on the north swing away in a wide semi-circle, coming back to the creek at the immediate point where it enters the Salmon. The hills to the south rise abruptly from the bank, continuing thus to the river. The floor of this one-half saucer valley is rolling and cut by ravines. The surrounding hills are crowned with heavy timber. In 1877 the valley floor had scattered timber with brush in the ravines.

The Nez Perce (Pierced Nose) Indians were among the most stalwart and intelligent Indians on the North American Continent. By careful, selective breeding they had produced the famous Appaloosa horse, so highly regarded today. From the days of Lewis and Clark they had been consistently friendly and helpful to all whites. The ancestral home of Joseph's band of Nez Perce was the beautiful Wallowa Valley, which had been guaranteed to them by treaty with the government. Subsequent to

An elderly Nez Perce man, photographed in 1868.

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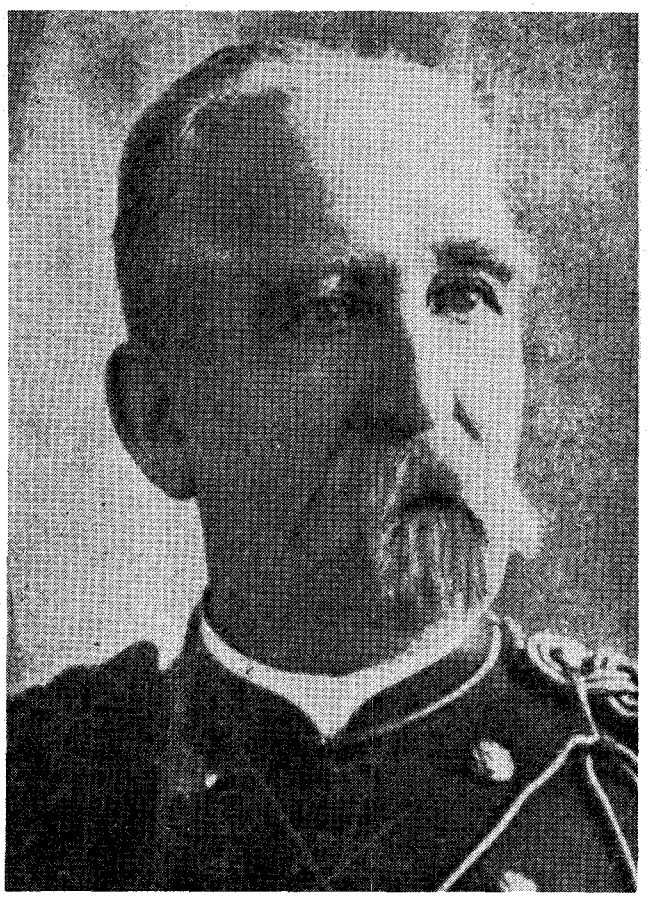
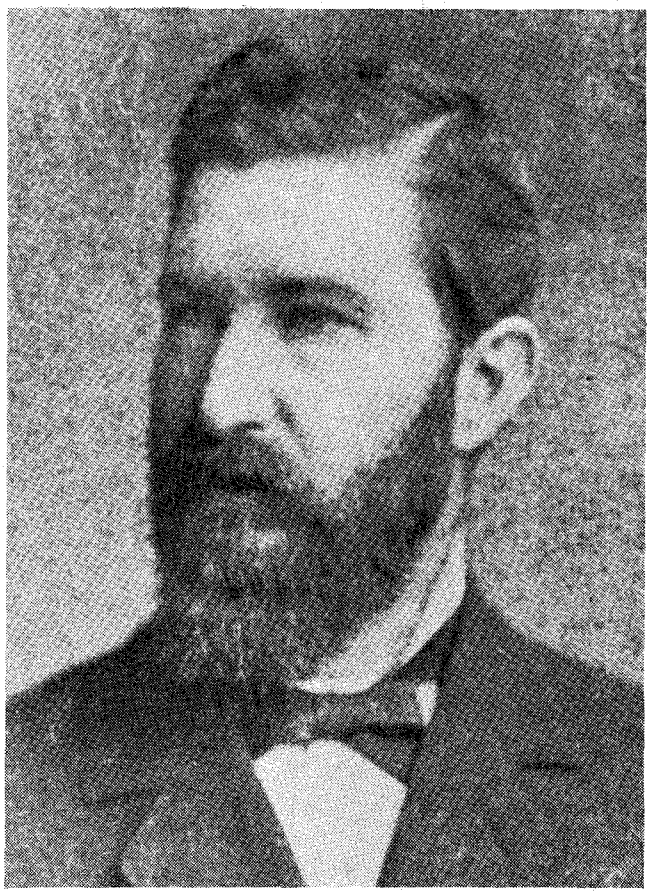


Lt. Parnell was decorated for his part in the war.



Perry's actions were questioned by the Military.

the Civil War, many ex-soldiers moved west. Inevitably, this valley, which today is recognized as one of the beauty spots of America, caught their eye, and early settlers moved in. Rumor has it that some of these settlers were members of Quantrill's band of guerillas of Lawrence, Kansas fame (or ill fame). Naturally, the Nez Perce resented this invasion of their rights and trouble developed.

General Howard, commander of the Military Department, came to Fort Lapwai on the reservation near Lewiston, hoping to avert war by a conference with Joseph and other chiefs. The conference was concluded when Howard ordered the Nez Perce to collect their families and stock from the Wallowas and move into the reservation at Lapwai within thirty days, or suffer military action. Reluctantly, Joseph agreed, protesting that the Snake River, which had to be crossed, was in spring flood, and many lives, both of people and stock, might be lost. Howard was adamant, and with a heavy heart, Joseph returned to Wallowa to begin the task of rounding up his people and stock to lead them from their beloved valley.

Joseph's protest to Howard proved to be prophetic. Women and children were ferried across the Snake in bull-boats. Not a life was lost. The crossing of the stock was not so fortunate. Many hundreds of cattle and fine Appaloosa horses were swept away in the raging torrent of the Snake.

This terrible event took place in the early part of June. Angered by this unnecessary loss and inflamed by whiskey, some of the young bucks raided along the Salmon River, killing several settlers and taking ammunition and supplies. The terrible Nez Perce War, which was to cost the government many lives and millions of dollars, was on.

Because of the unsettled situation, Fort Lapwai had been reinforced by Troops H and F, of the 1st U. S. Cavalry, a regiment which had been tested in many Indian campaigns and the Mexican and Civil Wars. Previous to the Civil War, such famous names as Robert E. Lee, George H. Thomas, and Jeb Stuart had appeared on its roster. On the afternoon of June 15, a dispatch rider rode into the Fort from Grangeville with the report of the murders on the Salmon and an urgent request from the citizens of Grangeville and Mt. Idaho for military protection. At eight o'clock that evening, Capt. David Perry led the two troops out on the road to Grangeville, arriving there the following afternoon.

While the soldiers fed their horses and prepared a meal for themselves, a number of Grangeville people visited the camp, urging Capt. Perry to make a surprise attack on the Indians who, they said, were encamped in Whitebird Canyon some seventeen miles to the southwest. After conferring with the other officers of his command, Capt. Perry decided on a night march and an attack in the early dawn. He requested guides, and a citizens' posse of some nine or ten men was formed for this purpose.

At ten o'clock the column left Grangeville, the weary troopers nodding in their saddles. At 1:30 in the morning, they arrived at the head of the trail leading down into the canyon. Here Capt. Perry called a halt till dawn. The horses were unsaddled and the men instructed not to talk or smoke.

As dawn tipped the western walls of the canyon, the men were quietly aroused and the column started down the steep and winding trail, which led through a narrow

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defile, crossing and recrossing a dry creek bed. As the light grew stronger, a trooper observed a movement in the brush and called his officer's attention. The column was halted and Perry ordered a detail to scout the hillside.

As the men dismounted a white woman, carrying a small child, staggered into the trail. She was disheveled and hysterical. The previous day she had seen Indians approaching their cabin. Her husband had been working in a field, too far from the cabin to warn him. Taking her child, she ran into the heavy timber. From her hiding place, she had seen her husband killed. Too frightened to move, she had remained here all day, and at night had started up the trail for the nearest settlement. She was given food and sent back to Grangeville under escort.

As the column moved on, one trooper could stand the strain no longer, and lighted his pipe. Instantly, the howl of the coyote was heard. The call was repeated from hilltop to hilltop. Some two hours later this trooper paid for his disobedience with his life.

As they neared the bottom of the trail, the light grew stronger and they could see that the canyon opened to a broad valley of several hundred acres, surrounded on all sides by high hills, with here and there a deep ravine leading into this valley. To their immediate front, two ridges stretched across the plateau with a shallow valley between. Off to the left was a knoll which occupied a commanding position. Halting the column, Capt. Perry sent Lt. Theller with a patrol of eight men forward to the far ridge, with orders to send a man back if Indians were sighted. The civilians were ordered to occupy the knoll, and thus prevent the troops from being flanked on the left, an order which Perry was to rue bitterly later.

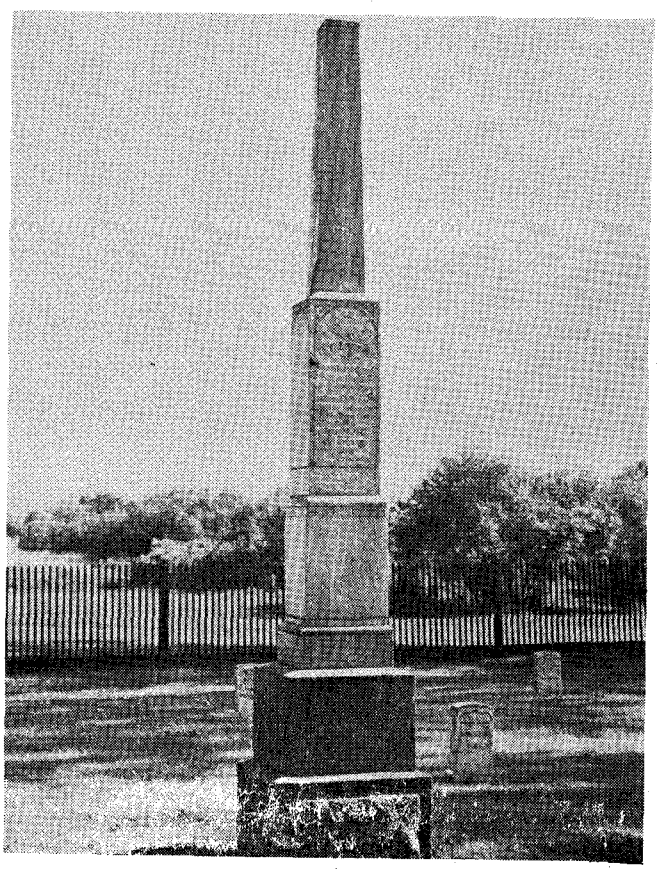
Theller and his men were seen to halt on the ridge, and then a trooper swung his horse and galloped back. He rode up to Capt. Perry and reported that many Indians had been sighted. Suddenly, from behind rocks or trees and from the brush in the ravines, heavy fire was directed against Theller. As men began to fall, Troop F surged forward to the assistance of their comrades. Down across the little valley and up the slope they rode. Reaching the crest, Capt. Perry ordered the men to dismount and the horses were sent back below the ridge. The men lay down in line and firing became general. The soldiers searched the rocks and ravines with their fire for the invisible foe.

Seeing F Troop advance, Capt. Trimble, commanding H Troop, led his men up at a fast run, taking a position to the right of H Troop. Capt. Perry, looking for his bugler, discovered that he had been shot from his saddle in the ride for the ridge. He rode over to Trimble to use his bugler, only to discover that this man had also been shot.

The Cavalry men were armed with the single shot, breech loading Springfield carbine which had proved so fatal to Custer the year before. Most of the Indians were armed with Winchesters, with which firing from concealed positions they had the troopers at a decided disadvantage. A number of men had been hit. Some of the horses, crazed by wounds and the continuous roar of fire, broke loose and galloped madly about the field. At this moment a group of mounted Indians, firing from beneath the necks of their running ponies, charged the civilians on the knoll. Several civilians were wounded and the rest fled in wild panic, leaving the troopers' line exposed on the left and rear. Seeing the townspeople run, and receiving an unexpected fire from the rear, the troopers, many of whom were raw recruits, became

Battlefield monument is grim reminder of tragedy.

A tribute erected to the memory of slain soldiers.



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infected with panic and made a rush for the horses. A scene of wild confusion ensued as the men scrambled into their saddles. It was here that many were hit. The shouts and curses of wounded men, and the sound of horses screaming in agony and fear added to the panic and confusion. Officers yelled, cursed, and pleaded with their men to stand fast, but the panic-stricken soldiers had but one thought--to flee from this place.

Finally Lt. Parnell of H Troop succeeded in holding some of the men, and firing into the exultant Indians, stopped them temporarily. All the way up the canyon, this maneuver was repeated. A squad of men would stop and cover the retreat whenever the Indians pressed close.

THE GUN THAT NEVER MISSED

by Lance Robbins

Clay Allison might have been, in reality, only a peace-loving cowboy and rancher forced into gunplay by circumstances and the times, as he and many historians have claimed, but the fact remains that no one in his Texas-Colo.-New Mex. area could outdraw this handsome, big killer-gunman, or draw against him and live. It finally got to the point where few tried.

Robert Clay Allison was born in Tenn. in the mid-1840's, distinguished himself in Civil War service, and, like so many disillusioned southerners, came west afterward by way of Texas.

During his entire hell-raising career, Clay was shot only once -- doing that accidentally himself in the right instep. Perhaps it was in compensation for the limp this caused that he was so incredibly quick and fearless in all things, including use of knives and firearms.

Trailing cattle in Texas, the cowboy-gunman earned a reputation that preceeded him into New Mex., where he arrived on the scene in the '70's to shoot a younger brother, John Allison, out of a Las Vegas scrape, leaving several dead and wounded.

After establishing his Circle-box brand in Colfax County, New Mex., and northeastern Colo., Clay was required by his reputation to take part in numerous shoot-outs, never failing to emerge winner when the smoke cleared! Dodge City and Cimmaron, New Mex., knew and feared him and his gun.

It was ironical, then, that after becoming a devoted family man and prosperous rancher, Clay should die, not from a bullet, but from a broken neck.

Undoubtedly, Clay still enjoyed an occasional night of shooting up the town and hell-raising -- after one of these drinking sprees in July, 1887, Clay fell from a lurching wagon and died of his injury.

At the top of the ascent, the panic eased and the officers regained control of the survivors. A short distance from the rim a farm was located, and here among the buildings a stand was made, but as more and more Indians came up, the retreat to Grangeville was resumed.

By this time the men had realized that their only salvation lay in an orderly retreat and obedience to orders. The same method which had been used in the retreat up the canyon was continued. A squad of men would stop and fire into the Indians and then hurry after their comrades. When the Indians pressed too closely, another squad would hold them off while the retreat was continued. At some distance from the farm, swampy ground with a heavy growth of tules was encountered. This was crossed, and as the far side was reached, Lt. Parnell heard a call, and glancing back saw a man struggling on foot through the tules. He raced back and took the man up behind him and rapidly overtook the soldiers. This man had had his horse shot and would most certainly have fallen a victim to the Indians had not Lt. Parnell rescued him. For this action and for his courage in rallying the men, Lt. Parnell was later decorated by his government. As the command reached a point several miles distant from Grangeville, they met a posse of citizens who, having heard the firing, had ridden to their assistance. Upon seeing this reinforcement, the Indians drew off and returned to their camp on the river.

That night when the roll was called, thirty-three enlisted men and one officer out of the ninety men who had entered that canyon were missing. Lt. Theller, a young officer who had been married but a short time, was the officer who fell a victim to the Nez Perce bullets.

Next day a messenger from Grangeville rode into Fort Lapwai on a foam-lathered horse with news of the disaster. Realizing that a full scale Indian war was on, General Howard called for reinforcements and troops from various points in the United States and Alaska immediately started for the scene of action. Cavalry from Fort Walla Walla and the Wallowa immediately left for Fort Lapwai. At the head of a hastily assembled force, General Howard marched for Whitebird, arriving there some three days after the battle. The bodies were lying where they had fallen. There had been no scalping or mutilation, the Indians having contented themselves with taking clothing, guns, and ammunition...The troops buried the dead in hastily dug graves, and then crossed the Salmon River in pursuit of Joseph and his warriors...a pursuit which was to end in the Bear Paw Mountains of Montana almost a year later.

In the old military cemetery at Fort Walla Walla is a tall shaft which reads, "Erected to the memory of thirty-three enlisted men killed in action with the Nez Perce Indians at Whitebird Canyon June 17, 1877. Erected by their surviving comrades." Nearby is another smaller monument marked with the names of the victims of this disastrous battle.

RW

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In addition to the above I have lived many years in this area and have talked to many oldtimers including friends on the Umatilla Indian Reservation. I have also read every scrap of literature I could find on the Indian Campaigns of the old Regular Army.

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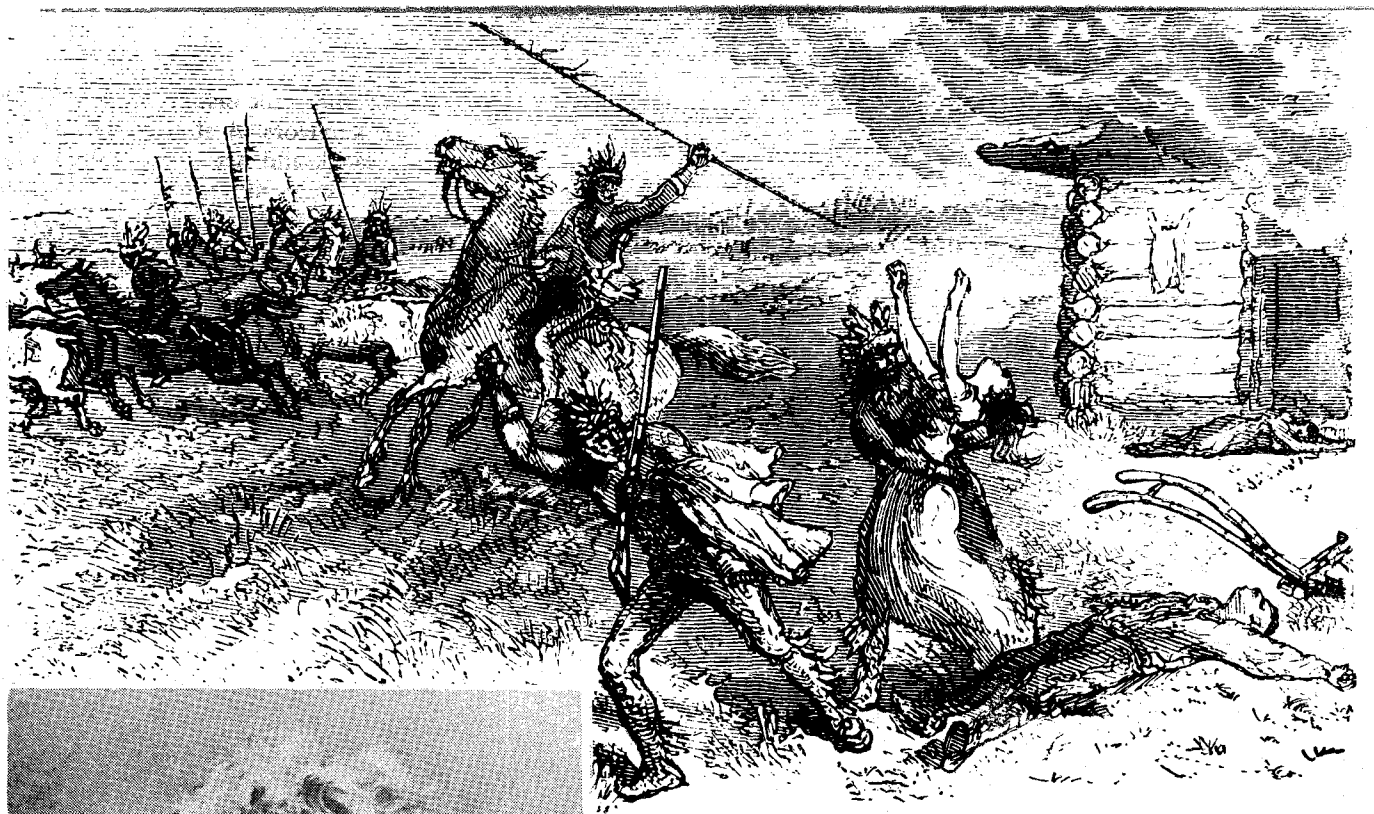

Minnesota Historical Society

THE BLOODY CAPTIVITY OF URANIA WHITE

She survived the massacre but became a prisoner of the fierce Sioux chief.

by Fred Harrison

The war-drums had been throbbing ominously for weeks. Each day the savage beat grew faster and louder as it approached a furious crescendo of hatred. Across the river and a few miles down the valley, 37-year-old Mrs. Urania White appeared at the rough-hewn door of their log cabin and peered nervously up the broad, swirling stream toward Little Crow's village.

As she watched, an Indian in full war regalia appeared on a distant bluff which reared above the river bank. He stood as silent and immobile as a granite statue, his gaze turned toward the white settlement.

Urania could almost feel the hatred in his eyes. Suddenly, she shivered as an icy chill of foreboding writhed over her body. "Oh, God!" she murmured. "Don't let them come. Not now. Not when we are all alone."

But Mrs. White's prayers would go unanswered. Even now Little Crow's warriors were ready to begin the onslaught. Soon, hundreds of raging Sioux would over-

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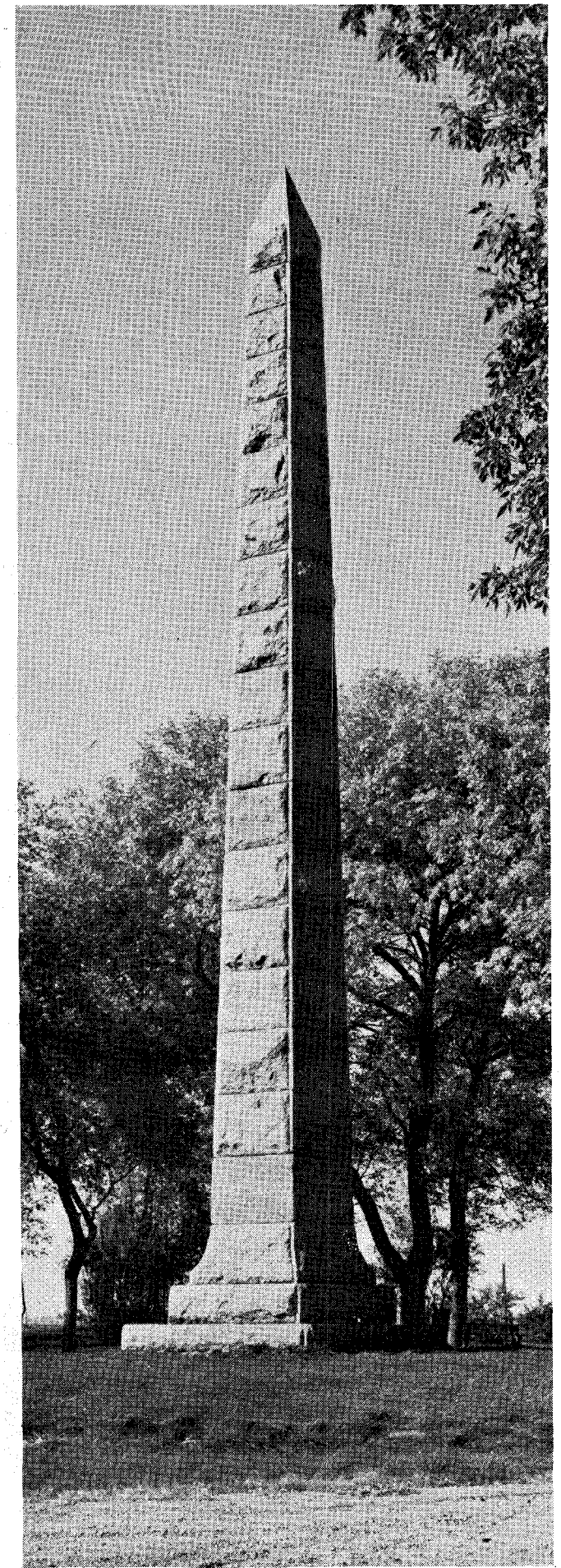

Minnesota Historical Society

Here the captives were liberated by Sibley's men.

run 15,000 square miles of the Minnesota Territory, leaving flaming trails of death and destruction as 30,000 white settlers fled in terror before the bloodiest massacre in the history of the West. For Urania White the ordeal would mean 39 anguished days - horror-filled days during which her mind slipped to the very brink of gibbering insanity as friends and neighbors were hacked and butchered before her eyes.

It was only the pioneer woman's grim determination to save herself and her children from the sadistic fury and lust of the savages that kept her from madness. Her story is but one small episode in the great sweeping tragedy of the Minnesota Massacre during which an estimated 800 white persons died. But for sheer, stubborn pluck, her heroic struggle for survival of herself and loved ones is unsurpassed by few.

Urania S. Frazer was born in New York in 1825. In 1845 the attractive 20-year-old girl married Nathan Dexter White, a husky, soft-spoken farmer and neighbor. Soon afterwards, the newly-weds emigrated to Winconsin. Then, in the spring of 1862, they again turned their faces toward the lush, virgin lands of the West and found themselves in the luxuriant Beaver creek area of Minnesota Territory.

The breathtaking beauty of this western paradise did not hint of the terrible ordeal awaiting the Whites. Even in its wild, uncultivated condition, Mrs. White immediately fell in love with this spot in the wide, fertile Minnesota river valley; the gigantic trees, towering bluffs, a babbling brook which formed a part of the eastern boundary of their land, the broad acres of prairie, crowned by a blanket of sweet-scented wild flowers. "This is where I want to live, and bring up our children - and to die," breathed Urania.

"Yes," answered Nathan, his eyes shining. "This is the place we have been looking for all these years. We'll build the cabin right here, near this great tree."

And so Nathan, assisted by Urania and their three children, Julia, 14, Millard, 12, and Eugene, 16, built a log cabin on the land of their dreams while their five months old baby son lay gurgling on a blanket in the shade of the great tree, and watched with interest the hustle and bustle about him. But the Whites had no sooner gotten settled in their new home when the first ominous rumblings of Sioux discontent were heard over the land.

Chief Little Crow was at the bottom of the trouble. The arrogant and proud chief had about 800 warriors in his village, many of them young, rebellious and impulsive. Little Crow craftily kept their hot tempers stirred up to a white-hot pitch as he nudged them closer and closer to open rebellion. But the white man too shared the blame for the great tragedy which was to come. The Sioux were slowly starving to death.

They had been living on a reservation for eight years. The government hoped they would settle down and become peaceable farmers. But changes from age-old ways come slowly. Only about one Indian in ten would stoop to till the soil; the other nine continued to hunt as their forefathers did. But now the buffalo and other wild game were getting scarce. The Indians were forced to depend upon the white man's annuities which were deposited from the Lower Sioux Indian Agency near the village. But, as the Civil War moved into its second year, conditions grew from bad to chaotic.

The Sioux complained that they were being robbed and cheated by the traders on the reservation; now, because of the war, their annuities were often held up,

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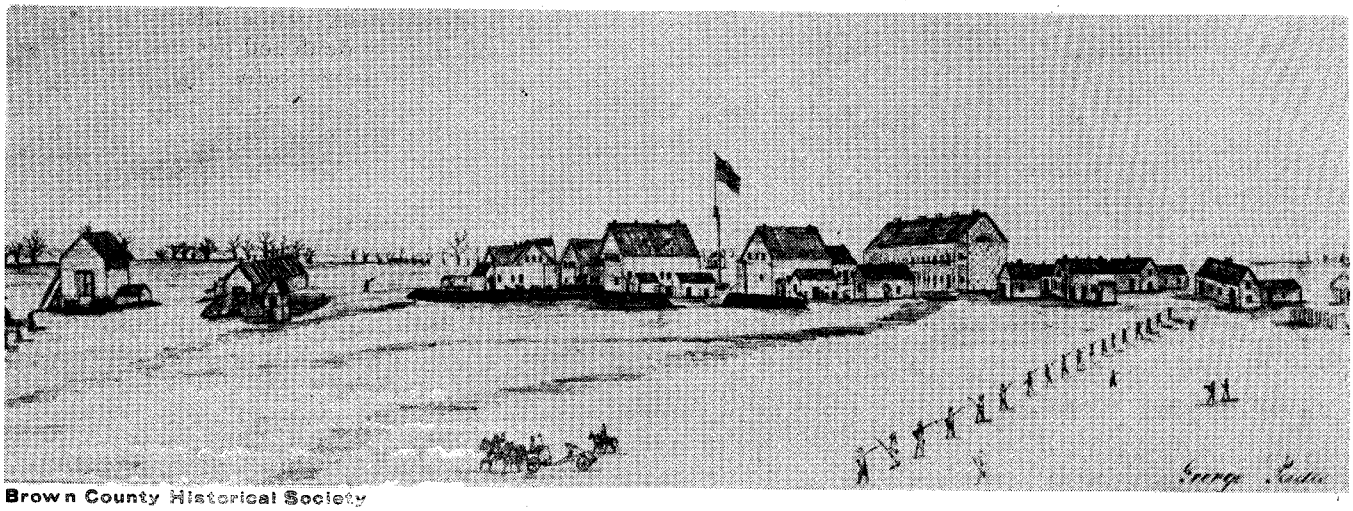

Brown County Historical Society

Fort Ridgely as sketched in 1862 by George Paulson, Minn. Volunteers. Brown County Historical Society.

and the traders refused them credit. The once-mighty Sioux were reduced to digging for roots and gathering berries to keep alive. They were hungry - and angry at the lying white man. Their fury grew like a great festering ulcer until at last it burst in frenzied murder and pillage.

The carnage of horror began on August 18th for the White family. The day was warm and cloudless. Most of the settlers had forgotten the Indian danger as they busily worked to get the hay crop in. So secretly and silently did each Sioux perform his allotted part that the whites were caught completely by surprise. Mr. White was on a trip to Blue Earth county, about 60 miles to the southeast. He was lucky. No men among the settlers were taken prisoners.

Urania was busy doing the weekly washing. Suddenly the cabin door burst open to admit Julia, her face ashen, her eyes wild in terror. "Ma!" she screamed. "The Indians are coming to kill us. Mr. Earle said we must leave at once!"

Mrs. White straightened up from the tub with a jerk. For a few moments, horror paralyzed her. But she soon pulled herself together as she grimly realized that now, above all other times, she must think clearly, and plan. Catching up the baby, she grasped a rifle with the other hand, and handed a gun to Julia. Then they hurriedly made their way to the J. W. Earle home about one-half mile away.

There they found Millard White who had been herding sheep for the Earles. Eugene, the oldest son, had gone out onto the prairie in an effort to get the White's horses and keep them from the Sioux. But he found that the Indians had already taken the horses, and came back to the Earle cabin.

Twenty-seven neighbors, men, women and children, were gathered at the Earle home, their faces white and unbelieving. Teams of horses were quickly hitched to wagons and the entire party began a frantic exodus for safety. But the Sioux, anticipating the flight, were secreted in ambush, waiting. As the wagons approached, the warriors, hideous in full war-paint, suddenly burst from the tall grass along the trail and, with wild war whoops, surrounded the fleeing settlers.

Then there began a frantic run for life on the open prairie. Men, women and children leaped from the wagons and fled in all directions. The grotesquely painted savages, armed with guns, tomahawks and scalping knives, galloped in pursuit, whooping in savage glee.

Mrs. White, burdened by the baby, soon began falling behind. She could tell by the war-cries that the Sioux were rapidly gaining; she could hear the vicious whine of bullets by her head. Then she heard the sound of pounding feet and half-turned to see her son Eugene. "Ma, run faster or they will catch you," panted the terrified boy as he passed her.

But Mrs. White simply could not make her aching legs move any faster; her breath was coming in long, sobbing gasps; she was beginning to stagger in exhaustion. Then a heavy hand grasped her shoulder and swung her around. The white woman screamed once.

Nine of the white settlers were killed during the ambush and flight. Among them was Eugene. Eleven were taken prisoners including Urania, her baby and Julia. Seven managed to make their escape, including Millard. For the prisoners, the ordeal of horror was just beginning. Fearful thoughts of torture and degradation filled their minds as they stood with blanched faces awaiting their fate. For some, the end was not long in coming.

Lower Sioux Agency building is still standing.

Minnesota Historical Society

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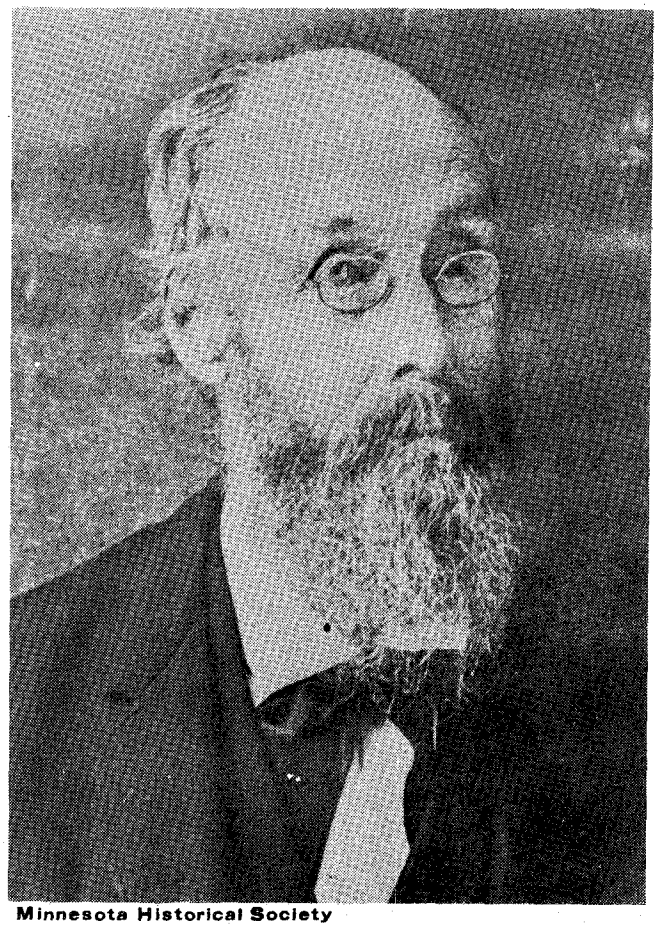
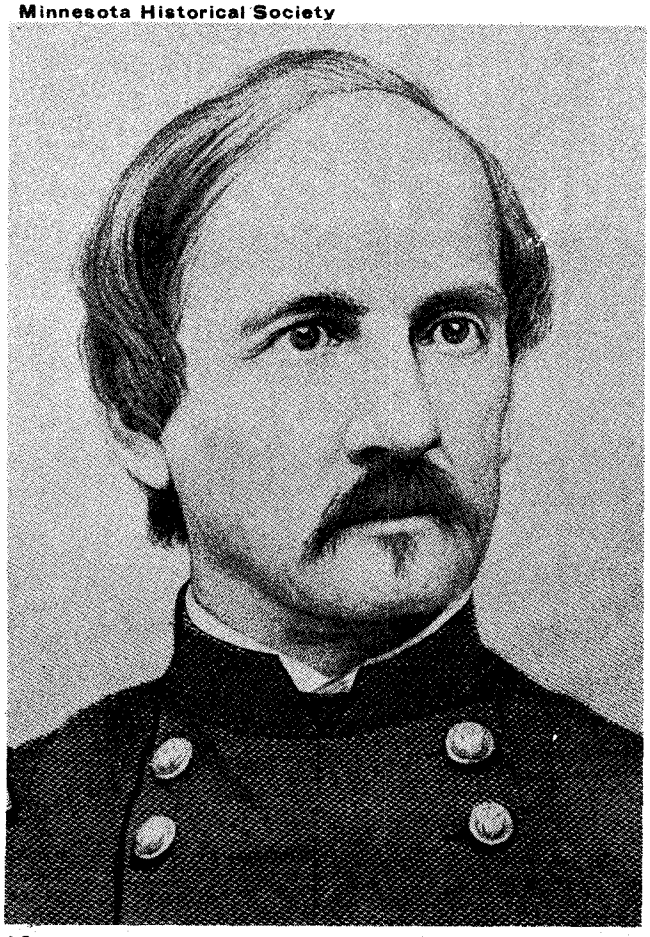


Minnesota Historical Society

Nathan and Urania lived for many more years. Below: Gen. Henry H. Sibley.

Minnesota Historical Society



A Mrs. Henderson, who had been bed-ridden with illness, and her two small children were roughly thrown to the ground and covered with blankets. A torch was applied. As the blaze leaped up, agonized screams from beneath the bedclothes rent the air. Urania turned away covering her face with shaking hands. She staggered dazedly as she wondered about the fate of herself, her children and her friends. Half-formed thoughts tumbled crazily within her head as hysteria threatened to overwhelm her. And now there came a scene even more horrible.

It was decided by the Sioux that a pregnant woman among the prisoners would be unable to march any great distance. She was thrown to the ground and a sneering brave knelt with scalping knife in his hand. The woman screamed only once as the unborn baby was cut from the womb and the tiny carcass nailed to a tree. Mrs. White suddenly had an overpowering urge to burst into a wild song. "Oh, God," she moaned. "I'm going insane."

She drew a deep breath and made a determined effort to still her shaking body. "I must not let myself go crazy! I must not!" she gritted. "My children need me now more than they ever did." At last, after many long moments, the trembling of her body slowly subsided. She drew a deep breath of relief as she felt the return of reason to her leaping, plunging mind.

The captives were loaded into wagons and a march to Little Crow's village was begun. As the long procession of captives and triumphant Indians crossed the Minnesota River, Urania saw the wagon containing Julia disappearing beyond a bluff on the other side. Heartsick, the mother breathed a prayer for the pretty young girl just budding into womanhood. "Please, God, do with me as you like, but be merciful to her."

Upon reaching the Sioux camp, Mrs. White and the other white women were immediately taken to Little Crow's lodge. At the back of the large room, squaws were busily packing away plunder from the stores and houses of the settlers. The chief, arrogant and haughty, was pacing the dirt floor. He paused long enough to eye the captives as a faint, mocking smile appeared on his lips. "Ho!" he grunted, raising a huge fist in salutation. "Now all white-eyes driven from Sioux country," he said exultantly. "Maybe I sell Minnesota to soldiers of the South," he added.

The captives were given a meager supper of bread and tea. Then the women were escorted to tepees where they were to remain until morning when they would be claimed by different Indians. As Urania lay sleepless upon her pallet, desperate thoughts of killing the baby and then herself whirled through her mind. Mightn't this be better than what the morrow would bring? But she determinedly put the thought from her mind. "We will live! We will!" she vowed as the tears came in a scalding torrent.

In the distribution of prisoners next day, Mrs. White was lucky. She was claimed by Too-kin-we-chasta (Stone Man), and his squaw. Stone Man had once been employed by General Henry Hasting Sibley as a scout, and had absorbed some of the white man's mercy. Urania was not harmed, and was christened "Big Papoose" by her fond new "parents." The white woman breathed a sigh of relief. She was safe, at least for the time being. But she brooded with aching heart at 14-year-old Julia's probable fate. Surely the pretty, buxom girl would not be spared the Indians' savage lust. And then a new source of mental torture presented itself. Mrs. White saw that her baby son was slowly starving to death.

The infant, unable to sustain itself on the bulky, half-

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cooked Indian fare, was growing thinner each day, its once lusty cries of hunger now only weak, pitiful squeaks. And there was nothing she could do. That was the worst - to watch helplessly as death crept closer and closer to her son.

Urania too found herself steadily growing weaker and more exhausted. Each night when she lay down on the wet grass to sleep, she wondered if she would be able to get up again in the morning. Sometimes she almost hoped that death would soon come and release her from the nightmare experience. But always she resolutely put the thought from her as images of her husband and family gave her a renewed determination to survive.

One morning an aged Indian marched through the village calling out "Puchachee! Puchachee!" The captives were told that it was a command to move. The squaws hurriedly began taking down tepees, and loading wagons. In a short time, everything was loaded and a great, motley procession moved out onto the prairie. The three-mile long caravan consisted of 107 white prisoners, 800 warriors and their families. Mounted braves in war-paint, feathers and ribbons, galloped back and forth on each side of the straggling train with orders to shoot any white prisoners who ventured to pass through their ranks. In later years, Mrs. White often saw and heard in her nightmares the sights and events of this vast, crawling procession; the miserable prisoners so grotesque and awkward in the Indian dress they had been forced to don; the Indians in their gay colors, so savagely gleeful that they had finally gotten revenge for the many wrongs of the white man, and over all a continual din of barking dogs, the lowing of cattle, the "Puchachee! Whoa! Gee!" of the Indians driving the teams of oxen, the neighing of horses, the braying of mules, the rattle of the heavy wagons. To Mrs. White the huge, chaotic mass of moving, living things seemed like a scene straight out of the infernal regions.

For twelve days they marched toward the northwest, further and further into the vastness of Indian country. Occasionally they halted to set up temporary camps. At one of these camps, Mrs. White slipped away from her "parents" to search among the tepees in a desperate hope that Julia might be somewhere among the milling Indians. After only a short walk, she was overjoyed to catch a glimpse of her daughter. It was like seeing one risen from the dead. Mother and daughter knelt in the dust to give thanks that they had, so far, not only been spared from death, but also from the Indians' lust.

At last, on the twelvth day, they stopped to camp on the banks of several small lakes. The mornings were now chilly as winter approached. Urania once met an old Frenchman who had married a squaw and had lived with the Indians many years. The bearded, dirty old squawman grunted coldly: "I 'spect you'll all die when cold weather comes." Mrs. White gritted her teeth stubbornly. "I won't," she snapped. "We'll see," chuckled the old man.

Soon after the tepees were set up, Julia came running to her mother, sobbing as though her heart would break. As Mrs. White caught the frenzied girl in her arms, she thought: "At last, it has happened."

It was some moments before Julia could control her sobs. Then she said brokenly: "An Indian is coming tonight to claim me for his wife. Oh, mother, I can't! I can't!"

"There, there. Don't cry so, child," soothed Urania. "We'll see what we can do." But the mother had no hope that she could do anything.

Minnesota Historical Society

Little Crow escaped punishment for his part in the massacre but was later killed by a settler.

After thinking the matter over carefully, Mrs. White decided to confer with a half-breed named "Black Robinson," who had shown some faint sympathy toward the captives. She did not know of anyone else to turn to.

Black Robinson was silent for many long moments after hearing the white woman's plea. Then he said: "An Indian is nothing but a hog anyway; I will see what can be done."

Apparently the half-breed was able to work out some solution as the white woman heard no more of the forced marriage. Again they had been lucky.

One dark and rainy night, a group of warriors came for Mrs. White. She was roughly jerked to an empty tepee and shoved inside. Within minutes, four warriors entered, their faces hideously painted, their heads decorated with long feathers. Each carried a thick stick in his hand. Once again, Urania prepared herself for torture, rape or death, or a combination of all three. She barely had

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time to murmur a short prayer before the savages squatted on the ground in a circle before her. Then, as they eyed the white woman malevolently, they began a wild chant, beating time on the ground with the sticks.

"Ki-o-wah-nayk, ki-o-wah-nau, yaw-ah----ah," After repeating this three times, they gave a loud whoop, and a short piercing "yip." This performance was continued for four hours. There was no modulation in the voices during this period, and the four pairs of expressionless black eyes never left the white captive's face. Again, Mrs. White felt herself sinking into the black depths of insanity as the terrible monotonous chant and the staring black eyes seemed to fill the whole world. She wanted to scream, laugh, cry, anything to stop the ear-piercing torture. Then, as she was on the very brink of collapse, the weird chant suddenly ceased. The warriors solemnly arose and stalked single-file from the tent. Mrs. White clapsed her hands to her whirling head and sobbed hysterically as she wondered if ever a more fiendish mental torture could befall her. "Will this terrible calamity that has come to us never end?" she sobbed as she lay weak and exhausted on the grassy floor of the tent.

Her baby was now a mere skeleton; she knew that he would die soon. This was the worst of all - to helplessly watch as death crept ever closer for the infant. To the distraught mother, it seemed that she too died a little each day.

But, contrary to the general belief shared by the prisoners, civilization had not forsaken them. Troops under the command of General H. H. Sibley had been stubbornly following the Sioux trail for days. Their orders were blunt and to the point - (1) Rescue the white prisoners, (2) bring in the ringleaders of the uprising. Gen. Sibley and his grim-faced soldiers meant to do just that, or die trying.

On the 26th of September, a pitched battle was fought at Wood Lake, a few miles from the Indian camp. It lasted all day as soldiers and Indians see-sawed back and forth in a grim, merciless struggle to the death. The rattle of musket fire was plainly audible in the camp, and the whites knew that they were now in the greatest danger of any time since they were captured. Even if the Sioux were defeated, the survivors would surely return and slay all the prisoners as was the custom. And then, just at sundown, the sound of firing suddenly ceased. The battle was over.

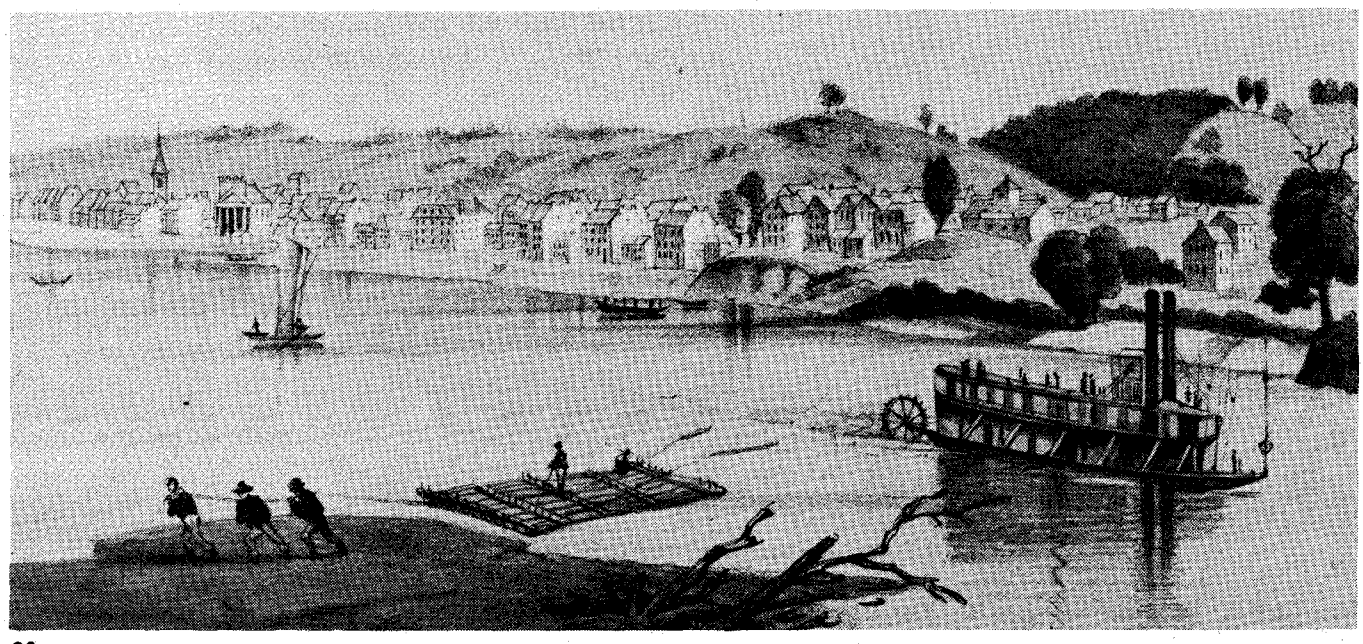
The captives held their breath as they searched the horizon, praying to see soldiers make an appearance instead of Indians. But, as they watched, a long, straggling line of Sioux appeared in the distance and slowly wended its way toward camp. It was evident that the warriors had been defeated; there were no yips of triumph, and what was left of the war-party was silent and sad-faced. As the captives entered their tepees to spend another night, all had fearful forebodings they would never live to see another morning. Mrs. White lay sleepless all night, hugging her baby to her body, expecting at any moment to see the dark form of a warrior burst through the opening, tomahowk upraised.

But, miraculously, the white prisoners were unmolested. Two days passed with agonizing slowness. On the morning of the 26th, the captives were, as usual, up at dawn scanning the prairie in the direction of the battle ground. About ten o'clock a sudden great shout of joy went up from the long line of prisoners. A glimmer of bayonets was seen, then marching soldiers. It was the day of their deliverance.

Release of the captives was the most impressive scene of the whole terrible ordeal. Many shed tears of pent-up emotion; some commenced laughing uncontrollably; others were rapidly talking and gesticulating as though fairly insane with delight; a few clapped their hands, and whirled in a wild dance of delight. The former captives straightaway named the spot "Camp Release."

The whites remained with the soldiers ten days for the purpose of giving testimony against the Indians. In the forenoon of the first day, Mrs. White, in glancing over the prairie, saw two white men trudging toward the bivouac. Her heart leaped into her throat at the familiar swinging walk of one of them. As the two men neared, Urania gave a strangled cry and raced toward the two figures. Nathan White and a neighbor, having learned of the release of their families, had engaged a four-horse team to take them to Camp Release, a dis-

Troops from Ft. Madison, Iowa came to Sibley's aid to quell the bloody uprising and free the captives.



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tance of 120 miles. As tears ran down their cheeks, man and wife could only clasp each other tightly as words would not come.

Within a few days, the entire White family was reunited, with the exception of 16-year-old Eugene whose remains were never found. At the time of her rescue, Mrs. White's baby son weighed only eight pounds. But soon, with the proper food and care, he was back to his normal bouncing health. But the uprising had ruined the Whites financially. They had very little money; their livestock, farming implements and household furniture had been destroyed. "We'll have to go back to Wisconsin," said Nathan sadly. "But it'll only be temporary; we'll be back," he added resolutely.

And come back they did. The yearning beauty of the Minnesota homestead could not be ignored. By the fall of 1865 when the Indians had been subdued and peace restored in the valley, the Whites were again living in the home from which they had been so ruthlessly driven by the raging Sioux. This time, Urania and Nathan lived out the rest of their days in peace and contentment.

RW

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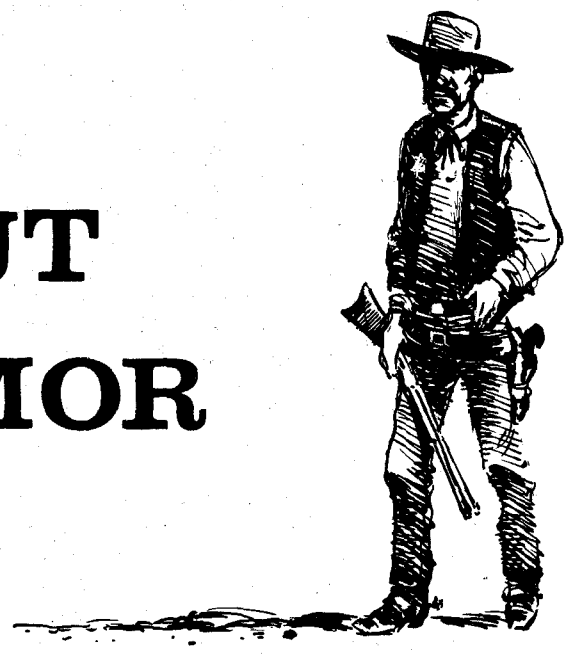
KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR



by Lance Robbins

If popular television-character, 'Paladin', fictional knight-errant of the western frontier, had a counterpart in real-life history, he was unmistakenly Bucky O'Neill.

One of four children, William O'Neill was born in Saint Louis, of Mary and John Owen O'Neill; he graduated from the Liberal Arts department of Gonzales College and later, in 1879, from the National University.

After college, Bucky went to Phoenix, Ariz., and from the first loved the West--its freedom and recklessness, its chance for individuality.

The man was as lithe and sinewy as a tiger, with a graceful mastery of power never found in a loudmouth braggart. He had soft, brown eyes, and a friendly disarming smile, but was nevertheless the West's most dramatic dare-devil--a daring law officer but shyest of men, a knight of the 19th century ready to battle for the weak, disarmed by a child's appeal or a woman's tears, yet hard and cold as steel when occasion demanded.

With his Irish charm and educated background (a student of the classics, he quoted Whitman on the battlefield), Bucky earned his nickname by his reckless plunging in Arizona's gambling houses among Mexicans, Chinamen, Indians, cowboys and miners. His outstanding characteristic was the vitality and energy of his unrestrained manhood. He did foolish or impulsive things, never mean ones; and no one learned from Bucky's own lips of his dramas, for he would be the first to scoff at the "knight" comparison. But Bucky was dashing, generous and a hater of injustice. This led him to an occasional clash with early railroad interests.

When the Santa Fe was building into Arizona, a gang of graders jumped a spring belonging to the Navajo Indians, a peaceful pastoral group who explained to young Bucky O'Neill when he rode into their camp that their sheep were dying of thirst.

Bucky flamed into action without waiting for uncertain legal relief. He rode to the graders' camp, explained, and, his Irish blood simmering at the big foreman's retort, "Make us, me buckaroo," reappeared to face down the rough, fighting giant with the armed Navajos at his back.

"Get going, pronto," Bucky said. The construction gang did.

Quite naturally, the railroad led a campaign against Bucky's candidacy for sheriff of Yavapai County in 1883, but he won the office and was a fine sheriff for years, tough when necessary, loving fair play on occasion.

At one time, a rough-spoken would-be badman made an offensive remark to Bucky when walking along Tucson's Congress Street. Instantly, the town was treated to the welcome spectacle of a fake bad man taking a drubbing; yet at a hanging in the area, one man fainted--the sheriff (at sight of a man dying without a chance to fight back!).

It is said that Bucky was the first volunteer from the area into the War With Spain. It may be so. He tackled anything, especially on the side of an underdog. He was sworn in as a private on April 29, 1898, and was later given a commission in the all-Arizona troop.

A statue stands today in the courthouse plaza at Prescott, to commemorate the gallant, gay, little man who died with a Spanish bullet in his neck while leading his command. It can be assumed that Bucky O'Neill turned the last corner with a smile and wave of the hand. ★

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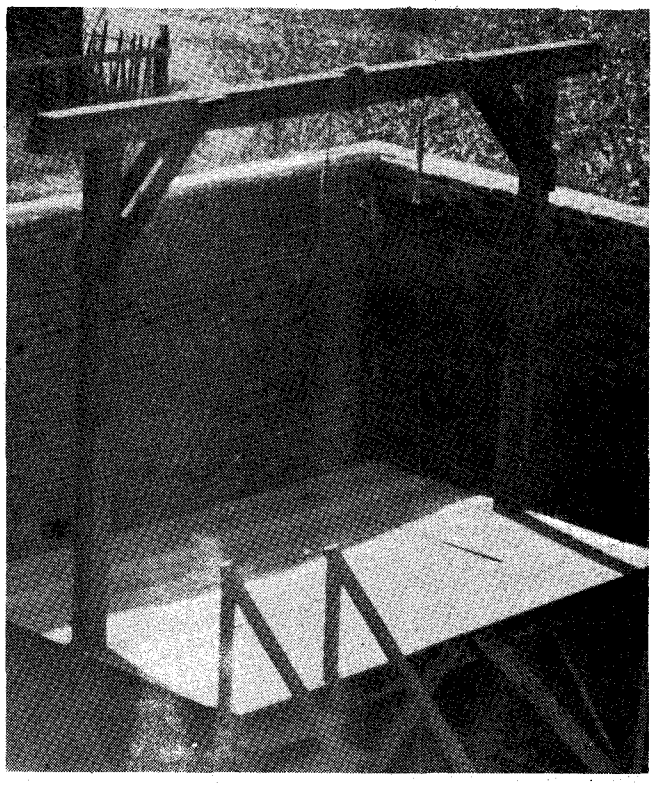

AFTERMATH OF THE BISBEE HANGING

Arizona justice was swift and final for the murderous outlaws.

by Bob Kubista

"I find that the deceased died of emphesima of the lungs, which might have been caused by strangulation, self-inflicted or otherwise. (Signed) G. E. Goodfellow, County Physician, February 22, 1884."

So reads the official report of the Cochise County physician now prominently posted on the walls of the restored court house in Tombstone, Arizona. This laconic notice came at the end of a bizarre chain of events that resulted in the hanging of six men, all for their part in the Bisbee massacre of 1883. Justice was swift and sure in those days, and this particular set of legal and not so legal hangings is unusually well documented.

The story began only months before, followed by a chase across the Mexican border and into the wild desert country around Cochise County, Arizona. Men were shot, men were chased, captured, tried, sentenced, and hung and the whole affair liberally sprinkled with carefully written and boldly posted notices.

But to start at the beginning we have to go to the mining town of Bisbee, right on the Arizona-Mexico border, during the first week of December in 1883. Six armed men had invaded this small mining town and with a ferocity that amazed even the tolerant people of this wide-open community proceeded to murder several people during the robbery of a store. They left behind a number of dead customers and an aroused populace that was very quick to leap into the saddle and get on their several trails. As fast as the desperadoes traveled, the posses were even faster.

Two of the Bisbee bandits, Red Sample and Tex Howard, took off to the north riding as fast as they could only to be captured on December 16th by Deputy Sheriff John Hoover and his posse near Clifton, Arizona.

York Kelley, sometimes called "Dan," didn't get much farther and was taken by special officer Tucker in Deming, New Mexico. He was speedily locked behind bars in the county jail back in Tombstone. Deputy Sheriff Daniels trailed Bill Delaney south to the border and, disregarding international law, he crossed in hot pursuit going into Mexico. Bill Delaney was finally caught at the Minas Prietas mines in Sonora and hauled back across the line. "Big Dan" Doud fared no better and was captured down in the wild Sierra Madre Mountains. John Heath tried to mislead the posses, but was caught and scheduled to be tried separately because he hadn't actually taken part in the Bisbee massacre. Later on, the good citizens of Bisbee arranged a special hanging for him, in which he was the star performer specializing in dancing at the end of the rope. They considered John Heath to be the ringleader of the Bisbee bandits.

The bandits were locked up in the Cochise County Court House which had just been completed two years before. The building was one of the most impressive structures on the western frontier and was the center of legal life during early Arizona territorial days. The two-story building, topped by a cupola, was a symbol of stability in a land of tents and shacks. The old courthouse remained in use until the county seat was moved to Bisbee, and a new courthouse completed in 1931.

Justice moved fast following the Bisbee massacre and all the outlaws, with the exception of John Heath, were tried before Superior Court Judge D. H. Pinney early in February of 1884. The verdict of the jury was simple and promptly arrived at: "Guilty of murder as charged." They were sentenced to hang and returned to their cells.

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They also had the dubious pleasure of watching their gallows being built right under their jail cell windows. Thus, five of the Bisbee bandits met their fate on one gallows in the courtyard of the old Cochise County Courthouse on March 8. They were led out through a barred side door on a Saturday morning in 1884 and mounted the scaffold to the gallows. Some enterprising individuals tried to collect paid admissions from interested townspeople who came to see a free public hanging, and there were comments in the local paper about such goings-on. Ticket holders hoped to sit up on the stands for a better view, but Nellie Cashman had other ideas about that!

Nellie Cashman was one of those early frontier women who was widely respected in the mining town of Tombstone, where she was called "Angel" because of her good works. As proprietress of the old Russ House, much of which still stands at the corner of 5th and Toughnut Streets, she was a friend to the worthy poor and the truly needy. The hotel she ran was a haven to the friendless and was directly across the street from the famous "Million Dollar Store," a part of the very rich mine discovered by the founder of Tombstone in 1878. Nellie Cashman left her hotel and proceeded up Toughnut Street to the courthouse where the gallows stood in the yard. With a determined look in her eyes she destroyed the grandstand itself with help from her many friends. No one raised a hand to stop her. Beloved by many and respected by all, she was a proper tenant of Toughnut Street. A legal hanging was one thing: a public spectacle was another!

As he had not actually been on the spot during the Bisbee massacre, John Heath was tried separately and was only found guilty of "Murder in the second degree." He was sentenced to "Life at Yuma Prison," but met an earlier fate while hanging from a lonely telegraph pole on the western edge of Tombstone shortly after his trial. The good citizens of Bisbee felt quite strongly about a man they considered to be the ringleader of the outlaws being given only a life sentence. They decided to shorten it.

The vigilantes from Bisbee planned a visit to the county seat and left their copper mining town the evening before. They made the 40 mile journey north to Tombstone and rode into town at the first light of Saturday morning. Tombstone was just getting up when the silent column entered from the southeast and very few people were up to see them dismount in front of the courthouse. Some men were surely drinking their breakfast at the Crystal Palace Saloon on nearby Allen Street at that moment, but couldn't be bothered. Prudently too, no one gave the alarm before Sheriff Ward answered to the pounding on his jail door. When he opened it, instead of getting his breakfast, he was given the wrong-end view of half a dozen six shooters. There was no point in resisting their demands and he quietly handed over the keys to all the cells. Only one man was removed, and that was John Heath.

Outlaw John Heath was led down the courthouse steps onto Toughnut Street and taken west to the edge of town. Not a single resident of Chinatown, which was directly across the street to the north of the courthouse, seemed to be up and around on that cold Saturday morning. While he certainly wasn't pleased at being awakened so early he had very little to say when asked for his last words. His only answer to the grim men gathered around the telegraph pole was simply, "Don't fill me full of holes after you swing me." He took his red bandana out of his back pocket and tied it over his face. As the noose was slipped over his head and settled securely around his neck he muttered, "Shove it under my ear." They did.

The vigilantes strung him up on his lonely telegraph pole and then local townspeople came out to pose for pictures afterwards. In those days, people were not too concerned about the fate of known criminals and were more interested in protecting honest citizens in the future. Before they quietly rode out of town the Bisbee vigilantes calmly fastened a placard to the pole beneath John Heath's feet. Curious and interested citizens could read the following words of western justice:

"John Heath was hanged to this pole by the citizens of Cochise County for participating as a known accessory in the Bisbee Massacre, at 8:20 AM., Feb. 22, 1884."

After all the local outlaws were given the opportunity for a good look at the body, it was cut down and taken to be examined by Dr. G. E. Goodfellow, the Cochise County physician. Later on, Dr. Goodfellow was to become even better known for further connections with the Earp brothers and Doc Holliday for their part in the fight at the OK Corral. On this day, however, he cautiously ventured a legal and medical opinion that John Heath's death "might have been caused by strangulation, self-inflicted or otherwise." On the posted document the outlaw's name is spelled as John Heith, but because of the date and the singular incident there can be no doubt who he was referring to, even if his other details are hazy.

The remains of John Heath (or Heith) were taken outside of town and buried in Boothill Cemetery at the very end of Row Three. The rest of the Bisbee bandits were hung legally on March 8 of the same year, and they too were buried in the same Boothill Cemetery. Dan Doud, Bill Delaney, Tex Howard, Red Sample and Dan Kelley are all in their cold graves at the end of Row Two. At the end of that year, Boothill Cemetery was closed and the graves left neglected for many decades. The original wooden markers were destroyed or lost and it has only been recently that permanent metal markers have been erected. Present-day travelers heading north out of Tombstone on the Benson road drive right past this small Boothill Cemetery and can see the graves to this day. The markers may not be original, but the men beneath them surely are.

RW

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COCHISE DIES

Cochise, the great war chief of the Chiricahua Apaches, died in Camp Bowie, Arizona Territory, June 8, 1874. He had been sick for about six weeks and was a mere skeleton. He believed that the spirits of the white man he had killed were haunting him, and he asked the medicine men to drive them from his body. He would have been more successful had he ask that they clean his innards from the effects of the potent drink, tizwin, on which he had been celebrating, for it has been well established that he died from the effects of a long-term tizwin party.

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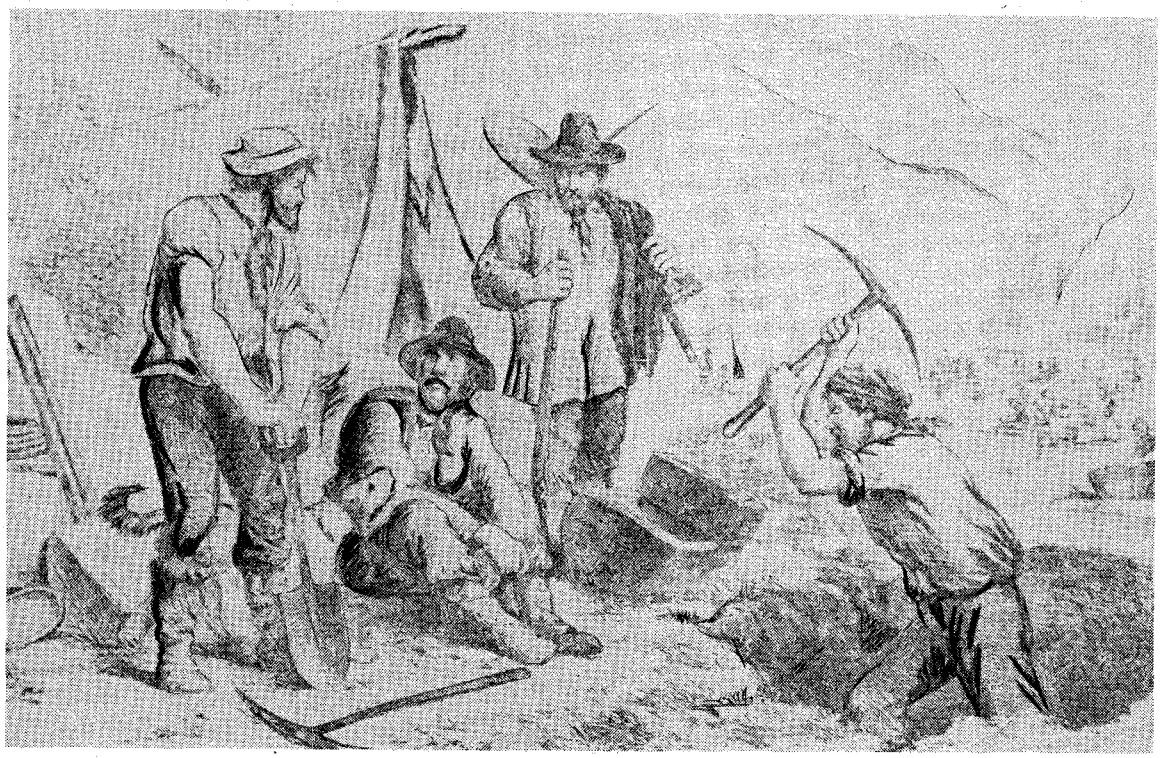

Photos by Bob & Jan Young

LONELY ROAD TO MONO

Every rugged mile is marked with tears and laughter, heroism and brutality!

by Frederick Jones

Fourteen miles above Sonora, in the Sugar Pine district, the old Emigrant Trail that followed Sullivan's Creek came out at Northrup's Excelsior House. It was a stream of some substance and flowed on its way towards the Stanislaus River in the Valley. The first prospectors came, turned up no gold then left. But as always, others succeeded, and vast quantities of the yellow stuff was their reward.

In time Northrup House was established and became a meeting place for red-shirted miners, teamsters, hunters, trappers and even explorers of sorts. It was a haven beside the huge pot-bellied stoves, and a wealth of stories were exchanged there. Such men were equally quick with gun, a quip, a story, bottle or justice when it was appropriate. For, Northrup's, one of the many camps along the Lonely Road between Sonora and Bodie, had its full quota of cut-throats and honest miners.

In early days, men didn't leave their doe skin pouches of gold without guard and Tim Wade's great iron safe in the Pretty Gold saloon, at once became depository for many of the miners' hoard.

Into the area, along the lonely road, wandered Peter Dean, one brisk fall afternoon, full of purpose, ambition and perhaps a drap of the old creature as was his custom.

Pete located what appeared to be a promising claim, erected a snug tent-house and began work. He blistered his hands, froze his feet and got very little gold for his efforts.

"Tim Wade's been kilt. Tim's dead," some of the miners yelled. They had discovered Tim viciously beaten, near death. But before he had died, Tim had gasped out the name of Pete.

By that time, Pete Dean was nowhere to be found and since the evidence seemed to be incontrovertible, the matter was sent to the sheriff at Sonora, 14 miles away.

He took up the matter at once, trailing Pete out of Northrup's high into the Sierra Nevadas, finally tracking him into an alpine valley where he was taken into custody. Pete offered no resistance.

Clouds scudded over the peaks, then rain began to

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fall. As usual the streams became swollen, the trail a sticky gumbo. The pair made slow time, picking their way out of the remote areas.

But make it they did and when they reached Northrup's, the boys saw them coming and gathered in the camp side of the river to give them an appropriate welcome.

Sullivan's Creek, instead of the small, placid stream, had become both wide and deep, its current treacherously swift. Pete and the sheriff rode their horses into the stream. One of the horses slipped, stumbled and rolled. Once again righted, its rider had disappeared.

In seconds, the struggling figure came to the surface, the angry stream tossing and spinning him around. Ashore someone shouted that it was Pete and the others, not being able to help anyway, waited to see what the sheriff would do.

He did nothing. Nothing whatever!

He still stood in the stream, holding his horse as best he could. It might be that he was steadying the mount, not being sure if the horse could turn. He made no move even when Pete was rolled and washed within a few yards of the rider. Then Pete was caught in a swirling eddy and the frothy water closed over him.

Curiously, only then did the sheriff urge his horse across the stream after looking at the spot where Pete had disappeared for a minute or two. It was as though he was looking to see Pete reappear.

Since the matter was concluded more or less to their satisfaction, they looked at the sheriff speculatively but said nothing. The sheriff offered no explanation either.

The sheriff rode on up to where Pete had established his small camp and diggings. He poked through things, then rode out of camp, but returned a few days later to take up residence at Pete's old camp. No one much cared. Pete's diggings hadn't amounted to shucks anyway, and the few things there belonged to most anyone who wanted them now. It was a surprise though when the boys heard that the sheriff had taken a leave from his official duties.

Not long afterwards, the ex-sheriff caught a cold which developed into pneumonia and killed him. Once again the various belongings were sorted through, and an amazing discovery was made amongst the letters which had been tightly concealed in an oilskin pouch.

Though it had never been suspected and one of them had changed his name, the sheriff had been a brother to Pete Dean and had chosen to let him perish in the river flood rather than hang this wayward brother!

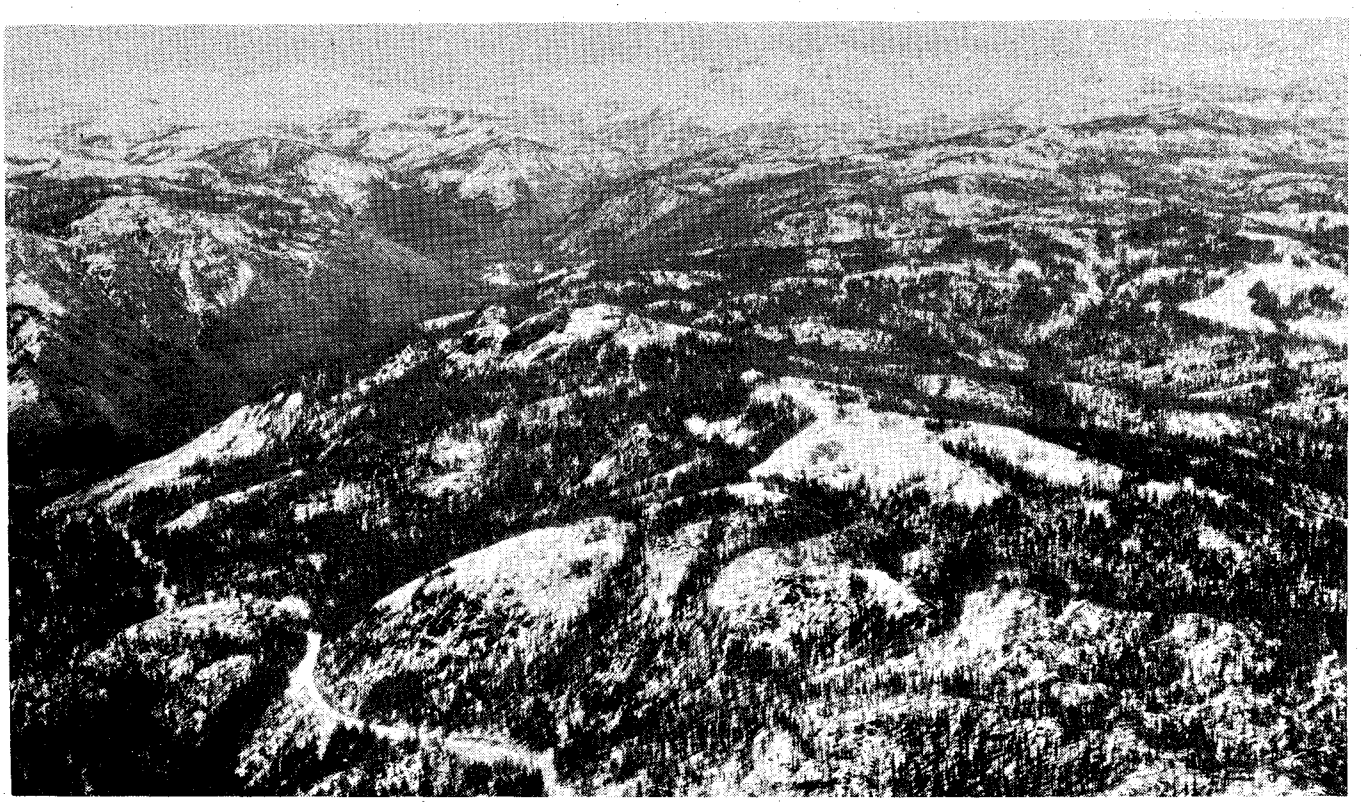
The Lonely Road to Mono was marked with other strange tales, since it is one of the oldest and most renowned roads over the many-steepled mountains, the Sierra Nevadas. It was here that the almost legendary Jed Smith, the first pathfinder of the Sierras, crossed over the summit in May, 1827, which marked the Sonora Pass road, which aims into Nevada towards Bodie and its sister city, Aurora. While there were many illustrious names which are identified with the Sonora Pass and its lonely road into the Mono area, perhaps few remember Jack Tracy, who was something of a scamp but an incurable practical joker.

Boys at Northrup's, or Deadman's Flat, or Strawberry knew Jack for what he was but they were of the live and let live school. Besides, Jack being responsible for a lot of laughs when they were hard to come by, was easy to get along with.

Jack's active imagination was capable to blowing up an imaginary tale of two squaws into a full-fledged Indian up-rising scare. And what passed for a home-made militia marched out to meet the marauding Indians and the surprise of the two harmless old squaws was only matched by the embarrassment of the armed miners.

Jack watered Les Pate's fine old cache of whisky with a wild mixture of vinegar and paregoric which did nothing for the drinking habits of local miners when they sampled the potion.

Sometimes, a man would start out on this lonely road with his dreams of riches and find only...death.



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It was Jack too who introduced a slightly unhappy skunk among the patrons of the local eating emporium.

Jack always had his finger in some plot and kept the boys amused. There was a good deal of consternation when the town marshal took Happy Jack into custody and locked him in the stone and rock jail which served the miscreants traveling along the Sonora Pass road.

The miners were even more dismayed when they heard the charge lodged against their favorite joker. Theft! Jack was accused of lifting a poke from a drunken prospector. While that was bad enough, it was even worse to get caught at such a miserable misdemeanor.

"Frankly, I had expected better of Jack," one of the miners said. And most of the others seemed to agree with that observation.

SADDLE BRONC RIDE

Stay aboard, cowboy! Okay to say it, but sometimes it's almost impossible for the rider to stay astraddle the twisting, turning animal for the required ten seconds! He must hold the rein with one hand, keep both feet in the stirrups and both spurs against the horse's shoulders. He must spur his mount with both feet on each shoulder the first four jumps... then spur both ways while the bronc attempts to unseat him! He uses his free hand only for balance. It's a thrilling combat between man and steed!

Jack demonstrated something of his mettle, however, by almost immediately breaking out of jail, seriously injuring his jailor by a crack on the skull in the effort.

"Now that's something different," the boys agreed. "We gotta get up a posse."

But there wasn't much enthusiasm for the project and they followed Jack's tracks for a ways, then when they were difficult to follow the posse went back to camp.

"The jailor died. Jack's a killer now," they were informed. But even though they now made a determined effort to find a trace of Jack Tracy, they couldn't trace his now-cold trail.

Several months passed before a couple of prospectors, working along the upper reaches of Slate Creek, met Jack Tracy. He had given no sign of recognition but they were sure and sent out word to law enforcement officers.

Not long afterwards officers went after Jack and located him just about where the prospectors had reported. He offered no resistance and they started back toward civilization.

When the first camp was made there was some discussion as to what ought to be done with Jack, considering the fact that he was adept in breaking jail.

"There ain't no question about his guilt," the deputy said. "We don't want to take a chance that he'll get away again."

When someone suggested that they decorate a tree with Jack Tracy, the deputy looked away, offering no resistance to the plan. Soon afterwards they hauled Jack out to a fringe of the woods, and got him ready to meet with the hereafter. When they asked if he had anything to say, Jack allowed he did.

"I figgered this might be the result," Jack said, "so I wrote a little note to be read after I'm gone. It'll explain everything." Jack smiled wanly as he made the concluding statement.

Jack Tracy was jerked to eternity then the men pawed through his bedroll to locate the note he said they would find there. "Yep, here it is," the deputy said. "Let's see what he says. Give me a light over here."

In essence Jack's last note said that he had made a very rich strike and realizing that his time had come, he had buried all of the dust and nuggets in a secret place. "They might be worth as much as $50,000," Jack's note scrawled.

Unfortunately, Jack Tracy's last note didn't say where he had buried the treasure.

No one knows for sure just where Tracy's treasure might be buried, or if practical joking Jack maybe hadn't played a last grim joke.

Farther up the lonely road, along at Deadman's Creek, the boys took life a little more seriously. They worked hard for their dust, and were jealous of their holdings. Contention was frequent and differences of opinion were seldom settled peaceably.

Usually a drumhead court disposed of the malefactors--no matter if they were guilty of a killing or stealing.

Not long after the strike had been made at Deadman's Creek, (given its ominous name because of a dispute over the original claim), a miner had been sentenced to swing. About then Homer Hansen wandered in.

In the city Homer would have been called a hayseed, but more colorful language was applied to such a palpable greenhorn in the diggings.

While Homer was as friendly as a wet puppy, his mind was innocent of any knowledge about mining and he was best described as the type of guy that would get his foot stuck in a spittoon. He had wandered into Deadman's Flat again seeking the luck which always seemed to elude him.

The miners of Deadman's Flat were grouped around a tall pine. A noose dangled from a high limb, and three men stood beneath the rope's ominous knot. One of the trio was evil incarnate.

"It's a wonder that man ever escaped hanging for so long," Homer whispered, nodding to the evilly ugly man.

"What crime is involved?" Homer asked of another man.

A prospector had surprised a thief rifling his store of gold dust. A fight followed and the owner was stabbed to death.

Homer nodded sagely and observed that probably it wasn't the first crime that such a big oaf had committed. "The world will be better off without such ilk," Homer said.

"You mean that big plug-ugly standing the middle out there?" Homer's companion asked.

Homer nodded that was who he meant.

"Why, stranger," the little, mild mannered man said, "That feller there is chairman of the miner's committee."

Homer could feel himself getting red-necked as several of the onlookers began to laugh. Homer started to say something, then choked it off. Homer knew he had made a fool of himself already by talking too much. But he was still curious.

"If he ain't the murderer, then who is gonna be hung?"

The mousy little man with whom Homer had been talking, looked at the dangling noose, then at Homer.

"Me," he said simply.

RW

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This article is based upon legends and diaries in the Bancroft Library and California State Library.

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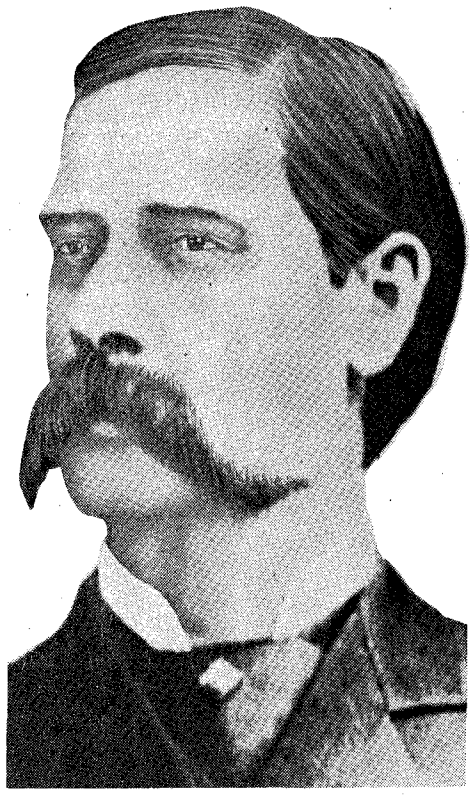
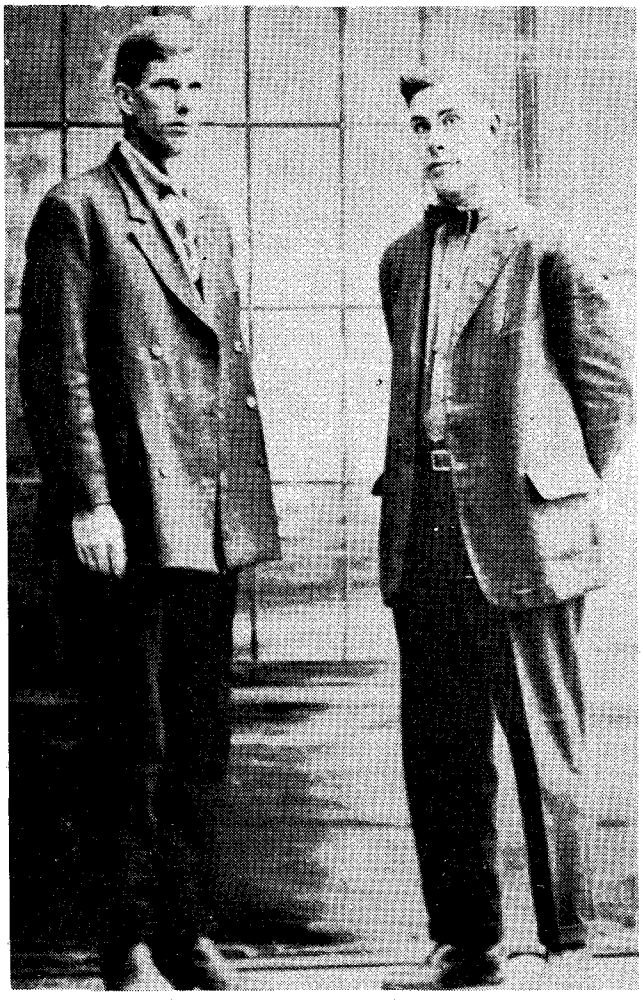
WYATT EARP AS I KNEW HIM



{In the never-ending argument about Wyatt Earp, we publish this article by Harvey St. John, one of the leading western writers and historians. We may not agree with his picture of Wyatt Earp, but what he has written is what he experienced and saw as a seventeen-year-old youth.}

by Harvey St. John

Wild Horse Davis and the author (right).



When I was seventeen I left the comforts of home and started out to make my fortune in the wide-open spaces of Eastern Oregon. It was early in the spring, and I hired out to work on a trail herd of a thousand head of horses from Burns, Oregon to Miles City, Montana. For the next five or six years I rode the range and ran wild horses throughout the West.

Times were hard in those days and jobs were scarce, but there was a demand for good cavalry horses. We had heard that there were thousands of wild horses on the Nevada ranges that did not belong to anybody, and after we delivered the herd to the Miles City horse market, some of us young fellows decided to go to Nevada to run mustangs and sell them to horse buyers for use in the French army.

It had taken all of our money to get started, as we had bought a chuck wagon and a good string of saddle horses, which left us short of money for operating expenses.

We were so broke that we did not have enough to eat, when fortunately we found four or five sacks of bran in a deserted livery stable in Tuscarora, Nevada, which was fast becoming a ghost town at that time.

The only inhabitants being a couple of old saloon keepers chiselling a meager living from a few broke ranch hands, and the excessive number of homeless cats living off the increasing population of rats, both of which hung on for years in those old abandoned mining towns.

The mice had lived off those sacks of bran for quite awhile, but we were starving for bread and decided to use it anyway.

There was an old flour sifter in our chuck wagon and we sifted the mice droppings out, and baked the bran bread in gem cake pans; we did not need much salt as the mice had seasoned it well.

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Those sacks of bran were a life saver for us poverty-stricken buckaroos, along with the rabbits that we managed to shoot along the way.

The boys were all good riders, they either had to ride or starve; so we were soon catching wild horses enough to make ourselves an honest living.

We were supposed to take the rough off of them, so we rode them once, and sold them as gentle horses; I have often wondered how some of the members of the French Foreign Legion of Beau Gest fame felt when they found themselves on the hurricane deck of a Nevada Mustang.

We were camped at the stock yards in Winnemucca, Nevada, loading a bunch of horses a couple of years later when an old character drove into camp one evening with a pair of mules hitched to an old spring wagon.

He said that his name was Wyatt Earp, frankly at that time I had never heard of Wyatt Earp, but the name sounded like burp to me, and I never have forgotten it.

He seemed like a lonely old fellow, and kind of took a shine to us; when we left Winnemucca we let him trail along behind our chuck wagon.

We were headed up into the country around the Santa Rosa and Independence Mountains in the vicinity of the old Midas Mining District, where several paying properties had been discovered in the early days.

Some of the old played-out rat traps now known as Ghost Towns were still fighting for an existence at that time, the inhabitants were still living in a grave-yard of lost hopes, thinking that the next round might bring in a bonanza.

We were headed for good horse country, and he was interested in a good mining area, where he said that he planned to do some prospecting.

It took us several days to get into good mustang country, and was a pioneer trek all of the way; we made up a good caravan, as we had two wagons.

He was with us the entire trip, and after we hit the rugged terrain he also drove ahead of the heavy chuck wagon with his light spring wagon to help our supply wagon break the trail.

Many times I would ride with him and let my saddle horse lead behind, and out in country like that we talked freely and exchanged a lot of experiences.

We became quite chummy in some ways, as is often the case between an older man wanting a younger man to admire him, and a younger man gullible enough to hold some old chiseler in awe that was looking for an easy mark.

Fortunately for me my gullibility only lasted until one of his kind started reaching for the bank-roll, then all of my admiration went out through the window.

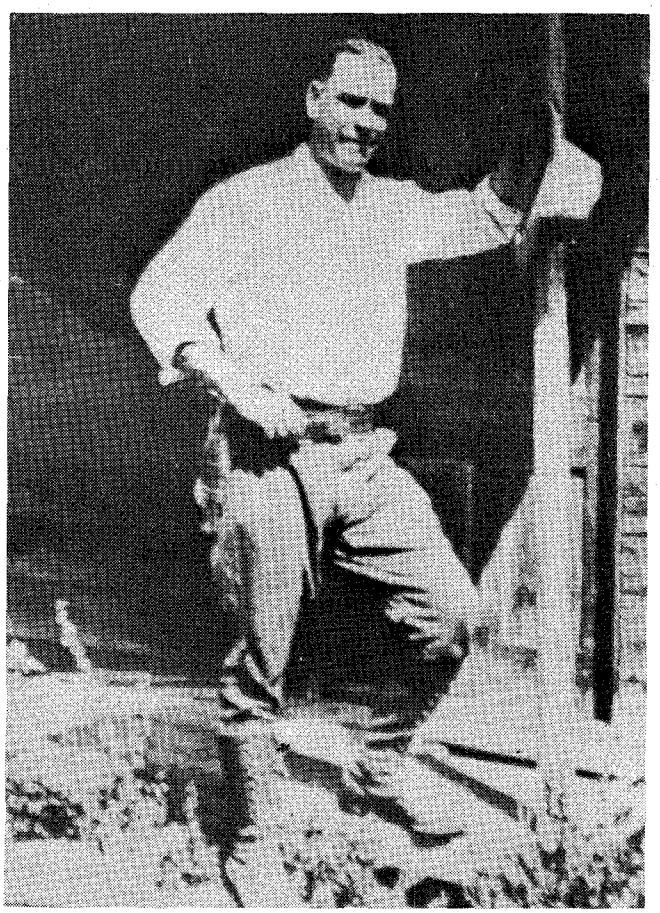
During our conversations he mentioned Tombstone several times, but I considered his stories about Arizona to be the talk of what we called in those days an "old has-been."

He was no doubt looking for somebody to write him up at that time, as Ned Buntline had written up Buffalo Bill, who was still enjoying his popularity as the Greatest Western Showman of his time.

When he found that I had a little college training behind me, he at once tried to put his best foot forward, especially when he found out that I had worked a short time for a printing and publishing firm as an office boy, and had written a couple of short articles for the old "Hunter Trader and Trapper Magazine."

We had a good cook, a colored boy whom we called St. Louis Sam, because he had at one time been a Chef in the old Coronado Hotel in that fair city, until he had become too handy with a knife and had escaped the law by grabbing the first freight train headed west.

U.S. Mineral Surveyor Harvey St. John in the 30's.



He had joined up with our outfit a short time before, so that he could get out into the wide-open spaces and become a buckaroo, he was really feeding us well; "Old Burp" as the boys called him, was no rider, he couldn't ride a stick horse in our language, so he hung around camp and helped St. Louis Sam in order to get in on the good food, he did everything possible to attach himself to us permanently for what we later found out to be ulterior motives.

Since those days there have been many stories written about Wyatt Earp, which have been accepted solely on the word of Wyatt Earp himself, whom I found to be one of the most unmitigated liars that ever breathed a breath of life; quite by coincidence I became well acquainted with him personally, so I feel that I can speak authentically.

It is my opinion that most of his stories had very little basis, and that the image of this man was created either by his own bare-faced lies or solely in the minds of the many psychopathic writers who knew nothing about the type of man that they were dealing with and who have glorified him to those that have become his gullible admirers.

Frankly I could not see anything about the man to glorify or write about at that time.

He had a way of seeking admiration and sympathy in a morose sordid manner, and was always seeking vindication for his acts, regardless of how rotten they

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happened to be, he could not see that he had done any wrong.

That was fifteen years before he was written up in the book "Frontier Marshal" by Stuart N. Lake, with whom I afterwards competed by writing a war story of the First World War, in a contest put on by the American Legion, known as the "Big Moment Contest," in which we both won prizes.

Our stories were published in the April 1930 issue of "The American Legion Monthly Magazine," mine under the title of "Button Button" won me a Third Prize; the war story entitled "Black Jack In Person" by Stuart N. Lake, won him a Fourth Prize.

It is doubtful if Stuart N. Lake ever thought at the time that he wrote the book "Frontier Marshal" that his leading character would have been grabbed up and glorified to such an extent; in his story on "Black Jack" he mentioned that he had spent three years in various Veterans' hospitals recovering from disabilities received in the First World War.

The story on "Black Jack" indicates that he was inclined to over eulogizing his subjects; in all probabilities it would have been embarrassing to Wyatt Earp himself, especially if he would have been called on to make a personal appearance.

When I met Wyatt Earp, he had been working as a hay hand on Nevada cattle ranches when he could get a job, to get a grub-stake to do a little prospecting with from time to time, and looking for some sucker to fleece with one of his crooked mining schemes.

There was nothing colorful or exciting about him, he was a tall slim fellow with an ash-can complexion, a scraggly-stringy mustache that hung down like a couple of horse tails, and a dead-broke look; the type of an individual who would stoop to anything for an easy dollar.

He seemed to resent anybody with a sunny disposition, and was at times sunk in sadness, ill-humored, deep in melancholy which might have made some think that he looked only on the serious side of life, especially if they were not acquainted with his kind of black-hearted tactics.

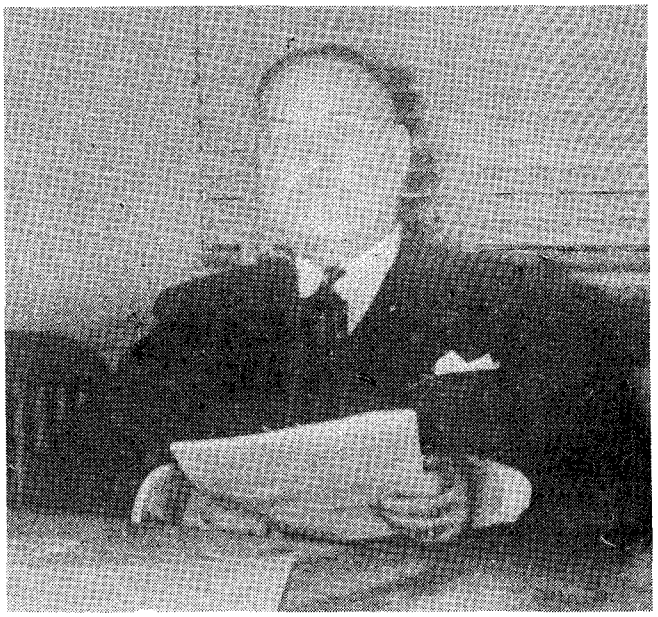
He was an alarmist, had been a self-styled law enforcement officer, which he always mentioned in a quiet manner meant to put fear in the ignorant, which he used for extortion purposes, and was beyond any question of doubt a confidence man.

He was about sixty-five years old at that time and looked older, when around a group of illiterates like himself he was given to some bragging; his unreasonable stories caused him to be considered as somewhat of a joke among the range riders and ranch hands of those days.

When around a better educated class of people he was apt to try to peddle a thiner line or take on a veneer, and his monosyllabic responses might have lead some who were not acquainted with that element to think that he was genuine, although he had a soreheaded mean disposition, and was always trying to start something to get somebody in the bite of the line, especially if he would profit by doing it.

We had let him trail along with us because we felt sorry for him, most of the time he ate his meals with us, but it was not long before he was trying to brand us as horse thieves.

He tried to muscle into our business and when he failed in that, hung around town attempting to stir the cattlemen up against us behind our back, but we had



The author who once rode the trail with Earp.

lined up with the old "Wilkins Company" the Diamond horse outfit, to use their range rights on a percentage basis, so they did not listen to him.

He tried to tell us or scare us into believing that if we would cut him in on the profits that he could hang around town and fix it up with the law enforcement officers, otherwise we would be prosecuted or run out of the country.

The boys had elected Wild Horse Davis to run the outfit and I had been chosen as ram-rod and treasurer, because as one of the boys said, "The Kid and money do not part easily, let's elect him our banker, then he can take care of all of it," so I had a double responsibility.

Later at Battle Mountain, Earp tried to bluff me out of four hundred and eighty-five dollars in a sordid threatening lying manner without any success; his Buntline Special was a little too slow for Wild Horse Davis who walked in just in time, and I was protecting our friends' money.

After which he was floated out of the county by the Sheriff for not working at a legitimate job, and trying to cause trouble among people who were making an honest living.

Nevada in those days was the last frontier, or dumping ground for every outlaw, crook and confidence man in the West.

When they had been run out of every place else, including the Bad Lands and the Cherokee Strip, they headed for Nevada, so we met many of them.

It is too bad that they did not have television in those days to warn us, evidently the Sheriff and us had a narrow escape, we did not know in those days what kind of a superman that we were dealing with; "Old Earp" must have considered the source though, because his parting remark was "I have sense enough to know when a man has the drop on me."

He did not have many friends among the law enforcement officers in those days, in fact he was looked upon for just what he was, a confidence man, a bunco artist, and a trouble maker.

He had somewhat of a split personality, he was very suspicious of everything and everybody.

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There were times that he seemed to feel that he had been persecuted, and would withdraw to himself.

Many times since I have thought of him, he was actually a pitiful old man, just a broken-down sport, an element that drifted around from one mining camp to another in those days, looking for trouble, trying to make innocent men think they were guilty, and living by their wits or from the earnings of some old worn-out trollop, fleecing every sucker they met that was gullible enough to listen to them.

This element posing as big he men of the west, has really fooled tenderfeet and greenhorns over the years, while they have laughed behind their hands, took advantage of their gullibility and swindled them out of their eye-teeth for a long time.

When among us who knew them in those days, they were considered meek, cowardly, obnoxious; nothing but ignorant illiterate monotonous liars, panderers and parasites of the rottenest kind, too lazy to work and without the intelligence to do anything worth-while in life.

This is the type of man that we have seen lionized and glorified as the fastest shot, the greatest gambler and the greatest law-man of the early west.

The man was supposed to have made a million dollars, which if he did, he certainly did not have any of it left at that time; although he liked to brag that he had made and lost several fortunes in his lifetime.

However I did hear later that he had made a small strike down around Needles some place along the California-Nevada Line.

During the years that I spent riding the range and running wild horses, I got so disgusted with watching Earp's element that I went back to school and became an engineer and United States Mineral Surveyor.

Since then I have been associated and worked with some of the most hard-boiled Mine Superintendents and Mining Engineers west of the Rockies.

In those days a United States Mineral Surveyor had the authority to call out the United States Marshal when he encountered opposition of any kind, so among other things that we studied were the Laws of Arrest.

We had that rotten sporting element of parasites to contend with in every mining town or camp that I ever went into, and when the local chiselers who usually consisted of a black gang of conspiracy, that called themselves the law and order crowd, started playing around with the gambling sporting and murdering element, and did not get a lawman who could handle the situation we took some of our men and did the job for them.

We were not as easy as Henry Schneider, Chief Engineer of the Tombstone Mining and Milling Company, who allowed himself to be killed by a cheap tin-horn rat by the name of John O'Rourke, better known as "Johnnie behind the Deuce," protected by the Earp crowd, and who was allowed to leave the country scot-free after committing cold-blooded murder.

Nor were we as easy on them as was Johnnie Behan and his Deputies of Cochise County when they ran the Earps out of Tombstone, when we got through with them they kept their mouths shut and did not come back for any more.

Sheriff Behan later served through the Spanish-American War, then in the Philippines, and in China during the Boxer Rebellion; it seems that during all of the wars Wyatt Earp has conspicuously avoided Military Service.

When a man works, eats, sleeps and drinks with somebody in the wide-open spaces far from civilization, he really gets to know him well.

That is how well that I became acquainted with Wyatt Earp, and in the end I could not remember one good thing about him, he was a man that I have always wanted to forget.

He lived until 1929, all through the roaring twenties, and several wars, during those years he was an unknown, nobody ever heard of him.

The majority of his television fans that I hear glorifying Wyatt Earp today, seem to think that he lived in Pre-Civil War days, or that he might have been an Indian Fighter on the Western Plains, that he was some legendary character who had lived a very colorful life.

He was none of these, he was nothing in reality, he was the most depraved pernicious colorless sordid-minded man that I have ever met in my life.

RW

BIBLIOGRAPHY

This article is based on my own personal experiences.

WHAT WAS THE PURPOSE OF TOTEM POLES?

Totem poles were made by the Indians of the Northwest. These tribes knew nothing of farming or pottery, but they could build neat wooden houses and weave fancy blankets, make fine baskets and work with copper and stone. Their gaudy totem poles prove that they were great wood carvers.

They carved and painted their gaudy totem poles to show the rest of the world how important they were.

These tribes lived in wooden villages along the shores. They went to sea in canoes to fish and to hunt for whales. They also hunted on land through the forested, rain-swept mountains. In their way of life they were three classes of people. There was an upper crust of lords and rulers, a middle grade or ordinary folk and a lowest class of slaves.

Among other far-flung tribes, an Indian brave had to earn and reserve his claim to fame. But among the totem pole tribes, he was respected only if he came from the top family. He was famous for his wealth, the blankets and ornaments inherited from his ancestors or taken from his enemies. There was a totem pole to tell the world about the people and possessions in his family tree.

The early totem pole was whittled on the wooden post at the front door. It was the face of a chief or famous ancestor. These proud people thought they were descended from a bear, a whale or some other animal, and the totem ancestor was often imaginary. Later, more faces were carved on the post, one above another, and painted with black, white and red mud. The totem pole suited the ideas of these family-proud people. It was made taller, daubed with brighter colors and stood out in front of the house.

The purpose of an ornate totem pole was to show off to the world. An Indian could point out the faces of his famous human ancestors and his imaginary animal ancestors. The proud carvings were explained to neighbors and visiting tribes that came to share in the village feasts.

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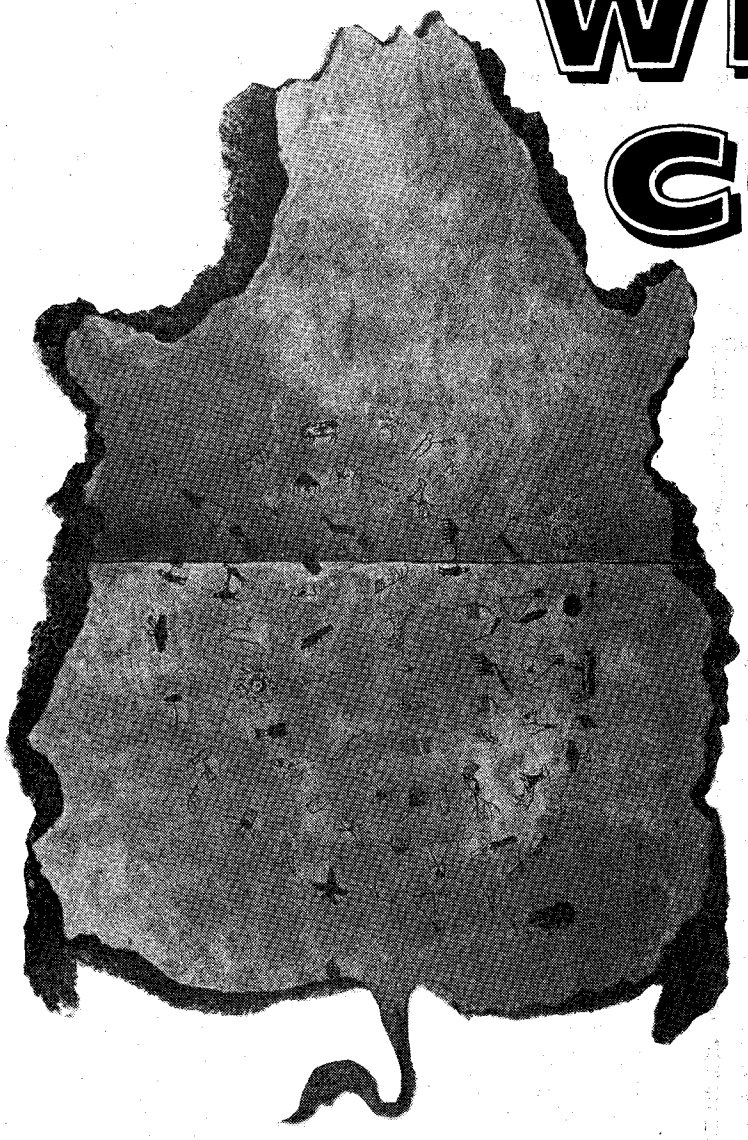
THE INDIANS' WINTER COUNT



The Indians weren't thinking of us when they kept their pictorial diaries from winter to winter, but today these give us a unique history, a colorful view of the Indians' past.

Photos from the author

by Joe Koller

The Winter Count was the most important part of Indian history. It was a personal diary, kept by many of them, dating back centuries. It was done with pictograph art. The Indians who developed this method of picture writing used designs, colors, and hieroglyphics to preserve historic records for posterity.

Time to these aboriginals was measured in natural cycles. A day was rated from sun to sun; a month from one full moon to the next; and a year from winter to winter. There was no calendar, just a series of suns, moons and winters.

These records or diaries were usually painted on the tanned hide of an animal. Events to be recorded were limited to one sketch per winter or year. The entry was done in pictorial design. There were no dates by which the time of an entry could be designated on the chart. To ascertain the year of a recorded entry one had to count the winters from the last entry made back to the design in question. Hence the title, "Winter Counts."

Winter Counts held mystery and challenging interest. Like a Dead Sea scroll the Count has to be interpreted to be understood. To translate a Count, sketch by sketch, has proved a difficult task. Only a few memorable incidents are done in recognizable designs. The others are symbols of a count-keeper's own creation to express the idea to be recorded. There are no two Counts exactly alike and there is no code or key left by the long-ago count-keepers to help decipher the mysterious emblems. Nevertheless researchers have interpreted some of these Counts and translated their findings into English prose.

One of the great Indian contributors to the Winter Count was White Bull, nephew of Sitting Bull, who spent his life collecting ancient Winter Counts of his people, the Dakotah Sioux.

He copied his and other Counts that preceded his times in a book of many pages. The book was the white man's way of recording. The Counts White Bull examined and copied entries from were done on buffalo and deer

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skins that had become dark and stiff with age. They included the Lone Dog's Winter Count and the Swift Bear Count, the former on buffalo hide and the latter on the tanned skin of a blacktail buck. A Count reflected the artistic pride of its keeper. The count-keeper was a historian and had tribal standing as such. Some Counts were passed from one generation to the next thus achieving a long line of entries.

What made White Bull's Count so legible was the fact that he gave definition of each sketch in written Sioux language that has been translated into English. White Bull's oldest entry was dated 1691, many generations before his birth. No doubt it was copied from an ancient record. After the date 1691, he wrote: "The year the buffalo came to us."

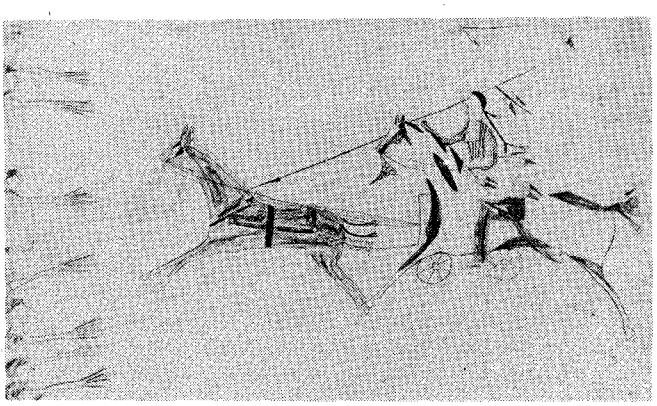
The explorers of the mid-1700s found the Dakota people around the western shores of the Great Lakes in the Wisconsin-Minnesota region. If the buffalo came to the Sioux in 1691 it appears that a severe drought on the plains farther West had caused the herds to push across the Mississippi in search of food in the eastern forest and lakelands.

White Bull explained other important dates in his diary. 1865 was "The year 100 soldiers were killed," a reference to Fetterman's ambush fight in northeastern Wyoming. 1877 was the "Year Crazy Horse was killed." This checks with army records of the incident at Fort Robinson, Nebraska. 1890 -- a memorable date to White Bull was the - "Death of Sitting Bull" his uncle. Sitting Bull was killed by Indian Police on the Grand River reservation in South Dakota, December 15th 1890, during an arrest action. White Bull's records made mention of other history makers on the frontier: Colonel Nelson A. Miles was called "Bear Coat"; Lt. Col. George A. Custer, called "Long Hair", and Major General George Crook, was pictured with three stars over his head, denoting his rank and title, "Three Stars" to the Indians. Typical of other entries with definitions were, "The year Spotted Eagle was killed"; "The year the horses were driven away," and "The year the water run high."

White Bull died at Cherry Creek community on the Cheyenne River reservation in central South Dakota. Before he passed away White Bull presented his "Winter Count Book" with its explanations to a loyal friend, Mr. E. A. Sullivan at Rapid City, South Dakota. The book is not only prized as a memento but it is a valued work of interpreted history.

Swift Bear, a Dakotah tribesman, died in 1898 at the age of 99 and left a Winter Count that covered a hundred years. After Swift Bear's death his Count came into the hands of J. H. Bradley, a government teacher employed on the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota some years later. Bradley, with the help of Indians, interpreted Swift Bear's Count and translated it into readable English. Afterwards he sent the Winter Count and its interpretation to the Indian Bureau's Office in Washington, D. C. It is believed the Count is now in the Smithsonian Institute or some museum at the national capitol.

Old drawing of a battle from an Indian sketchbook.



Swift Bear possessed artistic talent and the imagination that created symbols and designs that represented the incidents he recorded. Swift Bear's Count started with the date of his birth, 1800, and for that year he presented the outline of hands that were interpreted to mean: "First whiteman visits tribe." There is no clue to where the Brule band were living in 1800 but it is assumed on the Missouri River. For 1801 - "White man returned with guns to trade." 1802 - "Chief Big Elk killed." 1803 - "White trader built house." 1804 - "Seven Pawnee came to Dakotah camp and all are killed." 1805 - "Eight white traders come to winter bringing knives, axes, and trade goods. Eight Dakotahs killed." 1806 - "Pawnee and Dakotahs take warpath." 1807 - "Many red flags fly for good medicine to cure bad winter coughs." 1808 - "Pail-In-Hand killed by falling tree." 1809 - "White trader's house burned." 1810 - "A fast running horse stolen from Pawnees." 1811 - "Many Dakotahs starve in winter of no buffalo." 1812 - "Man with yellow face come trade in winter." (Likely a Spanish trader from the South.) 1813 - "Crows come to visit and were scalped." 1814 - "A Shoshone come to Dakotah lodge to talk peace and was killed with tomahawk." 1815 - "Whiteman makes house." 1816 - "Wounded Heel went on warpath." 1817 - "Crooked Wrist killed that winter." 1818 - "Smallpox kill many." (The pox sketch is dotted in red--red indicated death.) 1819 - "Many old men die." 1820 - "Two Utes killed, one scalped." 1821 - "Big Star chase through sky. Much whiskey. Red Cloud born and Red Cloud's father died a drunkard." 1822 - "Indian chasing buffalo fell from pony and broke leg."

This was how history was recorded and interpreted by J. H. Bradley a hundred years later. An interpreter had to know Sioux language, a knowledge of Indian history, and familiarize himself with legends, facts, and the research done on other Winter Counts. Such study provides glimpses of life and problems affecting Indians during periods when there was little or no written information to delineate it. Some Counts provide missing links of the redman's struggle to survive. Much Indian history is lost in antiquity. The illiterate savages taught history to children huddled around camp fires in tales of valor, conquest, and adventure. Such story telling was both entertaining and informative. Such legends passed from generation to generation adding glory to traditions. The more expressive historians developed the Winter Counts, picture writing on rocks, and the strange hieroglyphics and designs of earlier period that still defy interpretation.

Researchers who study interpretations find events of known dates that generally compare with the written records. Such check points applied to battles, deaths of important persons, epidemics, coming of first "fire boats" on the Missouri; the first school on a reservation, meteor shower, eclipse, floods, and starving winters.

Mrs. Harry Henderson, Belle Fourche, S. D. an art instructor at Black Hills State College, toiled for months to interpret a Winter Count as an assignment in college. Since achieving her goal Mrs. Henderson had delivered

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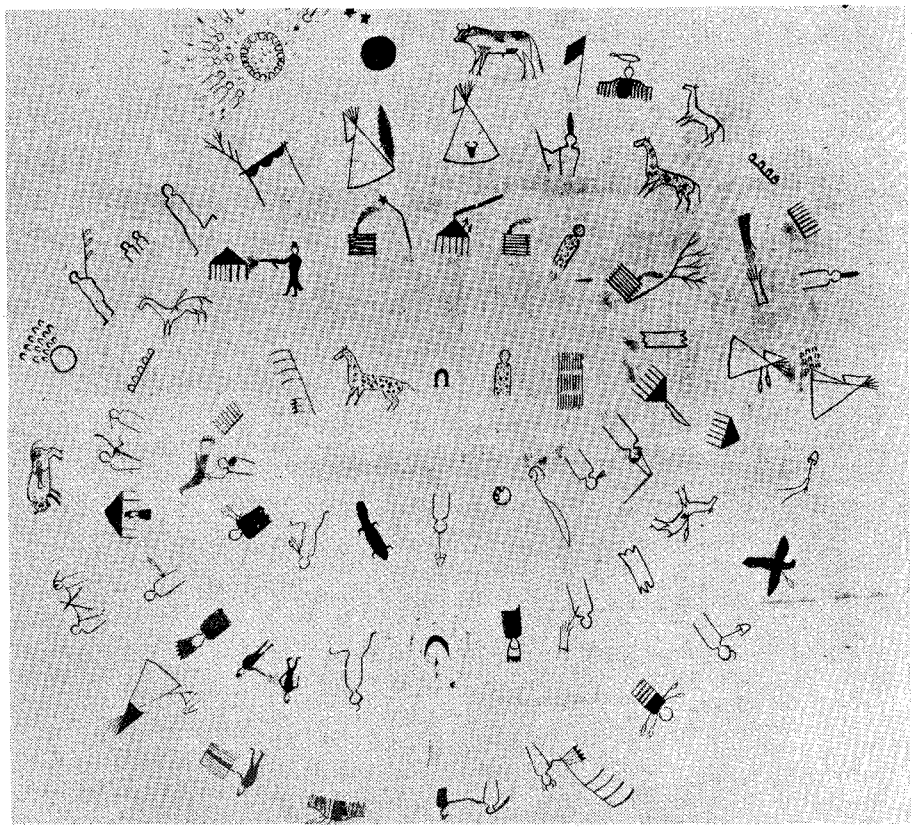

Above: White Bull, Sitting Bull's nephew. Right: close up of Lone Dog's winter count showing dramatic events in his lifetime which he recorded on tanned deer hide.

her "Winter Count Lecture" over 500 times. Her Winter Count was obtained from a North Dakota Indian Agent and it was one that had never been interpreted before. Mrs. Henderson thought herself well versed in the Indian lore of the Sioux Nation. She made an enlarged reproduction of each and every design on the Count and solved their meaning one at a time. Some designs were identifiable by corresponding entries in other Counts. Others were frustrating examples of a dead keeper's secret. By studying the interpretations made of other Counts Mrs. Henderson learned that colors used in the entries were as meaningful as the designs themselves. Red in a sketch signified death. Blue was synonymous with the word "iron" as employed in connection of a weapon, tool or even a name such as "Iron Shell or Iron Shield". These additives to design when explained in lecture intensified the challenge of each crudely done sketch.

Mrs. Henderson discussed the emblems with people who spoke Indian, she visited Indian museums to broaden her knowledge, and finally borrowed a rare Riggs Sioux dictionary from the State's Historical Society Library and studied it with the interest of a foreign language student. Later on she copied the whole Winter Count on a long belt of white cloth, making each design in large size, so the Count banner could be stretched along a wall to illustrate her lecture. She received high compliment from College authorities for selecting such an unusual subject for her degree work and adding to general knowledge by the Count's interpretation.

Sometimes she experiences a ghost of a doubt about her definition of designs that will always be an enigma to others. For this reason, no two researchers might interpret a Count exactly the same way. There is no code to go by.

Filling missing links of history, the Counts have provided information on such things as Sioux war parties bringing back Pine boughs from Rocky Mountain trees as far back as 1675. The Counts refer to first whitemen's guns, southern pottery, wild horses, and ocean birds from beyond the western mountains.

Winter Counts are not numerous, at least not the originals that history keepers made on hides. An army officer formerly stationed at Fort Randall along the Missouri River in Dakotaland wrote in his memoirs that it was the practice to bury some Winter Counts with their keepers. Because of this tradition the officers at the fort would copy a keeper's Count on wide strips of linen cloth that was then sent home as a memento. Some of these linen duplicates of early period Counts are still found in private collections and museums.

Some of the old buffalo hide Counts have the first picture in the center and succeeding entries were placed around it in a spiral form, the latter sketches working out to the edge of the big hide. Other Counts had the sketches done in rows, the first entry being in the upper left hand corner followed by other designs that made a top row across the material, then under that a second row and so on.

The introductions of calendars, printed reports, and written history has replaced the Winter Count histories and diaries. Some of the unsolved Counts are still found around Agencies and on reservations. They have become heirlooms.

Col. Will G. Robinson, secretary of the South Dakota Historical Society wrote that the state's Museum has information on Winter Counts done by Big Missouri, American Horse, Cloud Chief, Wind, Roan Bear, Flame, Swan, Lone Dog, Mato Sapa, White Cow Killer, and Running Bull. The Counts as far back as 1824 tell what tribes the Sioux Nation was often at war with. Surrounded by enemy tribes they fought and survived and left Winter Counts to tell their story.

RW

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TIBURCIO VASQUEZ,

Men dashed for their shotguns, women donned their prettiest finery and Californians worried more about losing their wives and daughters than their gold!

Photos from the author

by Dick Cox

A stage rumbled over the Hollister-New Ibria Mines Road in the late California afternoon. The shotgun guard dozed with the shiplike roll of the coach.

As the horses rounded a sharp turn, six armed riders blocked the way. One man grabbed the left lead horse's rein. Another bandit aimed his heavy rifle at the driver's head.

He was dark, handsome and slender.

"All right, senors, drop the express box."

He gestured with the rifle.

"Then get your passengers out."

A woman leaned from the carriage window. Her long blonde curls fell from beneath a plumed hat.

"Tiburcio, is that you?"

She shielded her eyes from the sun glare.

Tiburcio Vasquez, Central California's most successful bandit of the 1870's glanced from the guard to the handsome woman.

"Senora, I didn't know you were traveling today."

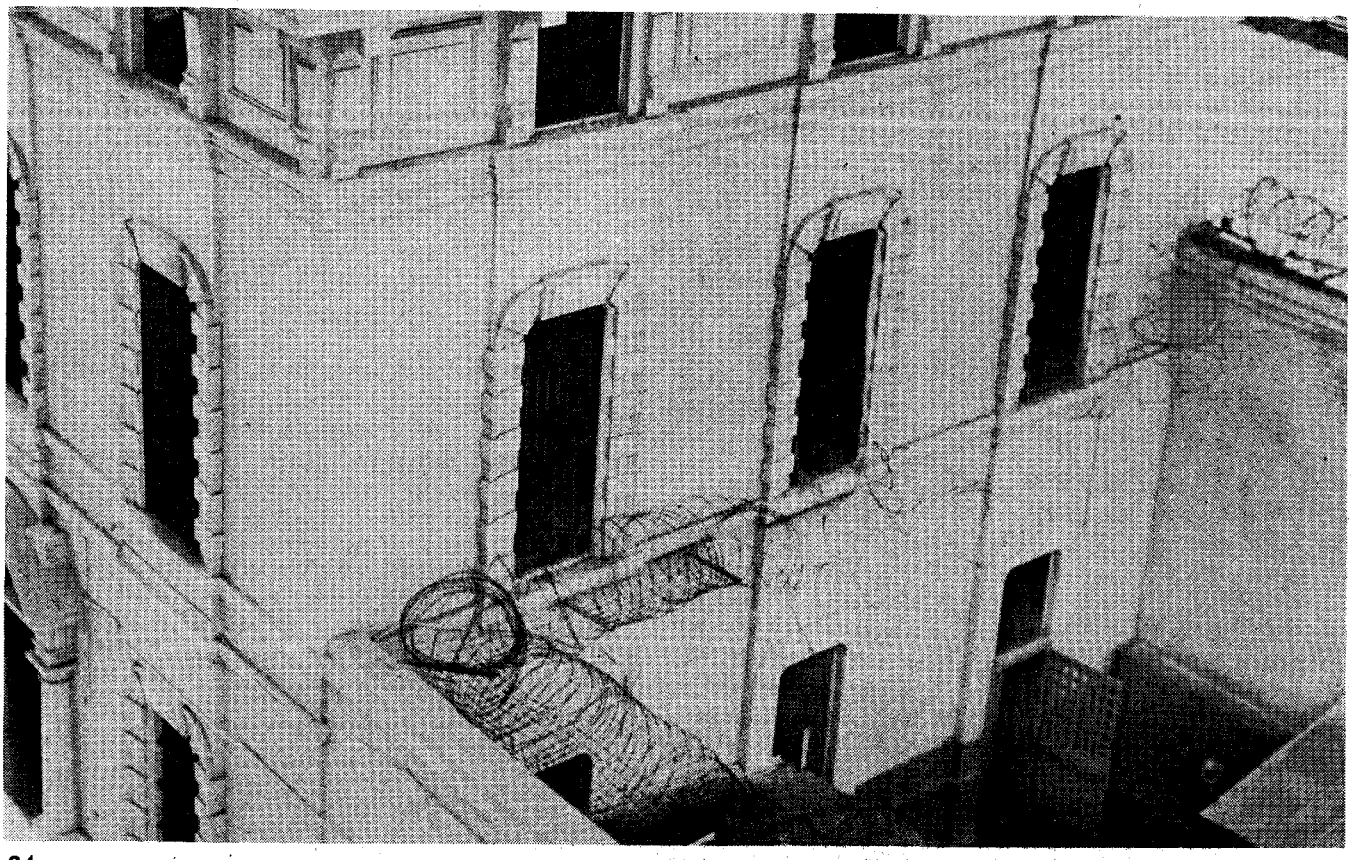
"Tiburcio, we have the miners' payroll. Please don't take it. Those poor men will not be paid if you do."

Vasquez raised his sombrero and smiled. Then he turned to the driver.

"You are lucky to have such a passenger. Drive on!"

Vasquez's companions swore silently as the coach rolled away.

At Santa Clara jail, Tiburcio walked from grated doorway onto the gallows, a few steps to eternity.



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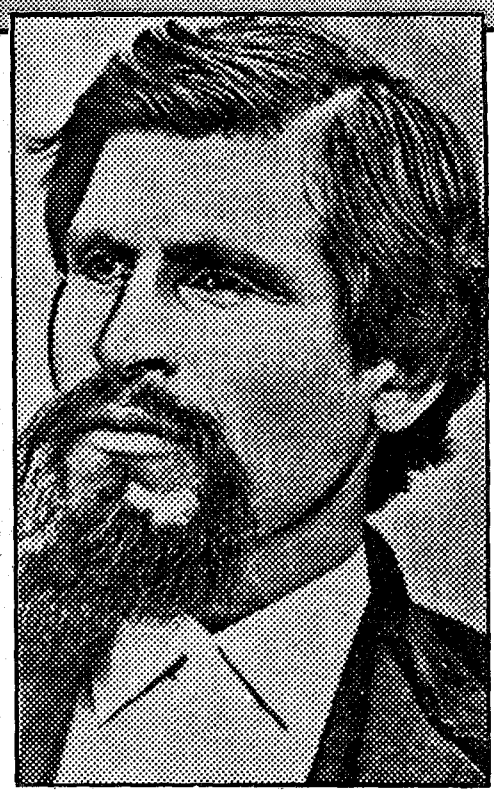
LOVER-BANDIT



Being a "lady killer" was one thing; killing a man was another.

"For why did you do that?" one demanded.

"Ah, amigo, who can resist a lady so lovely. Besides she saved me from a sheriff once. There will be another stage."

That was the nature of Vasquez, the bandit and lover.

When he was hanged 90 years ago, it was almost a certainty that he left behind more sorrowing damsels than dead men and empty express boxes.

During his last trial women flocked to the courtroom. They begged the Sheriff for a chance to visit the famous bandit, killer and Casanova. The jailers daily were besieged with bribes and requests from some curious lovely to slip a note to Vasquez.

A woman was involved the first time Vasquez was in trouble with the law. This was at a Fandango, a Mexican dance in Monterey, California, his hometown. Vasquez at seventeen went to the dance with two older men, both rough hombres. One of them, Anastacia Garcia, is supposed to have been a survivor of the Joaquin Murietta gang.

The dance was a lively affair with lots of pretty senoritas and much drinking.

About midnight an argument started with some "Americanos" over who would dance next with one of the girls. Garcia grabbed a heavy pitcher and bashed one of the other gang over the head. A friend of the victim called the constable.

The officer was William Hardmount, also an American or "gringo" to Garcia and Vasquez.

When Hardmount walked into the dancehall, Garcia backed against the wall and pulled a gun. Vasquez and two other Mexicans rushed to his side. Each of them had a pistol.

Hardmount asked them to lay down the weapons and step outside to talk over the trouble.

Suddenly one of the four Mexicans fired a shot, and Hardmount fell with a bullet through his brain. The crowd scattered, and Garcia and Vasquez fled to the hills.

A posse caught one of their friends, Jose Higuerra, an hour after the dancehall killing and lynched him.

Garcia was captured months later. While he was in jail, a mob broke in and hanged him. Vasquez meanwhile had drifted into the horse stealing business. He was caught with a stolen herd and sent to San Quentin Prison. In California, horse thieving seldom has held the fatal consequences of areas farther east.

Two years later when he was released, he tried highway robbery in California's broad San Joaquin Valley. A posse chased him into the Mount Diablo hill country. He found shelter at the home of a Mexican rancher with a generous heart and a beautiful daughter. The girl, Anita, apparently was fascinated with the dashing, dark-haired youth.

One morning Poppa discovered they were gone, along with two of his horses. He promptly loaded his pistols, saddled his best mount and started after the young lovers.

He caught up with them in the Livermore Valley where they had stopped under a shady oak to "rest". Poppa thought different. He fired one shot and hit the young bandit in the arm.

Anita jumped in front of Vasquez.

"If you kill him, you must also kill me," she screamed.

The parent hadn't expected this from his usually obedient daughter. He frowned, and probably swore. Vasquez smiled and waited. The rancher nodded. All right. He wouldn't kill the useless rascal, he told the girl. The youth could go free if she would come home.

She kissed Vasquez, climbed on her horse and started home with Poppa. Vasquez shrugged, mounted the horse he had stolen from the rancher and headed south.

He drifted back to Monterey and then north to Sonoma County. He tried cattle rustling in that area, but a posse cornered him. Back to San Quentin he went. Vasquez probably obtained his "college education" in crime during that stay.

In 1870 he was out and back in Monterey. He struck

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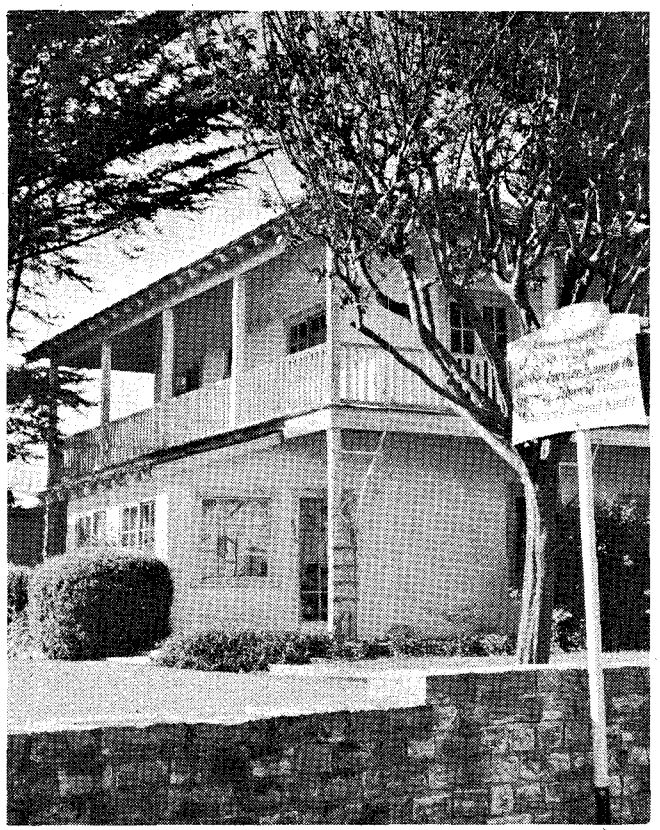

Casa Vasquez in Monterey, Calif. as it is today.

up an acquaintance with a family named Salazar, especially the pretty young Mrs. Salazar.

Vasquez is supposed to have kidnapped her and carried her away to another town, but there is some evidence that the matron didn't protest too much. However, after a week or so he became bored and deserted her.

Sometime later he had the bad luck to meet the husband on a street in San Juan Bautista. They traded insults and Vasquez went for his gun. His draw was faster but the weapon misfired.

The husband was slower but luckier. The slug from his gun hit Vasquez in the neck. The two fired several times more without doing any damage. Vasquez had two friends with him, and Salazar decided to run. Vasquez's buddies helped him away from the scene.

Salazar filed a complaint, and the Grand Jury charged the young outlaw with attempted murder. By then he had fled eastward into the mountains.

From that time on the brazen bandit hovered in the hill country around San Juan and neighboring Hollister. The two towns are the main centers in San Benito Valley, a cattle range area separated from Monterey and the County sheriff's office by the Gabilan Mountains.

He ranged through the valley and the nearby Santa Clara Valley robbing stages, stealing horses and looting stores. To the poor Mexican peons he appears to have been generous with his stolen gold and livestock. Throughout the Central California hills and valleys he was a welcome guest at their small ranches and cabins.

Their daughters and frequently the wives, when the husbands were away, always gave him a warm reception, quite warm. And why not? The life of a California Mexican woman or girl was one of drudgery, wood chopping, tending the corn patches, carrying water from distant springs and tending large families.

Vasquez undoubtedly was the one spark of romance and excitement in their drab lives. He would appear suddenly at night at their cabin doors, saddle bags and arms overloaded with gold, new clothing, wine and strange foods from the gringo stores. What mattered if he was always amorous, if he loved and left? He might return, and if he left them a "souvenir" it might become a son like this man of fire.

His generousity and amours paid off in a string of "Sweethearts", as he called them, who never failed to warn him if a posse or a sheriff was near.

Like the night he decided to attend a dance in Hollister. Earlier in the day he had pulled a stage robbery and his pockets were loaded. Vasquez heard that one of his girl friends would be at the dance, and he wanted to see her.

Sure enough in the middle of the evening he boldly walked into the hall. No one said a word to him. He decided he was safe and ordered a bottle of wine. The dance wore on into the morning hours.

When it broke up, Vasquez went to a bar next door and played cards with a woman he met.

Meanwhile, one of his countrymen had informed the lawmen that Vasquez was at the bar. They started assembling a posse.

Another woman slipped to the outlaw's table and warned him of the danger. She led him into a backroom and gave him her skirt and mantilla for a disguise. He dressed himself in them and walked out of the bar. The slender little bandit with mincing steps crossed the street in front of the posse, rounded a corner, boarded his horse and fled.

Not long afterwards he pulled his first really big raid. In those days Henry Miller, the cattle baron, was one of California's richest men. Vasquez had heard that Miller had sent $30,000 to Firebaugh's Ferry for a payroll. The outlaw chief recruited a band of six and carefully planned a raid with the intention of seizing the little town and systematically looting it, as well as stealing Miller's gold.

The plan worked to perfection with one exception. The men moved into the town at night. They seized and tied up the ten or twelve men they found. When the stage arrived, they grabbed the driver and the passengers and trussed them up also.

The hitch was that Miller hadn't deposited the money.

However, stores were looted and safes were robbed.

In the course of this a merchant called "the Captain" was robbed of a watch. Years later Vasquez loved to tell this story of how the man's wife saw the theft and ran to him pleading for the return of the watch.

"She threw her arms around my neck and begged me to return the watch to her husband," the bandit said. "He had given it to her during their courtship. I gave it back and then she went into another room and from behind a chimney took out another watch. 'Take it', she said."

The only thing wrong with that story is that Vasquez sometimes told the ending one way and sometimes another. In one version he gallantly refused it, and in the other account he pocketed the watch with thanks.

But then with the way Vasquez had with women all his life he had to be a natural born liar.

Whichever version is correct, the truth is that Vasquez held full control of the little town for three to four hours. He had the opportunity to take anything he wanted or do anything he wanted to do. Before his career ended he seized two other towns in raids that were both deadly and profitable.

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His next escapade in fact was a rampage of murder and looting at Tres Pinos, a small San Benito Valley hamlet. This was situated on the Hollister-New Ibria Mines road.

Vasquez rarely traveled long with the same gang. For this enterprise he enlisted the aid of a countryman, Abdon Leiva. He owned a small ranch near the mines and lived there with his pretty wife and two children. Vasquez had stopped at the home many times to fill Leiva's ears with stories of the riches to be obtained with a gun in one's hand. The outlaw also had been eying Leiva's voluptuous wife, Rosaria.

At Vasquez's urging, Leiva sold his land, packed his family in a wagon and joined the band. Rosaria and the children were started southward on the escape route the gang would follow after the raid.

Then with a half dozen armed men Vasquez moved into the hills above the little village. The on-street community included a general store and a hotel for stagecoach travelers.

Leiva was known in the area and his presence wouldn't cause an alarm. He was sent into the town first in the late afternoon with one other man. They were to have a drink, look around and wait for the rest of the gang.

The two men entered Snyder's General Store about 5 p.m. on Aug. 26, 1873. They had just settled themselves with some drinks when a third member of the band, Teodoro Moreno, stomped inside. He had a blanket wrapped around part of his face and he held a pistol in his hand. He immediately ordered the seven or eight customers to lie on the floor.

Leiva and his partner, Romulo Gonzales, joined him and started disarming and tying the customers. A minute later Vasquez arrived. He ordered the men to hurry because he wanted help outside. Moreno went out.

Leiva said he stepped to the door and saw a teamster, George Redford, jump off his wagon and run for the stable. Vasquez and Moreno chased the man as far as the corral fence. As Redford topped the fence, Vasquez blasted him with a Henry rifle. The teamster tumbled to the ground dead.

Bernal Berhuri, a Portuguese sheepherder who didn't speak English, was shot in the street by Moreno when he failed to stop.

A butcher named Campbell bolted from the store and ran into the street. Vasquez saw him and ran to stop him.

Just at that moment Leander Davidson, proprietor of the hotel, pushed open his front door to see what was happening. The bandit let Campbell go for the moment. Davidson was more important. He should have money, and Vasquez didn't want him to flee.

Davidson slammed his door and tried to lock it. Leiva said Vasquez fired the rifle through the door. The hotelman toppled backwards and died in his wife's arms.

Vasquez turned to chase the butcher. By then Campbell had climbed to the stable loft and was hiding in a pile of hay. Vasquez searched the building and spotted the hay. He grabbed a pitchfork and stabbed at it four times. Once the prongs came within three inches of Cambell's face, but Vasquez didn't find him. The bandit gave up and returned to the looting.

The hotel safe was emptied. Snyder, the storekeeper, was captured in his home. His wife promised to get his money if he was not harmed. Vasquez nodded, and Mrs. Snyder produced a drawer containing $600. The outlaws took watches from the clerks and customers, clothing and merchandise from the store shelves and saddles and horses from the stables.

The loot was loaded, and the bandits mounted up. As they rode away, they left behind three dead men, a terrified town and a storm of indignation. One of the longest manhunts in California history was about to start.

The sheriffs of both Monterey and Santa Clara Counties hurried to Tres Pinos to form a posse. While they were combing the hills, the State Legislature authorized $5,000 for the manhunters' expenses.

Meanwhile the bandits had fled over the mountains into the San Joaquin Valley and southward to San Emilio. They met Leiva's family there and together moved on to Rock Creek. Leiva had begun to notice Vasquez's attentions to his wife. The husband was also starting to tire of the killing, the danger and the constant moving.

One day Vasquez sent him on an overnight trip for supplies. Leiva's suspicions were fully aroused by this. He hurried away and found a nearby ranch where he could obtain the things Vasquez wanted. Then he rushed back to the camp.

He pushed open the cabin door and caught Rosaria and his leader in the same bed. Leiva pulled a gun and threatened to shoot.

Another of the gang, Clovaro Chavez, bounced out of a corner, gun in hand.

"If you fire, I'll blow your brains out," he yelled.

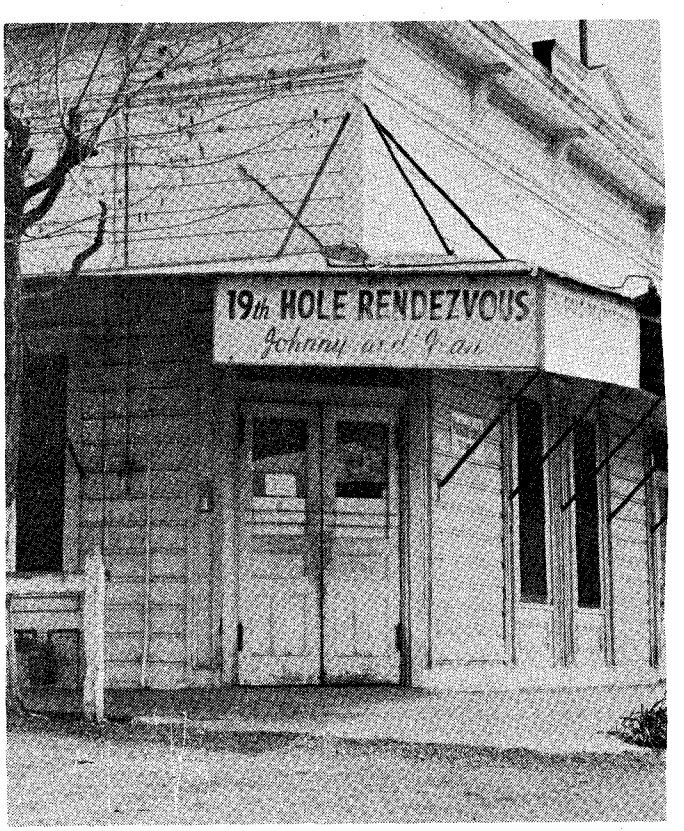
Leiva lowered his gun. Vasquez climbed from the bed somewhat redfaced. Rosaria covered her face with her hands and wept.

Leiva challenged Vasquez to step outside for a duel.

The bandit chief shook his head and said, "No, Leiva, I do not wish to add to the wrong I have done to you."

The men argued for sometime, and finally they agreed that Leiva would leave with his wife and children. After

The outlaw raided the store and hotel in Tres Pinos.



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they separated, it would be "each man for himself" with no quarter to be expected.

Leiva did depart in the morning with his family. However, he took them only a few miles to a friendly rancher's home and left them.

Then he headed south into Los Angeles County. He surrendered to the first sheriff he met and gave a full statement of the Tres Pinos raid. Leiva said he would be happy to be a witness against Vasquez.

Vasquez learned that Rosaria had been deserted. He went to the ranch and carried her away. For three months they lived in the mountains, constantly on the move to avoid posses. The hills were alive with the manhunters, but Vasquez's friends always kept him warned.

Later when Rosaria was sick and pregnant, he abandoned her.

For another two months he hid out, waiting for the hunt to quiet.

Then he struck the village of Kingston in Fresno County. At night he slipped into the town with a gang of nine. Each man had an assigned place to strike. Within five minutes thirty men in the town had been captured and tied up. Then the bandits methodically robbed the victims of watches, money and any valuables. Strongboxes were emptied and houses were searched for loot.

Vasquez walked into the town bar, leveled his rifle at the dozen customers and ordered them to lie down. They dropped to the floor without a murmur. He called one of his men to move around the room taking watches and wallets. One man in the hotel lobby refused to lie down. Chavez pistol-whipped him to the floor.

One of the bandits frightened a young woman at the door of a restaurant. She screamed. A male customer ran to help her and clubbed the outlaw with a chair.

In one of the stores a clerk broke away from the robbers and ran the length of the street shouting the alarm.

Two merchants, James E. Flood and J. W. Sutherland, grabbed rifles and started down the wide, dusty street firing towards the marauders. This was the first time a Vasquez raiding party ever had been under a counter attack. They broke and ran for the edge of town. Chavez and one other bandit were wounded.

However, the gang escaped with most of the loot, including $2,500 in cash.

Soon the posses were combing the area once again. The Legislature voted $15,000 for expense money. Sheriff Harry Morse of Alameda County was commissioned by the governor to hunt down Vasquez. The officer set out with fifteen men and two months' supplies.

This didn't especially worry Vasquez. He had been chased by Morse before. His "muchachas" (girls) would tell him if Morse got too close.

About this time Vasquez and Chavez pulled one of their most ambitious robberies.

This was the raid on Coyote Holes, a stage station between Los Angeles and the Owen's River. They rode their horses to a little hill in front of the station and started shooting into the building.

Vasquez handed his rifle to Chavez and rode to within fifty feet of the front door. He shouted for everyone to walk out with their hands up or he would burn the building. A woman stuck her head out of the door, and he repeated the order.

In a moment a file of men started coming through the doorway, hands over their heads. Chavez covered them with his rifle, and Vasquez searched all of them for valuables. The prisoners were ordered to move around behind the station. The men were forced to sit on the ground with their hands still up, and Chavez remained to guard them.

Vasquez went inside the station to wait for the stage. As the sweating teams pulled up at the door, he stepped into the yard rifle in hand.

He snapped at the driver, "Tell your passengers to get down. Be quick about it!"

The outlaw chief ordered the driver to unhitch the horses. He commanded one of the male passengers to "lend a hand."

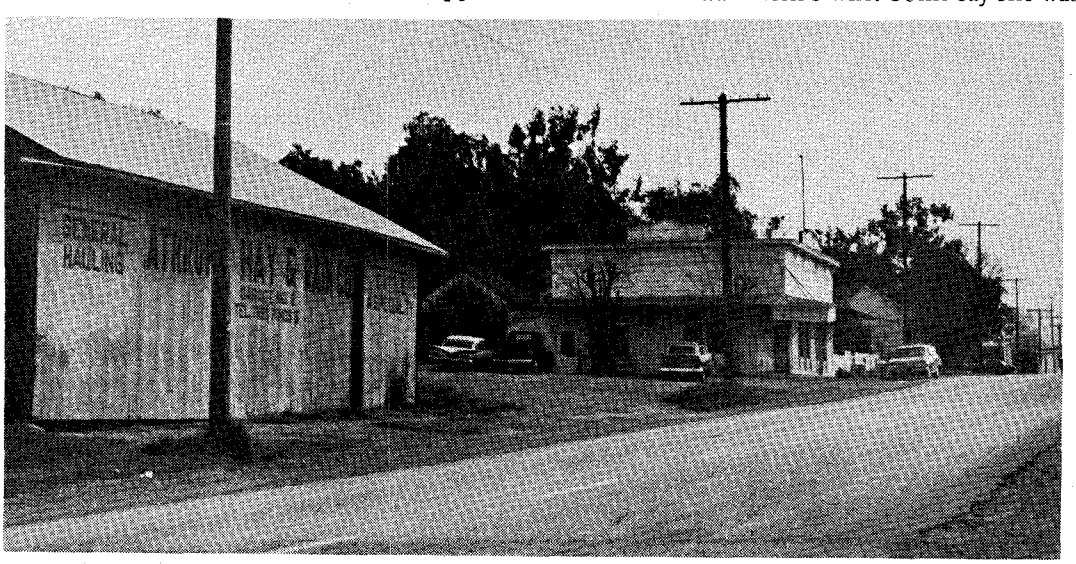
One at a time Vasquez searched the passengers with one hand as he gripped his pistol in the other hand. The victims yielded a good haul of watches and cash, but the Wells Fargo box was a disappointment.

It contained nothing but mining stock, $10,000 worth, but hardly a negotiable item for a wanted bandit and murderer.

The two desperadoes picked up the cash and watches and made their getaway with eight horses. They left behind twenty men with empty pockets. No one had resisted them.

For a time the pair hid in the Soledad Canyon, north of the San Fernando Valley. Then they moved to the home of George Allen or Greek George on the La Brea Rancho near Los Angeles. Allen was a friendly type. He didn't mind having rough hombres around the place, especially if they had money in their pockets.

The cabin had a special inducement for Vasquez. There was a pretty girl in the house. Some historians say she was Allen's wife. Some say she was his girl friend. Others



Tres Pinos, almost unchanged since ninety years ago when Vasquez gang killed three men. Warehouse on left was owned by R.L. Lathrop who witnessed Vasquez court trial.

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have suggested she divided her attentions between Vasquez and Allen while the Vasquez gang was in residence there.

Anyway Vasquez hung around Allen's cabin from mid-March until late May 1874. His men slept in the mustard fields around the cabin, but Vasquez always managed to bunk in the house.

Meanwhile Sheriff Morse wasn't idle. Informers brought him the news that Vasquez was holed up at the Greek's. Morse was an ethical officer, too much so for his own future fame. Morse had the governor's commission to hunt Vasquez down anywhere in the state. However, he felt he should enlist the aid of Sheriff William Rowland, of Los Angeles, because Vasquez was in Rowland's county.

Rowland scoffed at Morse's information and insisted the ranch had been checked. Morse took the other officer's word and turned his posse northward. He was hardly out of sight before Rowland was organizing his own posse for a trip to Greek George's.

For some reason George Beers, a special correspondent for the San Francisco Chronicle who had been riding with Morse for months, decided to linger in Los Angeles. Something told him the "story" was still there.

The southern sheriff was clever enough to figure that he would be watched. So he instructed his undersheriff, Albert Johnson, to assemble the men at night. They gathered at midnight in a corral, loaded their horses, and slipped out in pairs. The next morning Vasquez's friends saw Rowland walking around the Los Angeles streets, and no alarm was sent to the cabin.

The posse slipped close enough to the ranchhouse for a good view. However, the land was open, and there was no way to sneak up on the building. Then two young Mexicans left the cabin, climbed in a big wagon and drove down the road towards the hidden posse. The deputies stopped the wagon out of sight of the house.

The posse piled into the wagon bed. The sides were high enough to conceal them. Then they ordered the two Mexicans to drive back to the cabin. Rifles were kept trained on the pair all the way to be sure that no warning was given.

Thirty feet from the house Johnson stopped the wagon. The men jumped out and surrounded the building.

Inside Vasquez was sitting at the table eying the well-rounded woman as she moved about the kitchen fixing eggs, tortillas and fresh coffee. His pistols were laying on a bed in the next room. His Henry rifle was standing in a corner, eight feet away. It was a pleasant morning. The woman smiled and laughed at his jokes.

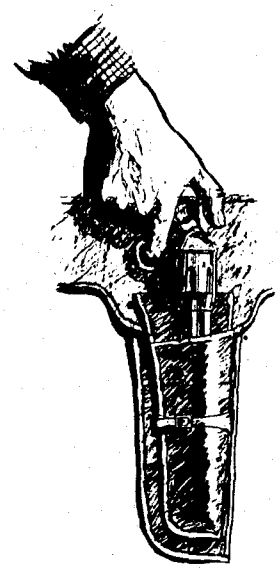
Outside the door there was a shout to "open up". Constable Sam Bryant smashed an ax into the wood door. It flew open. The woman jumped towards it shoving with all her strength to close it. Deputy Sheriff Emil Harris jerked his rifle to his shoulder and fired one round at the figure of Vasquez. The woman was so close the gunpowder scorched her cheek. The bullet slammed into Vasquez's chest.

He spun on his heel and dived through a rear window. The outlaw landed on his feet and ran around the corner of the building.

Facing him with a cocked rifle was Beers, the Chronicle correspondent.

It was a reporter's dream. The most wanted man in California was in his gunsights. Not only would Beers get the story, he might make the story. He snapped the trigger, but Vasquez kept running. Seconds later Police Chief B. F. Hartley stopped the bandit with a charge

{Continued on next page}



COLT THUNDER, COLT LIGHTNING

by LANCE ROBBINS

"A gunfighter from the forks of Hard Water Creek" they called tall, dark, long-haired Jim Courtright, who was so fearless and so swift and deadly with firearms that he was an excellent army scout; a grimly efficient lawman; then at last murderer and cheap gangster.

Big, deadly Courtright was born about 1848 in Iowa, and was personable and well-liked in the army, which he served in Texas, New Mex., and Arizona. He acquired an amazing skill with weapons, as well as a grim determination to do well any job for which he was hired--this combination made Longhaired Jim Courtright an excellent city marshal first in Fort Worth, Tex., later in Lake Valley, N. Mex. (the latter a wild mining town which was tamed by Courtright, but dwindled to nothing when its ore gave out.)

Courtright then accepted a range-riding job for a cowman friend and agreed to rid his range of rustlers and "squatters", a situation once more bringing into play his wizardry with the Colt. Shooting several squatters made a fugitive of the former lawman and he fled back to Fort Worth.

Drifting from one job to another, Courtright was in turn a saloon "bouncer" and a deputy sheriff during the big railroad strike of 1886 (here probably again using his flashing guns).

Old-timers who knew Longhaired Jim Courtright marveled over the speed of his hands, like racing snakes streaking into holes as they snapped to the butts of the .45's in their cut-down holsters. He was a deadly shot with either hand, danger or tension only seeming to increase his coolness and dexterity.

Courtright lost much of his former popularity, at least with Fort Worth's gambling element, when he opened the "TIC Commercial Detective Agency" and became a gangster of sorts, with a shake-down protection racket sure to end in "Colt thunder, Colt lightning", even though most of the gamblers paid up rather than stand up against a gunfighter of Courtright's ability.

It was when Courtright called on little Luke Short at his White Elephant saloon that sparks flew and the luckiest fluke shot in frontier history left Luke alive and Jim Courtright, one of the Great Gunmen of all time dead! "Long-haired" Jim was 39 and Luke was 32.

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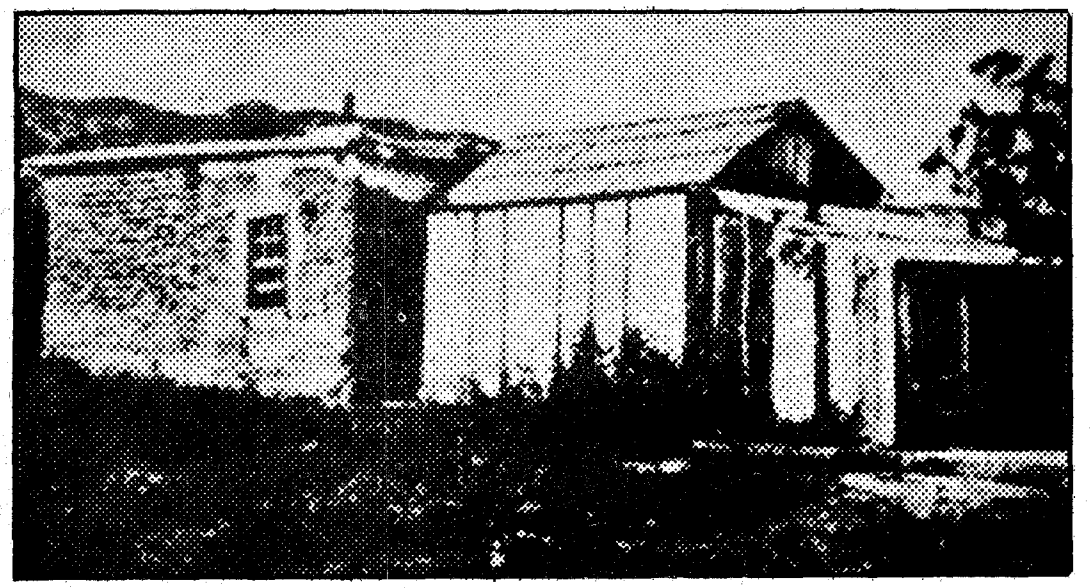

AT Greek George's cabin the bandito found safety...and a woman...until his bloody capture. Wounded several times, he survived to die on the gallows.

of buckshot. Vasquez threw up his hands.

Later the bullet from Beers' rifle was found in the outlaw's shoulder. The reporter had hit his man, but it was only a flesh wound. In fact none of the wounds were serious.

Vasquez was placed in the wagon and hauled to Los Angeles. A week later he was moved to Northern California for trial. Eventually, to prevent a lynching, the case was shifted from Hollister to San Jose in Santa Clara County.

The trial started Jan. 5, 1875. Nearly every day the courtroom gallery was crammed with women spectators. The prisoner occasionally would glance up at them and smile.

On the witness stand his former friend, Abdon Leiva, obtained a jealous man's revenge. He swore that Vasquez had killed Leander Davidson, the Tres Pinos hotelman. Other witnesses backed up his testimony.

Vasquez insisted it was not true. He maintained that he had never killed anyone and that he had warned his men not to shoot.

Dist. Atty. N. C. Briggs, of San Benito County, summed up the prosecution's case. R. P. Lathrop, owner of a Tres Pinos and Hollister hay and grain business for many years, watched the last days of the trial while he was a college student in San Jose.

In 1932 Lathrop recalled for a newspaperman, "I heard Mr. Brigg's address to the jury. It was able, fearless and eloquently delivered. Vasquez was in the criminal's box with two deputies, one on each side of him and luckily so, for while Mr. Briggs was denouncing him as a villain, a heartless cold-blooded murderer and saying it was the jury's duty to find him guilty of first degree murder and specify the death penalty without mercy---"

"Mr. Briggs shaking his pointed finger at him---although that was 57 years ago, my recollection was so vivid I never will forget that moment---Vasquez leaning well forward with a vicious, ugly glare, started to spring at Briggs who was within eight feet of him, and he hissed one word: 'Carambo', but the two deputies forced him back into his seat."

On Jan. 10 the case went to the jury. The jurors deliberated three and a half hours and returned a verdict of guilty and called for the death penalty.

March 20 was set by Judge Thomas Belden as the execution date. Vasquez was to be hanged in the jail courtyard.

On that day the crowd began to gather at 8 a.m. outside the jail, which stood behind the County Courthouse. Admission to the jail was limited to witnesses with special passes.

However, the rear windows of the court building on the second and third floor overlooked the jail. A crowd including many women thronged to the windows.

At 1:30 p.m. he walked out of the door from the jail to the courtyard with a jailer in front and a priest at his side. Behind followed a half dozen sheriffs, several reporters and other witnesses.

Vasquez's only sign of nerves was when he told the hangman, "Pronto" (Be quick). The trap door dropped under his feet and his neck snapped. His death was instantaneous, three attending doctors stated later.

That was the end of Tiburcio Vasquez. Yet even in death he was idolized by women. After the execution he was taken to Santa Clara, a nearby town, where his body lay in state for several days in the home of his cousin, Mrs. Guadalupe Bee.

His sister, Maria, was obsessed with the fear that ghouls would cut off his head and use it for exhibitions the way Joaquin Murietta's head had been used. She guarded the grave night and day for nearly a week. Finally public officials opened the grave to reassure her that the body was safe. Since then Vasquez's corpse has been allowed to rest peacefully in the Catholic Cemetery at Santa Clara, Calif.

RW

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PORTRAITS IN CHARACTER

Photos from Bureau of American Ethnology

Above: Wolf Robe, Southern Cheyenne.
Top left: Dull Knife, Southern Cheyenne.
Below left: Chief Joseph, Nez Perce.

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DEATH TO THE

by J. P. Dunn Jr.

(In the first installment, Mr. Dunn gave the background of the Apaches and the white man's inability to defeat them. The result was the decision of Carelton to practice the brutal and inhuman policy of extermination. This installment gives the ghastly story of that attempt.

In the summer of 1864, General Carleton's hands were comparatively free in New Mexico, and the troops were centered on the western Apaches. The extermination policy then received as full and fair a trial as could possibly be given to it. The forces were adequate, for every one joined in the movement.

On April 20th General Carleton detailed his plans to Don Ignacio Pesquira, Governor of Sonora, saying, "If your excellency will put a few hundred men into the field on the first day of next June, and keep them in hot pursuit of the Apaches of Sonora, say for sixty or ninety days, we will either exterminate the Indians or so diminish their numbers that they will cease their murdering and robbing propensities and live at peace."

To Don Luis Perrazas, Governor of Chihuahua, a similar request was forwarded. The miners in the new districts of Arizona agreed to keep a force in the field if the government would furnish provisions, and this General Carleton did. The Pimas and Maricopas were furnished with American leaders and given over two hundred muskets with ammunition.

The governors of Arizona and New Mexico were requested to aid, and did so. To Governor Goodwin of Arizona, Carleton wrote: "Pray see the Papagos, Pimas, and Maricopas, and have that part of the programme well and effectually executed. You will be able to secure the efforts of the miners without trouble. Let's work earnestly and hard, and before next Christmas your Apaches are whipped. Unless we do this, you will have a twenty years' war."

For his own part Carleton located a force of five hundred men on the Gila, north of the Chiricahua Mountains, to operate from that point. Could a plan be more perfect? Here was a combination of the military, citizens, and friendly Indians of two nations against the Apaches.

They all went into it heartily, with a sincere hatred of the enemy, and with many old scores to pay off. The oft-repeated orders were to kill every male Indian capable of bearing arms, and capture the women and children. It is not possible to give here even a synopsis of the fights that occurred. The brief mention of the encounters with Indians in the general orders for the year covers six pages in fine print.

The results of the year's work, so far as they could be obtained, were officially summed up thus: Indians killed, 363--wounded 140; soldiers killed, 7--wounded, 25; citizens killed, 18--wounded, 13; recovered from Indians 12,284 sheep, 2,742 horses, 35 mules, 31 cattle, and 18 burros; taken by Indians, 4,250 sheep, 26 horses, 154 mules, and 32 cattle. The greater part of the damage done was to the Navahos, who, to the number of over two thousand, were sent to the Bosque Redondo, taking with them most of the sheep that were reported as captured.

For the Apaches alone the returns sum up, 216 Indians and 16 whites killed; 146 horses captured by Indians, and 54 recovered; 17 cattle taken by Indians, and 21 taken from them; 3,000 sheep taken by Indians, and 175 recovered. The loss to the whites was not fully reported, and the Indians were much damaged in addition to this by the destruction of their crops. Nearly all the Apaches planted to some extent in the sheltered valleys of their wildernesses.

This war was conducted on strictly extermination principles. It is true that removal to the Bosque was named as an alternative, but only thirty western Apaches ever reached the Bosque, from all sources. The troops were constantly stimulated to activity. Failure was the only offense that could be committed, and success was approved, no matter how obtained.

By way of example, the general orders for 1864 contain the following: "January 24th -- A party of thirty Americans and fourteen Pima and Maricopa Indians under Col. King S. Woolsey, aid to the governor of Arizona, attacked a band of Gila Apaches, sixty or seventy miles northeast of the Pima villages, and killed nineteen of them and wounded others. Mr. Cyrus Lennon, of Woolsey's party, was killed by a wounded Indian."

That does not read badly, but it is not the whole truth. This party started out to hunt for stock supposed to have been stolen by the Indians. They were signalled by a party of Coyoteros and Pinals, who dared them to come and fight. Woolsey sent an interpreter to them to tell them that he did not wish to fight, but to make peace. On his invitation thirty-five of them came into the camp with their arms. The chief, Par-a-muck-a, in-

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APACHES (PART TWO)

Cochise, one of the great Apache Chiefs, fought the army for ten years.

National Archives Photo

solently ordered Woolsey to clear a place for him to sit upon, as he was a great chief.

Woolsey calmly folded up a blanket and handed it to him. He then told the Apaches that he would make a treaty with them and give them certificates of good conduct such that no white man would ever molest them. His men were gathered about in preparation for the treaty.

Woolsey drew his revolver and gave Par-a-muck-a the Arizona certificate of a "good Indian" at the first shot. His men signed on the bodies of the others. Only one Indian--a lame man who could not run away--affixed his signature. He did it with his lance, on the person of Mr. Lennon. This is historically known as "the Pinal treaty," and the place is appropriately called "Bloody Talks."

This occurrence is not mentioned in any spirit of mawkish sentimentality, but merely to show that the extermination policy had a fair trial. These Indians would undoubtedly have murdered their new white friends if they had obtained the opportunity. They are entitled to no compassion on the ground of treachery used against them. The Apache makes war by treachery. His object is to harm his enemy but to escape uninjured, and he thinks that a man who walks up to open danger is a fool. He will go into dangerous places himself, but he goes by stealth. He never attacks except by surprise. Apache glory consists strictly in killing the enemy.

A wounded or helpless Apache will fight like a demon to protect his friends, but a sound Apache would never take such risks to bear away a wounded compatriot as a Sioux or Cheyenne warrior would. Of necessity, this warfare had its effects on the Apaches, in the way of making peace seem more endurable, but they were neither exterminated nor conquered.

In April, 1865, Inspector-general Davis held a parley with Victoria, Acosta, and other chiefs, among whom were Pasquin, Cassari, and Salvador, the sons of Mangas Colorado. The Indians were very destitute, and wanted peace, but they did not wish to leave their country. The iron rule, of removal to the Bosque, staggered them. They agreed to send four chiefs to inspect the reservation and report to the tribe, but none of them came back, as they promised, and the war went on as before.

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At the close of the Civil War the United States was divided into five Military Divisions, and these were subdivided in nineteen Departments. New Mexico was put in the Department of the Missouri, commanded by Major-general Pope, which was a part of the Military Division of the Pacific, commanded by Major-general H. W. Halleck.

The extermination theory was believed in by General Halleck, so far at least as the Apaches were concerned. He said, "It is useless to negotiate with these Apache Indians. They will observe no treaties, agreements, or truces. With them there is no alternative but active and vigorous war, till they are completely destroyed, or forced to surrender as prisoners of war."

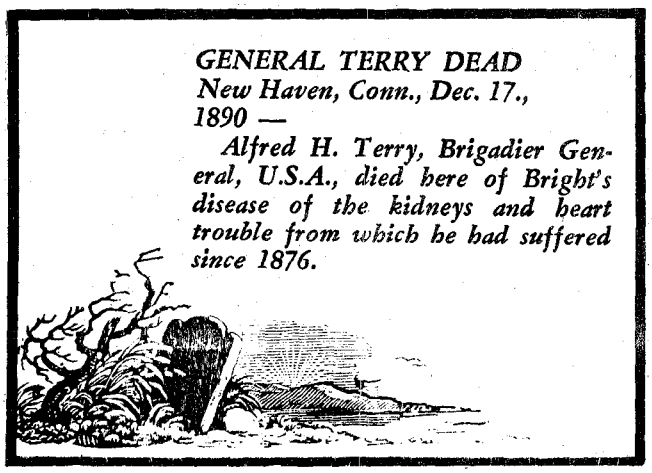
The hostile Apaches were nearly all in Arizona, which was commanded by Brigadier-general Mason, and the war there was prosecuted much as before, or, if possible, more bitterly. Both sides were becoming more and more exasperated, and vented their spleen in ways that only served to make matters worse. The Indians were adopting the practice of mutilating the dead, which was formerly contrary to their customs.

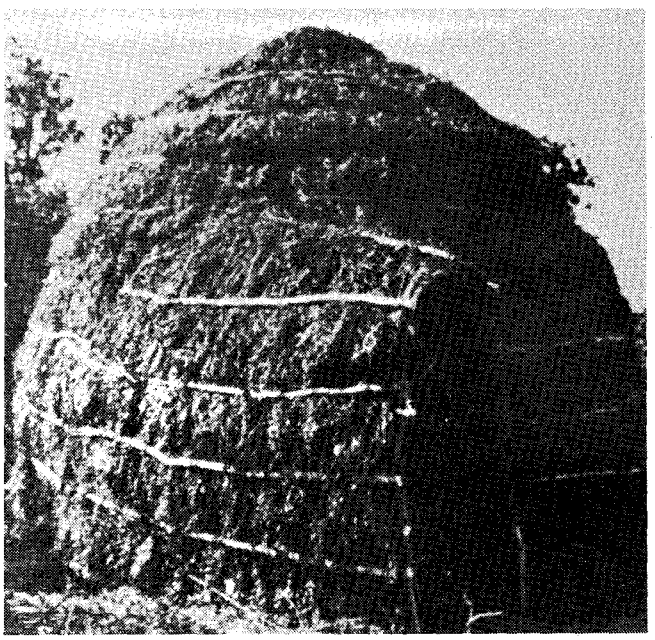
The whites frequently killed inoffensive Indians on general principles. In 1868 a man named Mitchell causelessly killed Waba Yuma, head chief of the Hualapais, and that tribe, which had been peaceable, went to war. They had been looked upon with the contempt that frontiersmen commonly feel for peaceable Indians, but they proved vicious enemies. General McDowell reported that "the officers from Prescott say they would prefer fighting five Apaches to one Hualapai."

In the meantime trouble had come at the Bosque. The question of a permanent reservation at that point became a political one, and everything connected with it passed into the realms of misrepresentation, so that the truth is hard to reach. It is clear, however, that the reservation crops failed, or were destroyed by insects, year after year. It is also clear that the Navahos and Apaches did not get along well together. The Navahos were the stronger in numbers, and appeared to have the ear of the commanding officer.

After the Mescaleros had been at the Bosque for two years, the land which they had been cultivating was taken from them and given to the Navahos, while they were assigned to another location. This was done to prevent quarrelling, but to the Mescaleros it appeared an act of favoritism.

There could be no harmony between them and the Navahos. They had long been at war, and their customs were totally different. The Mescaleros claimed the fulfillment of General Carleton's promise that they should


GENERAL TERRY DEAD
New Haven, Conn., Dec. 17., 1890 —
Alfred H. Terry, Brigadier General, U.S.A., died here of Bright's disease of the kidneys and heart trouble from which he had suffered since 1876.



New York Public Library Photo

Some Apache huts were of a permanent type.

have a reservation in their own country; indeed, Agent Labodie testifies that they had looked forward to this all the time, and had used their influence in bringing in their own hostiles solely for that purpose.

The Bosque reservation for all Apaches and Navahos had become General Carleton's pet scheme. On November 3, 1865, the entire tribe of Mescaleros left the Bosque and went to their own country. They went to war because they knew that leaving the reservation would be considered an act of war, and that they must fight or go back. One of their leading men, Ojo Blanco (White Eye*) had left several weeks prior to this with a small party. After several years of desultory warfare, during which the anti-Bosque party had gained their point, and the tribes were returned to their former homes, the Mescaleros were settled on a reservation in their own country.

The military operations of the '60s were not devoid of results. New Mexico had a season of comparative quiet, in the better settled parts, and Arizona was yielding to the progress of civilization. The valley of Santa Cruz was again filled with ranchmen. Tubac was reoccupied, and Tucson regained its lost population. The mining regions on the Colorado and about Prescott were held by the whites.

Yet, in fact, there was merely a change in the seat of war. The Apaches held mountain fastnesses, as yet unknown, from which they sallied forth to raid into the very heart of the settlements. No one dared to travel the roads unarmed, and small parties were not safe when they had arms. Horses were run off in broad day from within half a mile of Prescott. Men who were not vigilant were likely to be killed anywhere. No Apache tribe was subdued.

The later years of this period found them at war from the Pecos to the Colorado. The bitterness and want of confidence which had been instilled into the Indians

*{*The Apache words for "white eye" are Pin-dah Lick-o-yee, and this is the name they use to designate Americans, in their own language. We are "white eyes," not "pale faces," to them. They also use the word Americano in common with other tribes who are more or less versed in Spanish.}*

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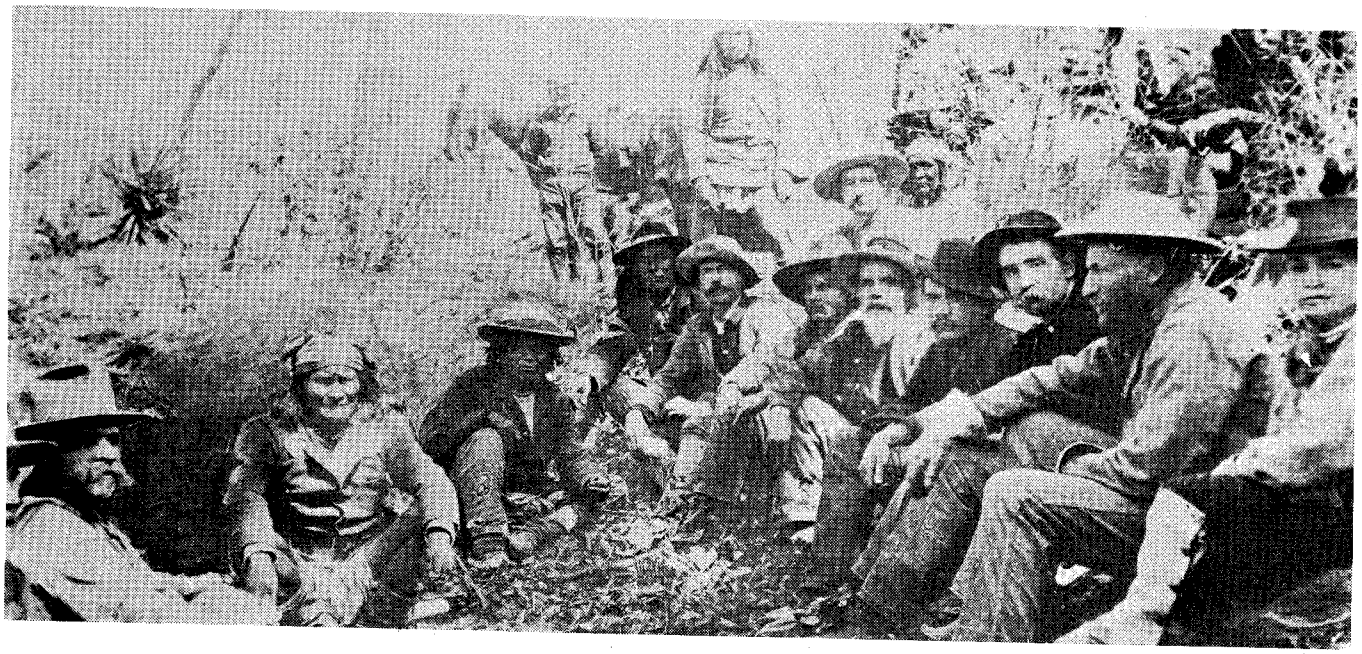


Gen. Crook, second from right, one of the ablest Indian fighters, holds council with Geronimo in 1886.

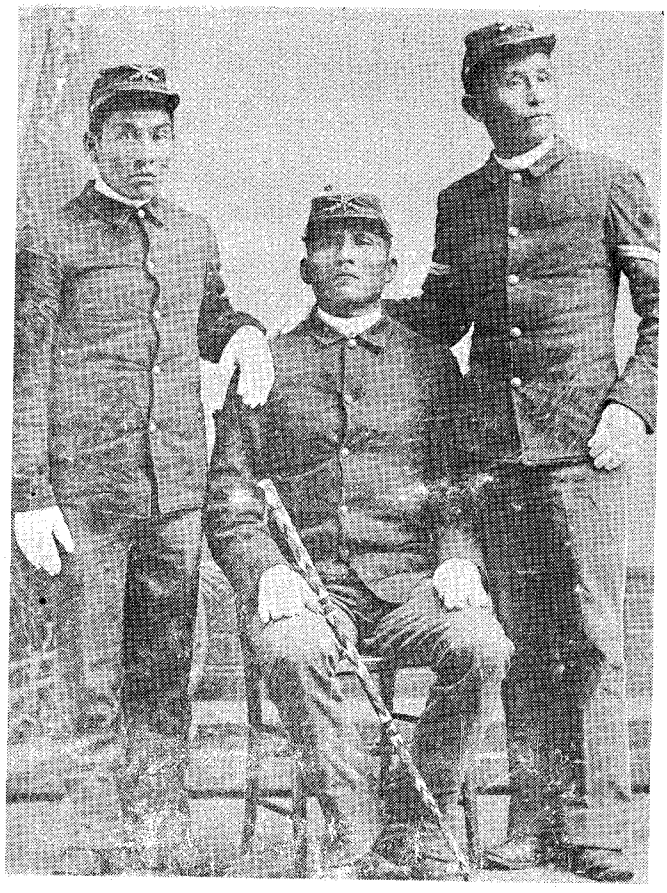
by the system of warfare are results which are not subject to measurement, but it must, in fairness, be admitted that they did follow in some degree. On the whole the policy of extermination in Arizona, coupled with concentration in New Mexico, proved a dismal failure, after a full and fair trial. The army officers began to realize this, and Indians who were willing to make peace were permitted to gather about Fort Goodwin, Camp Grant, and in the White Mountains. This marked the beginning of a new era in Arizona.

On July 20, 1867 was passed "an act to establish peace with certain hostile Indian tribes," providing for the creation of a board of peace commissioners. As members of this board, there were named in the act N. G. Taylor, J. B. Henderson, J. B. Sanborn, and S. F. Tappan, to whom the President was empowered to add four army officers. He named Generals Sherman, Harney, Terry and Augur. The discussion connected with the emancipation and citizenship of the Negroes had educated the people to a just appreciation of the natural rights of all men, and an awakening public conscience pointed to the Indian as a victim of past injustice.

The "peace policy of General Grant," as it was commonly called, received the approval of a great majority of Americans. The labors of the peace commissioners were considered so valuable, and the advantages to be gained by authorizing a committee of citizens to aid in the conduct of Indian affairs were so evident, that by an act of April 10, 1869, a permanent Board of Indian Commissioners was organized. It was composed of ten civilians, who received no compensation for their services, but had their expenses paid, and were to assist in procuring and maintaining peace with the Indians, for which purposes an appropriation of two million dollars was made. Unfortunately for the Indian, the feeling in his favor wandered off into the channel of abstract compliment.

From a demon he was raised to the position of a temporal deity by the extremists who were now given an opportunity to aid him. The gentlemen who wrote the reports of the commissioners revelled in riotous imaginations and discarded facts, as a part of the old and offensive regime which was henceforth to be abandoned. Take, for instance, this picture of the Indian's character from one of the reports: "His only compromise is to have his rights, real or fancied, fully conceded. To force he yields nothing. In battle he never surrenders, and is the more excusable, therefore, that he never accepts capitulation at the hands of others. In war he does not ask or accept mercy. He is then the more consis-

Even as scouts, Apaches were proud fighters.



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tent that he does not grant mercy." This statement is astounding, in the face of the fact that for over three centuries the Indian had been yeilding to force, surrendering, accepting mercy, and compromising his rights, if he ever had any.

It is hardly possible that the commissioners ever read carefully the balderdash that has been printed over their names. Certainly the four military members of the peace commission did not realize to what they were assenting; it has been quoted to them at times when it must have been very embarrassing, from a logical standpoint, as, for example, in the case of Wendell Phillips's open letter to General Sherman during the Modoc war.

The earlier years of commission work were devoted to the Plains Indians and to those in the more settled parts of the country. During this time the extermination policy was pursued in Arizona. In June, 1869, Major-general Thomas relieved General Halleck, in command of the Military Division of the Pacific, and General Ord succeeded to the command of the Department of California. General Ord was an enthusiastic exterminator, so far as the Apaches were concerned.

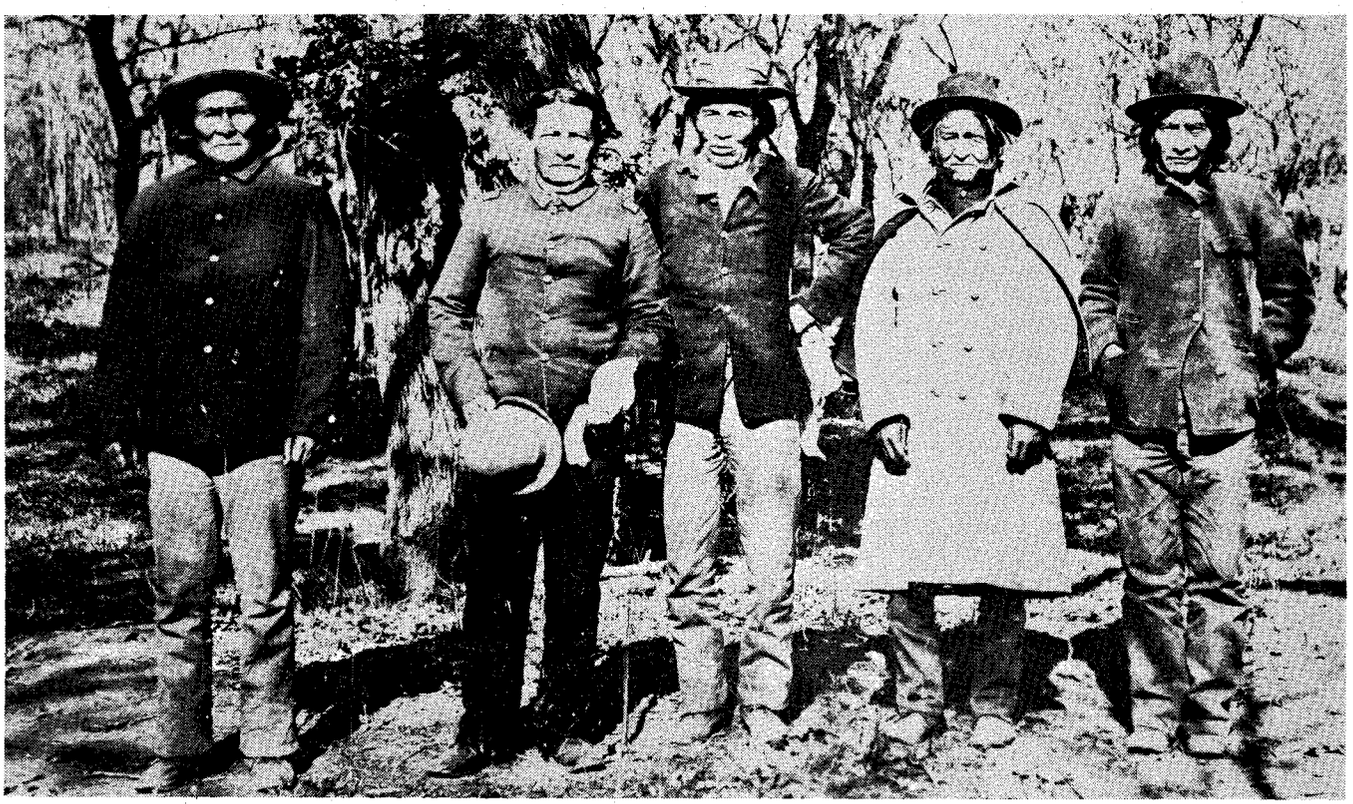
He writes, in September, 1869. "I encouraged the troops to capture and root out the Apache by every means, and to hunt them as they would wild animals. This they have done with unrelenting vigor. Since my last report over two hundred have been killed, generally by parties who have trailed them for days and weeks into the mountain recesses, over snows, among gorges and precipices, lying in wait for them by day, and following them by night. Many villages have been burned, large quantities of arms and supplies of ammunition, clothing, and provisions have been destroyed, a large number of horses and mules have been captured, and two men, twenty-eight women, and thirty-four children taken prisoners; and though we have lost quite a number of soldiers, I think the Apaches have discovered that they are getting the worst of it." A more profitable result was obtained in Western Arizona, where the less nomadic bands of the Apaches were located.

These Indians were more closely surrounded by white neighbors and nearer to the locations of the troops; besides which they were of a more peaceable character than the other tribes. There were several bands that were quite agricultural in their pursuits, notably that of Miguel, who kept back in the mountain valleys and took little or no part in any of the wars. Miguel's village, with a white flag flying over each lodge, was found in the heart of the White Mountains by Captain Barry, whose forces were on an exterminating expedition, but these Indians showed so much sincerity in their professions of peace that even the Mexican scouts said they could not fire on them. For these Apaches the White Mountain reservation was first established, and to it others gathered as they learned that they could surrender and remain at peace in their own country.

Although extermination was not being satisfactorily accomplished in Arizona, the legitimate object of war was being obtained. The Apaches were gradually being brought to a realization that peace was a better mode of life than war. They were learning that their enemies could invade their homes, destroy their property, and keep them in constant apprehension of death. Some of them were ready to live peaceably at places where they could be protected, but for this result, which ought to have been the primary object of the war, there had been no adequate preparation. Indians who desired to surrender could go to the White Mountains, but Indians living elsewhere, who desired to make peace and settle in their old homes, had no one who could talk to them with authority.

In July, President Grant gave Mr. Vincent Colyer plenary powers to go into Arizona and adjust the Indian troubles there as appeared proper to him. His advent as a representative of the government was heralded by the Arizona

Apaches who once terrorized the frontier, left to right: Geronimo, Naiche, Nana, Loco and Olzonne.



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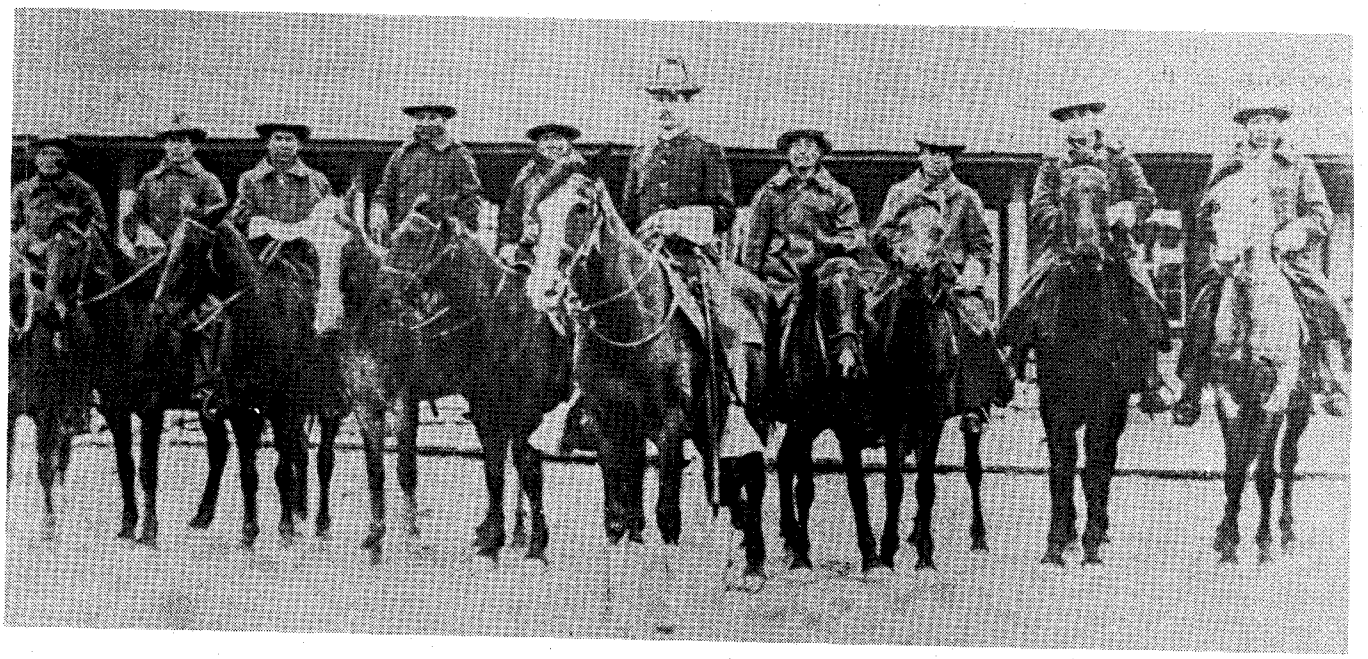


A detachment of Apache scouts spread out behind Capt. Sayre at Fort Sill in 1902.

press with the same fiery defiance that used to characterize the Mormon papers when the government proposed to take a hand in Utah affairs.

Still the government was not observed to tremble, and Mr. Colyer's policy was enforced. The Arizona papers simply weakened their cause by their absurd threatenings. Mr. Colyer was notoriously ultra in his peace theories, and evidently did not understand the situation in Arizona and New Mexico, but he was quite as correct as his assailants. There were in reality a large number of Indians there who were sufficiently humbled by war to be ready for reservation life, under control of the Indian Department.

It is only just to say that Mr. Colyer did not have full opportunity to talk with either the Indians or the people. The Indians were afraid to come in, being apprehensive of treachery, and Colyer did not care to interview the white population on account of the violent tone of the press. His changes of the location of the Indians were rather extensive, and none of them produced good results.

Cochise, the Chiricahua chief, who had surrendered in September, 1871, with a band of about two hundred, went back to his old haunts in the spring of 1872, when the removal occurred. More than six hundred others followed their example. Less than half of the sixteen hundred Apaches gathered at Canada Alamosa consented to go to Tularosa valley, and these were wretched and discontented. The water there was bad, the climate was cold, and the Indians were frightened by superstitions. By fall their discontent was so great that the reservation was recommended to be abandoned, and the Indians placed on a reservation at Ojo Caliente, near their old home, which was done in 1874.

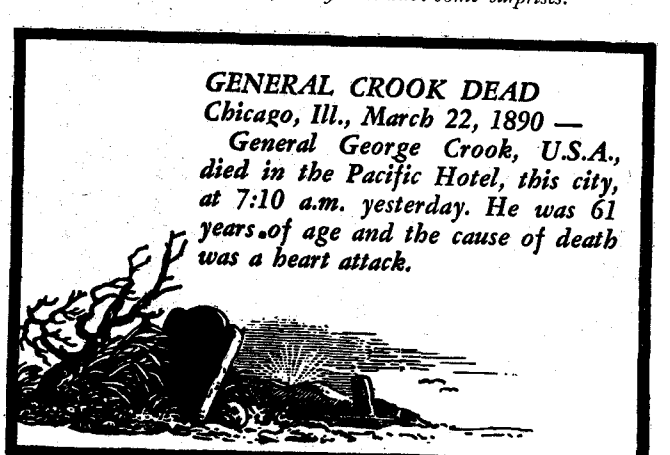
Mr. Colyer established a reservation for the Pinalenos and Gilenos at the mouth of the San Pedro River. These Apaches remained there for about a year, and then, on account of sickness, the proximity of settlers, and the inadequate supply of water, were established on a reservation on the Gila, south of and adjoining the original White Mountain reservation, and known as the San Carlos division. The Indians who had assembled in the White Mountains were gathered about Camp Apache (known at various times as Camp Ord, Camp Mogollon, and Camp Thomas), in the northern part of the present reservation, and these were left as they were. The Chiricahua reservation in southeastern Arizona, extending from the Mexican line to the Peloncillo Mountains, and including the Chiricahua range, was established in the following year by General Howard, as special agent.

General Crook was the beau-ideal Indian fighter of the frontiersmen at that time, and continued to be until his fair treatment of the Apaches made him objectionable to the more rabid exterminationists -- not that his treatment was not formerly fair; there has been no change in his expressed opinions concerning the Indians, though his opinion of their white neighbors in Arizona appears to have lowered somewhat. He was not an exterminator. His policy was to subdue the Indians and then treat them honestly.

For the first time in the history of that part of the country, the fair and sensible manner of dealing with the Apaches was adopted. Its results have proven this, and have shown General Crook to be the right man in the right place. Arizona was still a refuge for the criminal and lawless men of other states and territories. War and pillage had been bred into the Apaches, until they were the most savage and intractable Indians in the country.

RW

How did this new policy for handling the Apache work out? Read the next and last installment, and you'll have some surprises.


GENERAL CROOK DEAD
Chicago, Ill., March 22, 1890 —
General George Crook, U.S.A., died in the Pacific Hotel, this city, at 7:10 a.m. yesterday. He was 61 years of age and the cause of death was a heart attack.

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WEAVERVILLE,

CITY OF BLOOD

Miners, gamblers, outlaws brawled and killed, but the town's most shocking event was the bloody Chinese massacre.

by Frank Mayes

John Percival Jones, who carved a distinguished 30 year career for himself in the United States Senate, was a bull-necked, steel-knuckled Forty-niner who sought fame and fortune with the determination of a termite after a pine board.

He feared nothing, including hard work and his robust sense of humor carried him through adversity most of the time and, at least once, directly into it.

Jones hadn't reached voting age when he arrived in California after a fearsome, months-long voyage around the Horn. He lit out for Tuolomne area but luck in the diggings eluded him there, so Jones decided to try farther north, perhaps in Trinity County where new, rich finds were being made everyday.

Jones finally traded his pick and pan for a clerking job in a Weaverville store, which became a stepping stone for his election as sheriff of Trinity County. Later he became a state senator and so advanced to the peak of his career. But Jones was well known for his earlier experiences as a Weaverville store clerk.

It was in January 1852 and a blizzard had raged in the area for a week. By Sunday, the camp was all but

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buried and the roofs of some of the more substantial buildings had caved in, including that of the store in which Jones was employed.

Jones' friends knew it was his custom to sleep in the store and all of them were concerned for his safety after the collapse of the roof. A rescue squad worked feverishly to free Jones from the icy avalanche. They shouted lustily as they shoveled snow and cleared the broken beams, rafters and other rubble which was involved with the snow drift.

"Jones! Jones!" they called repeatedly. There was no answer. "He must be a goner," his friends mourned. "Either killed by the roof falling on him, or frozen to death by now."

Despite their sorrow they continued their work determined to recover the body of their late friend, John Percival Jones. After hours of murderously hard work, all of the necessary snow and debris was removed.

Then they started to search for Jones. And they found him! Not dead as they had expected but warm and snug, covered with blankets and protected by a sturdy counter.

"Why-in-hell didn't you answer when we called?" his friends demanded.

Jones' roughly handsome face wreathed in a smile. "Gol blast it," he said. "If I had, you all would have quit working then I would have had that whole mess to clean up by myself!"

Talk of an immediate lynching died down when no rope could be found but for several weeks Jones' popularity waned in Weaverville.

The remote camp of Weaverville was always the scene of action of one sort or another, following its founding probably in late '49. An early-day historian recited these bare facts:

"Mr. Weaver (his first name has escaped history), to whom our town is indebted for its name, in company with three or four others worked his way from the mouth of the creek to Rich Gulch, where they worked for some time. Mr. Weaver then left his company to explore the Trinity River. So much for Weaver, and it is all we know."

Few towns have had a briefer summation and a no-nonsense description of how it all began. And by 1851, it was jumping.

When Mike Grant gunned down Sam Holt, a miner's court promptly convicted him because there were witnesses to the crime. But they demonstrated their indulgence and freedom from mob emotion by allowing Grant an additional 10 days in which to prepare an appeal, or produce new evidence. Failing to do either, Grant was summarily hanged.

Such calm logic didn't always prevail, however. When Jim Colton, after a night's drunken spree, accused his partner of stealing his poke containing more than $1,000, a throng of angry miners immediately readied a tree from which to hang the accused. Only the arrival of a packer with Colton's poke (which had been picked up on the trail) prevented the mob murder.

A Mrs. Sarah Walton was mining with her husband at Big Bar on the Trinity when she saw her mate robbed of $500 and his pants by a band of Indians. Sarah with a firm hand and a clear eye stepped out with a Colt, killed four of the Indians and ran off the rest of the thieves. Weaverville residents acclaimed her courage but they failed to support their custom at her bake shop, and Sarah Walton stepped just as resolutely from the pages of history.

Apparently none of Weaverville's women were to be trifled with if Mrs. Walton, or Eliza Vanderburg were examples.

John Jones fought his way to the top and became a distinguished Senator.

Eliza was associated with Pete Horton in the operation of a saloon and hotel called The American House. The partners spent more time bucking the gamblers' rigged games than they did in caring for their saloon and Sheriff Dixon finally had to attach the place for debt and alleged fraud.

"Shoot his gawdammed head off, Eliza," Pete urged. "He ain't got no right to close us down."

While Eliza's heart may have been constant, her aim wasn't. She missed. Pete fired and wounded the sheriff in the groin, then he lit out. But he hadn't cleared the bat wings when the sheriff's shot brought him down with a bullet through the back.

Eliza was enraged at the death of her man and fired as rapidly as she could snap off shots. The lawman answered with shots of his own. When the battle finally ended, Eliza and Pete both lay dead on the floor. The sheriff staggered out of the saloon, wounded but not fatally.

Lovely Lotta Crabtree brightened the miners' lives.

California State Library Photo

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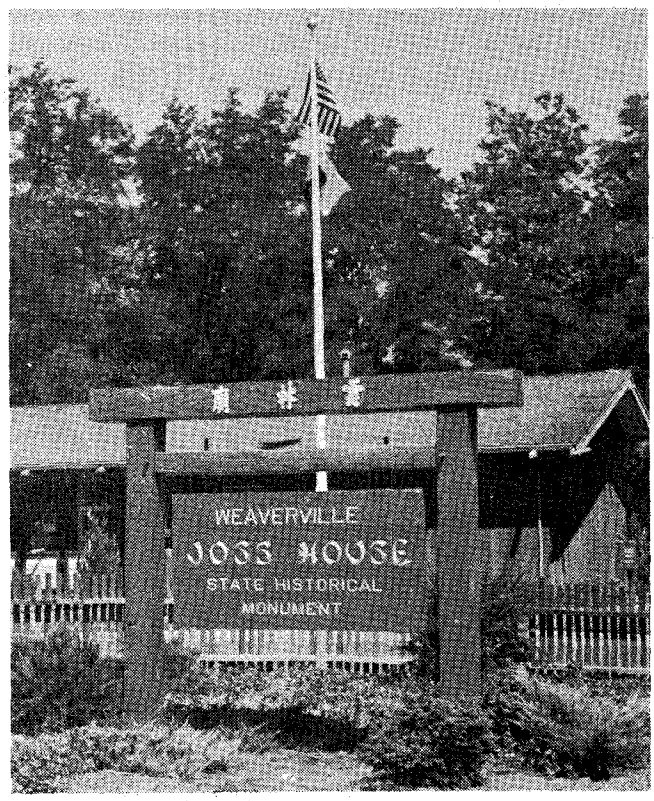

Photo by Bob & Jan Young

Joss House, a reminder of Weaverville's past.

Probably tougher than Eliza's place was the Spanish Corral, where the miners and B-girls caroused day and night. According to a contemporary description, the Corral was strewn with shattered bottles and glasses, playing cards and the walls were punctured with hundreds of bullets, some fired in celebration, some fired in anger. It was "a place where whisky is drank and virtue spoiled; where whisky is drank and friend is swindled; where whisky is drank and men murdered; yea, where whisky is drank and the soul is killed!"

While that might seem like a high-flown phrasing for so low a joint, it was tough enough that respectable citizens demanded that the Spanish Corral be closed. Town fathers arrived at a Solomon's decision which is typical of politicians before and after that day. They ordered the Spanish Corral to close its door---the front one. Solemnly the order was obeyed, even to the extent that the door was nailed and boarded shut. But the snapper was that nothing was said about the back door, and the trade continued to come and go as before, inconvenienced only by the fact that they could no longer use the front entrance.

"The people were appeased, however," a historian observed.

Not all of the tough ones were spending their time at the Spanish Corral however. Three pioneers were "Uncle" Joe Sturdivant, Jerry Whitmore and Jack Carter, who ran a pack train from Shasta to the Trinity River diggings. When thieves stole forty-five mules from their corrals the three took after them. They tracked them for about 300 miles finally catching up with the thieves in the Sacramento Valley area. A gun fight followed and the three mule thieves were slain. They were then stripped of their scalps and whiskers. The grisly trophies were nailed to the gates of the mule corral as a warning to others who might be tempted to tamper with the stock. None were!

After Sheriff Dixon recovered from his wounds, he was in the thick of the action which followed the murder of "Dad" Anderson, a Weaverville butcher, who was killed while driving stock near the town. The Sheriff swore in seventy men and they rode out to an Indian camp where the murderers were thought to be. The posse surrounded the Indian camp and killed 153 Indians! Only three papooses were spared in that May, 1852 slaughter.

The laconic historian, Issac Cox, left another account of a Weaverville killing:

"In 1854, one Elzaser kept the Miner's Hotel. A Frenchman from Yreka came and stayed in his house, quarreled with him about the shelling out for a pie, and got him to proceed against him with a club; upon which he (the Yreka man) got disgusted, went down to Fred Walter's pig sty, and there was pleased to die of the blow. Elzaser was taken up mobly, tried courtly, and acquitted judicially; and the story is now told."

Not everyone was concerned with temporal matters. There was faith, and the faith of a small child is wondrous to behold, no matter if it appears in a wild boom town like Weaverville. It was so profound that even Ed Higby found himself believing too, that white Christmas in the 1850's.

"Santa Claus will surely come," Becky had murmured sleepily just before she dropped off into deep slumber. "I know he won't forget me."

Becky was only six and she was frail and somewhat sickly. Her mother hadn't survived the rough trip across the plains and the Weaverville doctor who had examined Becky shook his head sadly:

"There's nothing much I can do for her," the doctor told Becky's father. "I don't give her more than two or three months more."

Ed Higby was shocked and saddened but he made Becky as comfortable as he could at their snug cabin on Little Weaver Creek near Ed's claim. With all of his problems, Ed had completely forgotten that Christmas was nearing. He knew how much a visit from Santa Claus would mean to her. It would be his last visit with her on earth. But Becky was so sick and frail that Ed didn't dare leave her to make arrangements in Weaverville and there didn't seem to be any solution until Tom Trainor stopped by. Tom was the only other miner staying along the creek during the bitterly cold winter months.

Ed explained to Tom what his problem was and Tom promised that he would solve it. After they had worked out details, Tom Trainor set out along the trail heading for Weaverville. Barring accidents or blizzards, Tom should have little difficulty in getting back to Ed's cabin by Christmas Eve.

After throwing in another log and stoking up the fire, Ed peered out the window watching a snow storm grow in intensity. "Tom will be lucky to make it into Weaverville, let alone get back here," Ed muttered as he looked sadly at Becky propped in bed, drawing with some broken crayons.

Ed read to his daughter that night as the storm swirled fiercely about their cabin. His thoughts kept straying to Tom, hoping that he had made it to safety. He was hoping that Tom might, just might make it back. But he knew it would be a miracle to have the kind of a Christmas he wanted for his Becky.

The next day was cold but as the day darkened and it drew near Christmas Eve, Ed let the fire die out in the fireplace. "We sure can't have old St. Nick burn-

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ing hisself when he comes down the chimney, can we, sweetheart?" he laughed.

The cabin was cold and he pulled a blanket tighter about his shoulders, after he had tucked Becky in and saw that she was warm enough. He dozed despite the cold and he imagined hearing the magic tinkle of bells in the distance. Ed's eyes popped open as he heard excited laughter and shrieks of joy from Becky.

"He did come. Santa came after all," Becky shouted.

It was magic and a miracle in that Becky left her bed for the first time in weeks, clasping her small doll with the long blonde curls. Her face beamed like a radiant Christmas angel. Her eyes couldn't settle on any one thing. There was a dress, curly ribbons, candy, toys, nuts and all sorts of packages.

Ed felt the smart of tears as he watched her happily opening gifts and laughing as though her joy would never end. He also felt a glow for having a fine friend like Tom Trainor who would take so much time to do a favor for him. Added over all, was a warmth from an inner glow of peace and good will.

Most of Christmas Day had passed before Tom stopped by Ed's cabin. As he entered he started to say something, then apparently thought better of it and remained silent.

But Ed grabbed his hand and shook it warmly, expressing his gratitude. "You were great. Wonderful," he said. "How did you ever manage to get into Weaverville, then back here through all that storm?"

Tom looked at him, puzzled. "But that's just it, Ed. I didn't get back. I slipped and fell into the creek and lost everything that I had bought. I thought you had bought them somehow."

The men looked at each other, knowing that there had been a miracle on Weaver Creek that night. A child's faith had made it so.

Weaverville prospered. By 1856, Wells Fargo Company reported that $50,000 a week was being shipped out of their offices. By that time, the town supported two theatres and the famed Lotta Crabtree played there to packed houses. Women, of the respectable sort, weren't curiosities any longer. One grand ball held in town was well attended even though tickets sold for $10 apiece.

"More boiled shirts were worn that night than ever before on one occasion at Weaverville," C. B. Glasscock relates. "One fellow would buy a 'rig'; he would dance a while in it and then lend it to some other fellow for awhile, who would use it for an hour or so then pass it around, and in that way the 'store clothes' were kept well occupied. Boots were used in the same way."

Weaverville suffered its prosperities and vicissitudes as did all other boom camps. But the town was unique in that it was the site of the Chinese War.

The exact cause is shrouded in a veil of unrecorded history. Perhaps it was because the coolie was not highly esteemed in California then. In one case a tax collector entered this report regarding a reluctant Chinese: "I regret having to stab the fellow but I am lawfully required to collect the tax. Besides that's where I get my profit."

In any event there were two tongs, one of Cantons, the other the Hongkongs; names which will serve as well as any. It may have been a political feud, a tong murder, or even a gambling debt. It didn't make much difference. It was a great day for Weaverville.

After the proper challenges had been issued and accepted, war was declared and the decisive battle set for a day several weeks in advance. The Cantons immediately contacted the village smithy, John Carr, and placed a large order for weapons. There were 15 foot pikes, three pronged spears, horrendous five foot swords attached to six foot wooden shafts, (which the Chinese swung about their heads with both hands), short stabbing swords and even round metal shields. It was if the crusaders were about to be rearmored. The smithy's business boomed and as word of the impending battle sped through the diggings, arrangements were made to attend.

Photo by Bob & Jan Young

Now a state monument, Joss attracts many visitors.

Meanwhile the Chinese factions were backing and filling, swishing swords, clanging gongs, and filling squirt guns with vile smelling liquids in preparation for the war. For such things had to be done with the proper amount of ceremony, marching and countermarching in an effort to win the psychological battle even before the first blow was struck in anger.

At last, on July 14th, the forces arrayed themselves while two thousand white men watched the Chinese from various vantage points. Banners were waved, gongs sounded and horns blared before a cacaphony of epithets were hurled at each other. None of the Chinese wanted to make the first move and the forces wavered. But the miners had congregated to see a battle and they weren't going away without one.

John Malmberg drew his pistol and emptied it into the reluctant warriors. The miners pushed the Chinese from one side and threw stones at the other to force them together. Suddenly the battle was joined. Yells, gunshots and the ringing clang of metal on metal filled the air. After weeks of preparation, the battle was over in a matter of minutes, with the Cantons breaking ranks and fleeing in panic.

For such a short battle, the human cost was relatively high. Eight Chinese lay dead on the battlefield, and six more were seriously wounded. One white man was killed in the fray and it appeared as though an issue might be made of it until it was learned to be the same John

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CALF ROPING . . . FAST!

Horse and rider must work together in a Calf Roping contest, not compete with one another as is the case in Bronc riding. The calf is given a start, he must cross the deadline before horse and rider come out of the runway into the arena. Contestants know there is a ten-second penalty for breaking the barrier. With calf roped, rider must jump from his horse, throw the animal by hand. He ties three legs securely using a piggin' string which he carries in his mouth until needed. It's a truly exciting event!

Malmberg who had cruelly shot into the ranks of the Chinese. Some other miner had exacted tribute for Malmberg's act by shooting him through the head.

With the Weaverville Chinese War successfully concluded, the town went back to its chores of everyday life. Included in these, were men interested only in the animal appetites which could be sated in bar-room brawls, fist and gun fights, or merely drinking and slashing at each other. Those were the men who peopled such places as Ragged-Ass Bar, Man of God, Don Juan, Polka Creek or Grizzly Fork.

One of the original discoverers in this area was a man named Walt Piggin, a red-haired Irishman with one blue eye, one brown eye and a four leaf clover in each pocket. Walt was one of the thousands of miners who swarmed over the rich gravels, too busy to build a permanent city, except in one case where they spent enough time to build a jail. This one was built of clay walls, with a hewn log ceiling and floor. It was a sturdy structure and considered virtually escape proof until Watt Hawkins and Tim Feral wandered by.

Some care had been given the design of the jail. It was square, three sided identical and the fourth sporting the front door which opened into a court, an office and sleeping quarters for the marshal. The rest of the building was one large room, bunkless and lighted only by small, barred windows set high in the mud walls.

Watt and Tim had come to California with the New York Regiment and followed the booms here and there, finally coming into the Weaverville general area. They brought along a thirst and a desire for some excitement.

Both were satisfied and Tim was hustled off to jail after he decked the marshal with a haymaker. Watt was left behind to ponder the perfidy of man, which he fully considered as he continued to take on great draughts of Old Daniel Booze. Finally he decided upon a course--wavering it was, but a course, nevertheless.

Watt located the jail and in the darkenss felt the wall and began picking away at it with his hunting knife. In Watt's liquid condition, it took him several hours before he had gouged out a hole he considered large enough to emit a man.

"Tim. Tim. Where be ya?" Watt whispered softly as he could, sticking his head and arms into the hole. Though he didn't hear an answer he felt a man, and he pulled and tugged as hard as he could. Watt fell back as the first jail delivery was made.

Not more than minutes later, Watt was locked in the same large cell as his partner Tim. He had dug into the wrong wall and grabbed the wrong occupant of the jail. It was the marshal Watt had liberated by dragging him through the hole in the wall!

Weaverville was peopled with all sorts of characters, descendents of whom still reside in the area. The town has mellowed but is still an active trading and tourist center and many of the relics of these wild days are on display in the museum and the state park site there.

But "Cousin Jack" Holder was an odd one. He kept his gold dust in a variety of jars, which he buried so well that he never could find them.

Holder departed this earth suddenly after winning a bet. He was able to swallow two dippers of 40 rod whisky without taking a breath. And he did just that. Didn't breathe any more. With his death there was a sudden rush for the diggings around his place because of the fortune he was known to have panned and canned. It was never found, least no one ever bragged that they had. And few miners ever had the sense to keep their mouths shut.

Because of that failing, Colonel Chris Shingle made a neat profit by dispensing justice on a fee basis, as the justice of the peace.

Shingle, a lawyer when judicial duties permitted, was simply a dead beat. He never paid a bill willingly, and seldom paid at all if he could find any legal gimmick to let him escape. But he was as sharp as his practices and his services were dear either in court or office.

Bob Gray stopped Shingle on the street one day. "You owe me $50 for digging that shaft for you and I aim to have my money, one way or another."

"Now there, Bob," the Colonel soothed. "You know it might be a good idea for you to sue to legally establish your claim. I'll hear the case and decide it on merit, not even considering that I have an interest in the issues!"

Bob Gray thought about the matter for a few moments. "Yep that might be better than going over to Trinity or somewhere's I might not have any friends in court," he replied.

Next day, Bob Gray and the Colonel met again, this time in court. The Colonel listened attentively to Bob's presentation, solumnly nodding at various points.

With the case presented, the Colonel banged his gavel and ordered a judgment against himself for $50. Bob Gray was elated with the wisdom, justice and fair play he had received, then asked for his $50.

"Not so fast," the Colonel said slowly. "There's another matter to be settled before any payment can be made on that judgment."

Bob Gray was puzzled, then asked how this affected him.

"You remember asking me about that $50 and you remember that I gave you some sound legal advice about having it heard here?" the Colonel glowered at Gray. "I'm a lawyer and my fee for that is $75. So I'll pay that $50 judgment, by deduction, and you therefore owe me $25. Pay up, or you'll be held in contempt of court."

There is scant doubt but what Bob Gray's opinions of that court would be contemptuous if they had been expressed. But Bob paid up and didn't say anything. He didn't care to have a second dose of Mother Lode justice as dispensed in Weaverville.

RW

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MASSACRE ON SAPPA CREEK

Each side blamed the other for the shameful slaughter, but here is the true story of that terrible day!

by Bruce MacLaine

In the cemetery east of Oberlin, on US 36, stands an obelisk that juts out sharply against the northwestern Kansas skyline. On three sides are the names of 19 men and boys. The fourth is inscribed: In memory of the Pioneer Settlers of Decatur County, killed in the last Indian massacre in Kansas, by a band of Northern Cheyenne Indians, on September 30, 1878.

Erected in 1911, this sober stone shaft aptly marks the violent end of a violent era. But epitaphs exaggerate. The settlers were killed, on Sappa Creek, which flows northeasterly past Oberlin into nearby Nebraska. But it was no massacre--no pitiless indiscriminate slaughter. Not a woman or child was slain. Several men were spared. Some homesteads weren't even molested, although others close by were the scene of death and destruction.

In fact, when war parties swooped down on the Sappa that fall morning, it didn't add up anyway. Indians no longer raided in western Kansas, then a region of towns, ranches, railroads, and strong army posts. Moreover, these were from Dull Knife's agency--jumping band--280 homesick, ragged malcontents in desperate flight from Indian Territory to Montana. And dawdling to lift scalps wasn't exactly wise. Not with pursuing troops hot on their heels.

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Kansas State Historical Society Photo

Cheyenne Indians involved in massacres were acquitted of murder charges because of lack of proof.

Yet however illogical the raid, that wasn't what dumbfounded survivors. When sunset ended the fury those 19 arrow-studded corpses, five raped women, and the smoking debris of looted homesteads, evoked one question: What had made such violence their lot? For elsewhere no one had been harmed, except a few trigger-happy cowboys. But only the Cheyennes knew the answer.

It's Cheyenne legend now--the cause of that raid, and does not concern Dull Knife's epic freedom flight to ultimate disaster in northwest Nebraska. Suffice it to say that those sodbusters unjustly paid for another Sappa raid, 27 miles southwest of Oberlin. Then Southern Cheyennes were the victims--of as black an act of infamy as any ever perpetrated in the United States.

The contemporary press called that gory affair on April 23, 1875, "an unavoidable clash with roving hostiles." But it was then an army policy to whitewash press releases, since Easterners resented outrages against Indians. Years later senile ex-soldiers still fed writers such hogwash as, "they were out to make trouble" and "when asked to surrender, they opened fire on us."

Yet according to Cheyenne legend, said "hostiles" were in panic flight because of crimes others had committed. For this is what really happened.

September 9, 1874, a war party led by Stone Calf ambushed the Germaine family on the Smoky Hill River, sparing only four girls. Two not yet mature were left at Grey Beard's village on McClellan Creek, in the Texas Panhandle. Catherine, 17, and Sophia, 15, wound up in the Staked Plains sans chastity.

One highlight of Colonel N. A. Miles' campaign against hostile Kiowas, Comanches, and Southern Cheyennes, was the rescue of these captives. Lieut. Frank Baldwin, 5th Infantry, won his second Medal of Honor for storming Grey Beard's hideout November 8, to free the younger sisters. In January, Miles sent word to Stone Calf to bring in the others alive--or hang! It paid off.

By April, 900 Cheyennes as docile as hornets were at Darlington Agency on the Canadian River, Indian Territory. Then General Sherman ordered Miles to send 33 incorrigibles to the Dry Tortugas in chains. Specifically, Stone Calf's killers and other bucks who had raped Catherine and Sophia.

Miles figured they knew best. What ensued was a travesty on justice.

Haughty in scarlet cloaks and plumed bonnets they minced along rows of sullen suspects and brazenly pointed out 75. The Cheyenne squaws derisively chanted, "Silly girl liars!" For the majority were peaceful agency-sitters, some old men; and two picked as rapists proved to be women in men's garb.

It weeded down to 15. Whereupon tipsy Lieut. Col. Neill, 6th Cavalry, threw in 18 at random including Grey Beard and the agency chief, Little Robe.

Legend has it that 12 of the entire lot were guilty. Whatever, bedlam reigned April 6 as army blacksmiths welded leg-irons on them. Squaws wailed. Kids jeered. Warriors spat dire threats. Uneasy guards swore a blue streak as they held back the milling, explosive mob with fixed bayonets.

Then a shot rang out--and it was Katy bar the door! Yelping Cheyennes scattered like flushed quail in a mad dash for the nearby river. The guards stood back. All at once the unfettered prisoners made a desperate break for freedom. It was suicidal, yet none gave up when the soldiers opened fire.

Only one made the river. The deadly volleys cut down others too. But it wasn't a turkey shoot. Soon arrows flew back from the timber, and guards fell. Blue-clad bodies lay all about when Neill's troopers charged up.

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In a nutshell, dusk found most of the Indians back in the lodges under heavy guard. Whoever fired that shot, its bloody toll was 11 dead Cheyennes and 19 wounded soldiers--two fatally. And Miles was furious, for 167 braves with their families had vanished into the sandhills beyond the Canadian.

Cheyennes venerate two ancient totems: Issiwun the Sacred Buffalo Hat, and the Sacred Medicine Arrows, neither being at Darlington in 1875.

As cavalry patrols combed the sandhills 23 runaways ghosted up brushy draws to the Cimarron. Led by old Bad Heart, a medicine man, and the lucky prisoner, Black Horse, they fled upriver. Two hungry days northwest of the agency fate led their lame ponies up a creek, to a hidden Cheyenne camp.

These families were not fugitives. They'd never surrendered for their leader was aged Medicine Arrow, Keeper of the Sacred Arrows, which white men might destroy. With him was his son, Black Hairy Dog. And as they watched the famished runaways devour half-raw meat they had to agree with Bad Heart.

"This land is evil, my brothers. Here we must run or die for the pony soldiers hunt us everywhere. Even the Holy Arrows are in danger. Ride with us to join our Northern cousins. There they will be safe with Issiwun."

They crossed the Arkansas River April 18, west of Dodge City, and made for an old Cheyenne hideout on the middle Sappa. Legend has them as 62, and only 24 were warrior-age males. No chief was with them, old Bull Hump being the leading warrior. The Rocky Mountain News exaggerated: CHEYENNE HORDE ON WARPATH IN KANSAS! Throughout the frontier fear spread like wildfire.

A clamor for troops made post commandants laugh, knowing Colonel Miles had caught most of his runaways. Besides, patrols were already out. A Fort Dodge detail of 20 mounted men from K Co., 19th Infantry, scouting northwest, reported in at Fort Wallace on the Smokey. Colonel James Oakes, 6th Cavalry, attached them to an H Troop patrol led by 2nd Lieut. Austin Henely. A Civil War non-com and 1872 West Pointer, Irish born Henely was eager for action.

But Oakes' orders were explicit. Henely was to find the Cheyennes and arrest them. Along with 50 soldiers he'd have 25 buffalo hunters as scouts.

Henely grimaced. "If the red devils resist, sir?"

"Mr. Henely," Oakes rasped. "They're not hostiles--headlines be damned! Not with women and kids along. They won't fight unless attacked. Do not do that, Mister. Bring them in alive. I take a dim view of glory hunting."

"No, sir," Henely said cryptically. "I won't."

Trooper Peter Roth, Oakes' orderly, later told historian Rufus Taylor that Henely left mumbling, "Bring 'em in, hell! That won't win a brevet."

This is significant in the light of what ensued, since it confirms the legend's assertion that the Cheyennes were doomed before Henely left Wallace. For in that era an Indian fight was the only way to win fame and promotion.

The patrol was two days out when a couple of buffalo hunters cut a hot travois trail running due north. As the column jangled to a halt, Big Hank Campbell, the boss hunter, rode in to tell Henely about that Sappa hideout.

"Them Injuns'll stop thar shore," he grinned. "No need chasin' 'em."

Rising in his stirrups, Henely glanced along the dusty column and spat drily. "Can't risk it," he declared. "They've out-foxed too many patrols." Bouncing his fist overhead, he led out at the gallop.

The pursuit was vigorous but darkness blighted his grim purpose. When still five miles from the Sappa they had to bivouac. Henely was jumpy as a bee-stung bull, until scouts reported they'd seen the Cheyenne campfires.

In fairness, Henely was not as eager for a fight as the hide-hunters. They had a blood feud with all tribes, born of their wanton slaughter of the buffalo that meant life to the Indian. No opportunity was missed to even up old scores, and some were sadistic murderers. Henry Campbell was among them, a hulking frontier bully notorious from Taos to Boise as a "squaw-killer." Where Henely only wooed glory, Big Hank and his breed lusted for gore.

Cold dawn mists wove about them as they debouched from a tumble of low hillocks along the Sappa's south bank and reined in beside the muddy stream. Henely sent scouts across the belly-deep ford and didn't dismount the column. Twenty nerve-wracking minutes passed before the point splashed back over.

"It's them, sir." Sergeant R. L. Tea threw a salute. "Twelve lodges in that hole yonder. They just started cook fires. Ponies are in a swale behind it--no guards. Cutbanks and brush in between. Good cover."

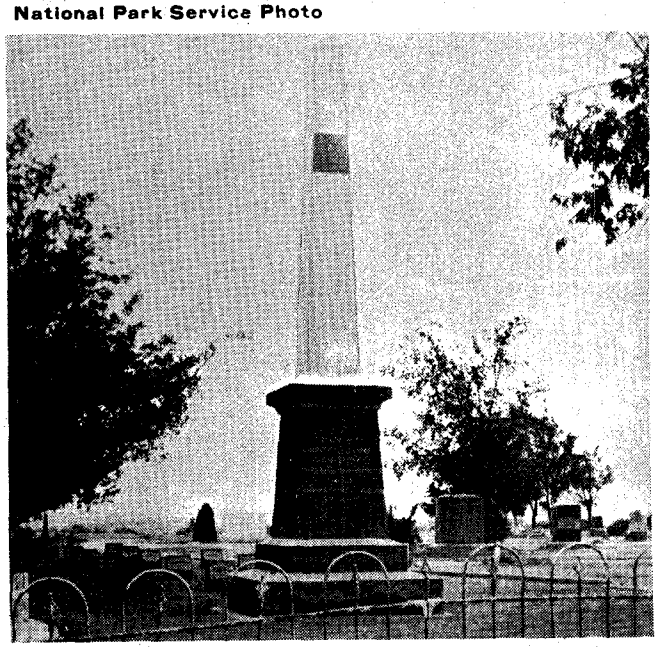
Henely stared upstream at the opposite bank. Like coarse hairs across the paling sky, smoke rose straight up beyond thickets hiding a huge washout. Abruptly he rapped out, "Capture that herd, Sergeant Tea. Take twenty men."

He sent Sergeant Fred Platten and a detail to cross above the washout, and cut off any escape route. The hunters went along grinning like wolves. Then he took his command straight across the ford and deployed as foragers.

Despite Platten's old-soldier tall tales the Cheyennes were not given a chance to surrender. Nor was there any hell-for-leather pistol charge to disconcert them. Only a fool would endanger mounts in such broken terrain.

The legend says the unwary band's first intimation of danger was the nerve-shattering explosion of firearms.

Memorial to the men slain by Dull Knife in 1878.
National Park Service Photo



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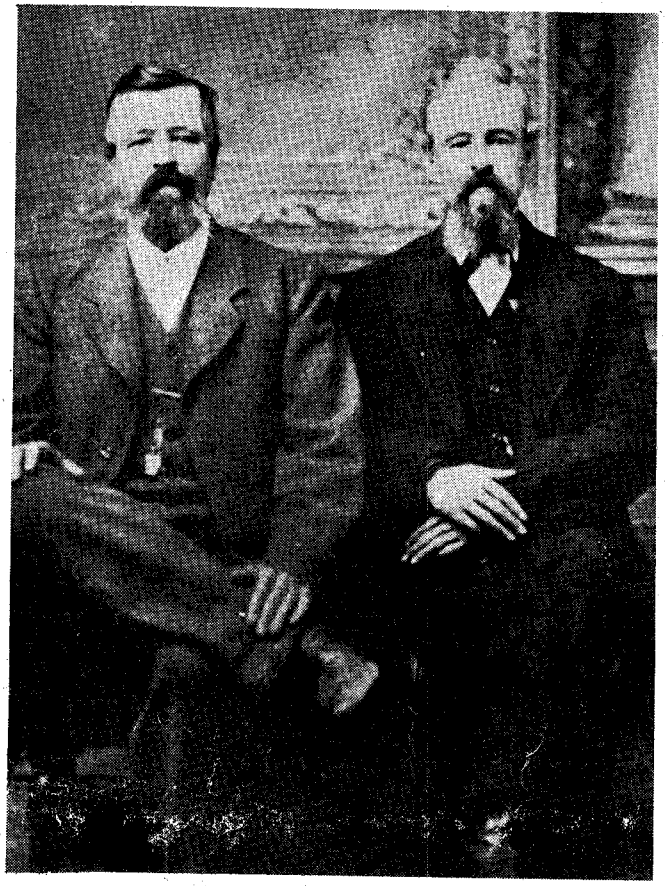
U. S. Military Academy Photo

Above, Cadet Henely at the Academy, 1872. Below, Sgt. Tea and Private Ayers, of the Sixth Cavalry, remembered the massacre many years later.

MacLaine Collection



A hail of lead slashed through the skin lodges, splintering lodgepoles and bowling over Indians at the fires.

Abruptly panic reigned. Every lodge spewed screeching Cheyennes. Old and young, terrified women and children milled about. Some rushed pell-mell for the creek, or the dubious shelter of brush and rocks below the cutbanks. Many fell spurting crimson, for the pitiless onslaught ignored age and sexes. Men and boys dove for the lodges, emerging with weapons to return the fire.

But the attackers concealed in the brush above them made poor targets, whereas they themselves were exposed to lethal volleys from all angles. One after another fell, scythed down like grain, as the vicious crackle of army Springfields sliced through the heavier ka-pow of Sharps buffalo guns. From the creekside willows arose shrieks of anguish and agony. Most of the women and children huddled there were sitting ducks for Henely's flanking parties.

Suddenly old Medicine Arrow strode from a lodge, wearing his buffalo-horned Keeper's headdress and waving a white cloth. Unmindful of the slugs lashing about him, he walked sedately toward the smoke-veiled cavalry guidon. As he drew near, somehow unscathed, he cried out, "Hou, soldier chief."

Admiring troopers ceased firing, even Henely. But not Big Hank's kill-crazy crew. At pointblank range the big Sharps vomited death. The grizzled Keeper went down like a poleaxed steer. His truce flag fell across him, now blood red, and slugs bounced his headdress fifty feet.

A spontaneous groan welled from Cheyenne throats. Disdainful of death Bull Hump hurried to assist him--and died in midstride. Women raced out too, some ripping open dresses to expose their sex and so be spared. The buffalo hunters weren't impressed. As their heavy slugs smacked into soft bellies a chorus of ribald shouts and fiendish whoops of glee went up.

Thus far any attempt to reach the pony herd had failed. Now Bad Heart and a few braves tried another sortie. Zigzagging crazy courses up and over the cutbanks, they caught Tea unawares. In a bloody melee they slew two men, to no avail. All died but Black Horse and Spotted Wolf, who escaped wounded.

As ricochets whined ominously off rocks about them, two grey old women half-dragged their wounded sons through the smoke and din to a tiny draw, up which all crawled to safety. Shortly they were followed by four young women.

Other women left cover making frantic peace signs, but were cut down.

At the creek, now a slaughterhouse strewn with the corpses of children and women, Black Hairy Dog and his wife accepted the coyote skin holding the four Sacred Arrows from his grieving mother. Their safety must be assured.

"You are Keeper now, my son," she told him. "It is your duty to carry them far from this evil place. Go quickly, my children. Stop for nothing."

Neither asked her to come, for she would lose face. Slipping into the icy water, they eased along the bank clinging to roots and overgrowth. Well downstream they crept ashore. Not pausing they fled northward into legend.

Now only a few women crouched uninjured in that blood-drenched washout. All ammunition and arrows spent, they stoically awaited the inevitable end.

Henely also waited, with sporadic firing, until convinced it was over. Then he moved in, the whooping

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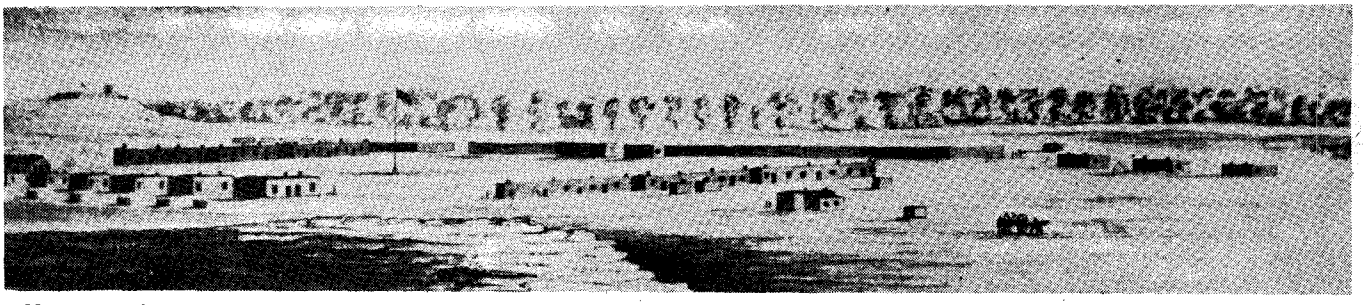

MacLaine Collection

At Fort Wallace, Henley had already determined the grim fate of the unsuspecting Cheyennes.

hide-hunters brandishing scalping knives.

One went for Medicine Arrow--and it wasn't over at all! Howling women erupted from cover like cornered she-bears. Waving keen butcher knives they swarmed over the stunned hunter before a gun could raise to stop them. The knives rose and fell with finality. Then a volley blasted out their lives.

As soldiers scoured the brush and timber for survivors, none suspected that all but two were watching them with paleful eyes from nearby havens.

Henely ordered the whole camp burned. Lodges, robes, saddles, food--all was piled in a great mound. Shortly, greasy black smoke coiled above a roaring inferno. Then the hide-hunters revealed their utter depravity.

With less emotion than ghouls, they began tossing bodies into the fire.

"Why, you crazy fools!" raged a trooper, leading a rush toward them.

"Hold it!" barked Henely. "That's an order!" Turning on Campbell with loathing louder than words he spat, "Good God, man! Are you barbarians?"

Big Hank sneered. "Relax, gin'ril. It's better'n wolves eatin' 'em."

Henely saw troopers shrug, and gave in. Maybe it was more humane. But as the sickening stench of burning flesh fouled the air, he ordered his men to mount up. Well upwind from the washout they buried their own dead in two cairned graves. Consequently, none saw the climax of that grisly orgy.

But Black Horse and his co-workers did. Only the bodies of Medicine Arrow and Bad Heart were not burned. But some that were, still moved! Weeping in helpless rage they saw women and toddle-age children brutally clubbed, then thrown still squirming into the flames. their dying screams were horrible.

Henely's official report was a masterpiece in evasion. The Cheyennes had refused to be arrested. In trying to capture them he had lost two men, and killed 27 Indians--eight being squaws with guns. The others had escaped.

But in frontier saloons boastful hide-hunters sneered at those figures. Based on the rot-gut they had guzzled, their estimates varied between 75 and 200. When nasty drunk, some even related gruesome details of the butchery. Moreoften than not, horrified listeners walked off in disgust.

For years the Cheyennes kept silent. But Indian agents knew that only five men and seven women ever reached Northern Cheyenne villages, where they stayed until long after the Custer fight some Northern bands were sent south. Thus 19 men and 31 women and children were believed dead--a fact now legend.

Although Oakes must have heard saloon gossip, nothing official came of it. Whatever he thought, he endorsed an order citing eight H Troop men for Medals of Honor--including the sergeants. Which all undoubtedly earned, one way or another. As historian Taylor puts it, "The Indians did shoot back."

Ironically enough, all Austin Henely got for adding another gory page to frontier history was a routine promotion to 1st Lieutenant, late in 1876. On July 11, 1878, near Camp Supply, Arizona, he drowned in a vain attempt to rescue 2nd Lieutenant John Rucker when a boat capsized.

Just two months later Dull Knife made his historic Darlington breakout. With him were Black Horse, Spotted Wolf, and others who had escaped from the deathtrap ever since called Cheyenne Hole. The shrieks of those who'd been burned alive still tortured their ears--and near the Sappa they grew louder. Dull Knife frowned on wanton slaying. But 19 dead men could even one score.

There's no obelisk at Cheyenne Hole honoring the victims of that Sappa Creek massacre. But there is one that serves the purpose.

It stands in the Oberlin cemetery.

RW

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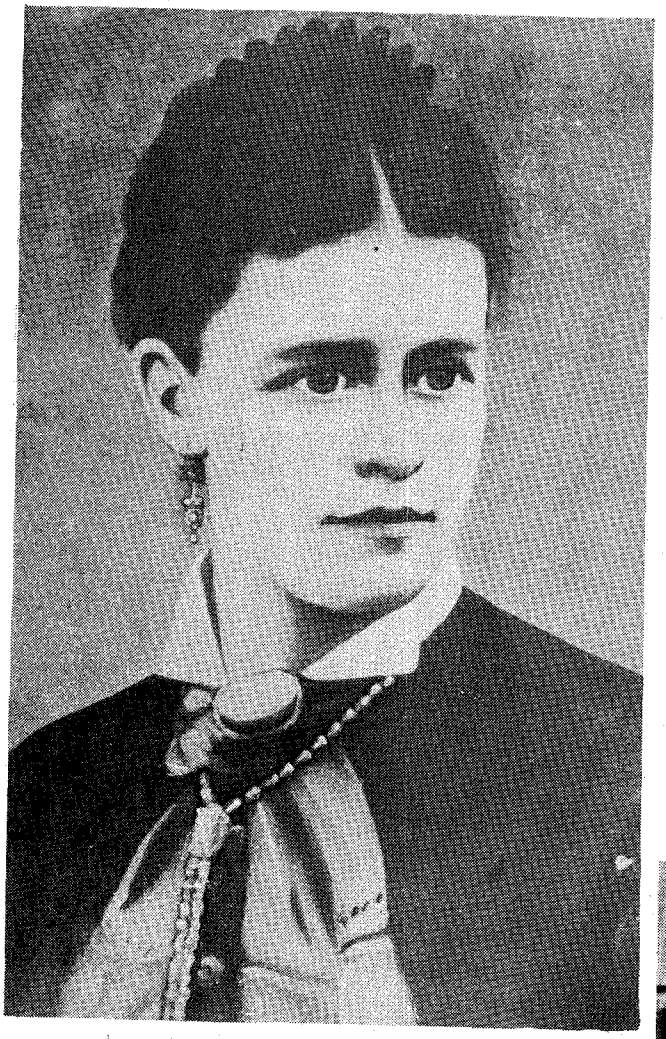
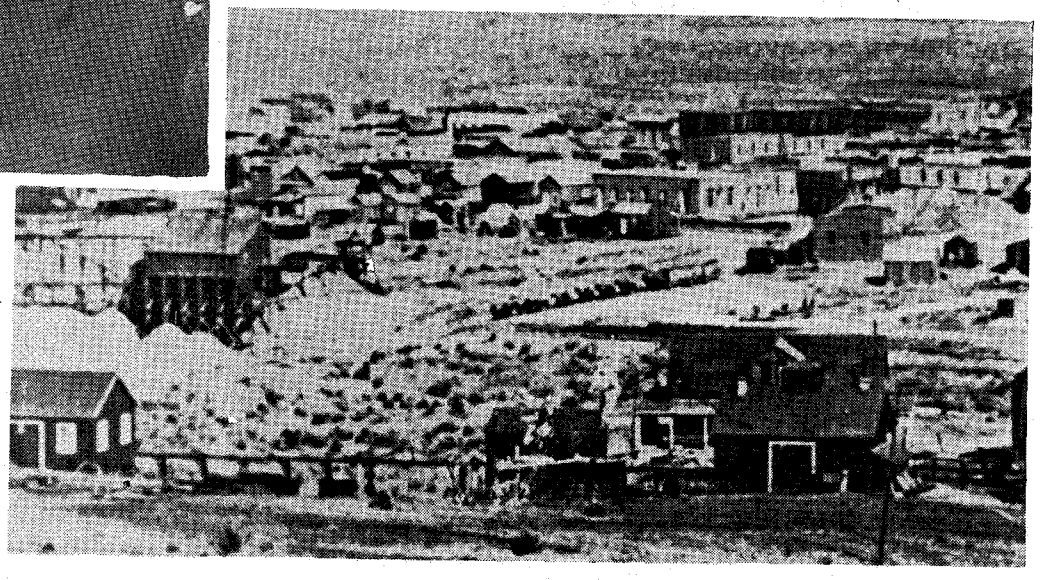
NELLIE CASHMAN BLAZED THE FRONTIER TRAILS



From Tombstone to Skagway, word of this heroine's adventures raced ahead of her!



by Ivan C. Lake

THERE were seven of them -- a half dozen young men and one young woman -- who met in Tom Cunningham's home on a late fall night in the San Francisco of 1877.

"If we're going anywhere," the young woman said, "we must decide where -- tonight. We've been chinning for weeks about what we're going to do with our fortunes, but the first thing we have to do is to find them."

She had invited the young men -- acquaintances of a like mind -- to the Cunningham home where she lived with her sister Frances, Tom Cunningham's wife.

A young fellow said, "You got something like an idea in that pretty head of yours, Nell?"

"Sure and I have," she said, "but it didn't take a compliment--for which I thank you, anyhow--to bring it out. I have a double eagle here." She held up a bright 20-dollar goldpiece. "If you agree, we'll let it say where to go."

"Agreed."

"Heads--we'll go to British Columbia. Tails--we'll go to South Africa."

She flipped the coin and it landed heads up.

The six young men and the lone young woman prepared for the journey to the Cassiar district of British Columbia. Neither Tom nor Frances Cunningham gave

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a second thought, if even a first, to the odds. Nellie could take care of herself . . .

A decade before, when Nellie was 16, she and her elder sister Frances had left their native Queenstown in Ireland for Boston, U. S. A. They hadn't stayed long in the antique settlement; in 1869 they'd entrained for they West and ended in gold-mad San Francisco. They were good cooks and had easily found work in the town's eateries.

Winter was on the northland when the young prospectors at long last reached Victoria, B. C., but boreal weather wouldn't stop them from going on. Nellie's plan was to open a boarding-house at Dease Lake camp in the Cassiar and do what prospecting she could on the side. She had seven sleds loaded with provisions and was ready to head north with her party when word came that all 75 miners in the Dease Lake camp were dying of scurvy.

"What'll we do now?" the men asked, turning to her, as men would always turn to her, in trouble.

"Do?" she said. "We'll go on, the good Lord willing, and save as many lives as we can."

She added a supply of antiscorbutics--vegetables and lime juice, for instance--to her provisions and made arrangments for additional supplies to be sent to her. The party then boarded a steamer at Victoria and sailed as far north as possible--to the frozen mouth of the Stikine river.

When they debarked they put on their snowshoes, necked their sleds, and began a wayfaring that took them along the treacherous ice covering the Stikine and

Possibly the earliest known photo of Tombstone before it was a year old.

over a seemingly endless expanse of deep snow, whilst they continuously battled against violent winds. It took them 77 days to complete their overland journey of 200 miles.

"It wasn't any picnic," Nellie remarked later.

Nellie left her prospecting friends in the Cassiar after she'd been there less than a twelvemonth. She hadn't opened a boarding-house. She hadn't found even a small pokeful of gold. But by her own measurements she hadn't been a failure.

"I nursed 75 men with the scurvy," she said, "and never lost a man."

WHEN NELLIE CASHMAN left the Cassiar district in 1878, she hurried down to Nevada to see what was going on there. She found Pioche in barrasca--hard times, but Virginia City she found in bonanza--good times, and there she opened a short-order restaurant. It was "liberally patronized by oldtimers who had made a killing in the Comstock," but even so, early in 1879, Nellie shook the camp's ashen dust off her highbutton shoes and hightailed it to San Francisco. She was in San Fran just long enough to fill the small ears of two nieces and three nephews with auntly blarney and then repack her luggage.

She boarded one of the crowded railroad coaches that currently rolled regularly out of San Francisco bay for a long, cindery run of 720 miles. After 40 hours of wearisome travel she reached Yuma, Arizona on the east bank of the Colorado River, where the Southern Pacific rail line ended.

Despite the high heat there, the "dry, ozonized atmosphere" apparently stimulated everybody to peppery action, she observed. The quarter-mile main street was a tangle of heavy traffic; again, there was steady movement on the dark waters of the Colorado where steamboats plied up and down, carrying assortments of creatures and cargos to and from neighboring mines.

Nellie watched the steamboats, feeling a small urge to board one, to see what was going on in the mountainous region it served. She'd do that later. Now she squeezed herself into an east-bound Overland stage and a spirited four-hitch wheeled her and fellow passengers out of town--out through a desertland of wind-sculptured dunes and across the maplais of long-dead volcanoes and over the cactus-faced tumbled terrain. There'd be 300 jolting miles to rumble over before she'd reach her destination--Tucson.

When Nellie reached Tucson, she rented a small building on Camp street and opened a restaurant. It was an auspicious location, she thought; it was across Church Plaza from San Agustin cathedral where, as a devout Roman Catholic, she'd often stop to say her Paternosters.

She introduced herself to the public in John P. Clum's Arizona Citizen for July 29, 1879.

"Delmonico Restaurant," her display advertisement read. "Miss Nellie Cashman has just opened a restaurant on the south side of Church Plaza, Tucson, Arizona. Miss Cashman will personally superintend the cooking and dining departments. Patronage solicited."

She hired a cocinero mexicano who, like all Mexican cooks, was pepper-mad; but she taught him what a yanqui stomach relished most: substantial grub that stuck to a fellow's ribs rather than burned out his insides. The Delmonico became such a popular eatery that at last Nellie took on a partner, a young Irish woman named Jennie Swift. Jennie, originally of Los Angeles, had been teaching school in Florence, 60 miles north of Tucson.

John P. Clum, publisher of Arizona Citizen, recorded his first impression of Nellie.

"Her frank manner," he wrote, "her self-reliant spirit, and her emphatic and fascinating Celtic brogue, impressed me very much, and indicated that she was a woman of strong character and marked individuality."

One day, early in 1880, Clum dropped into the Delmonico.

"I'm pulling up stakes here, Nell," he said, "and pitching my tent in Tombstone."

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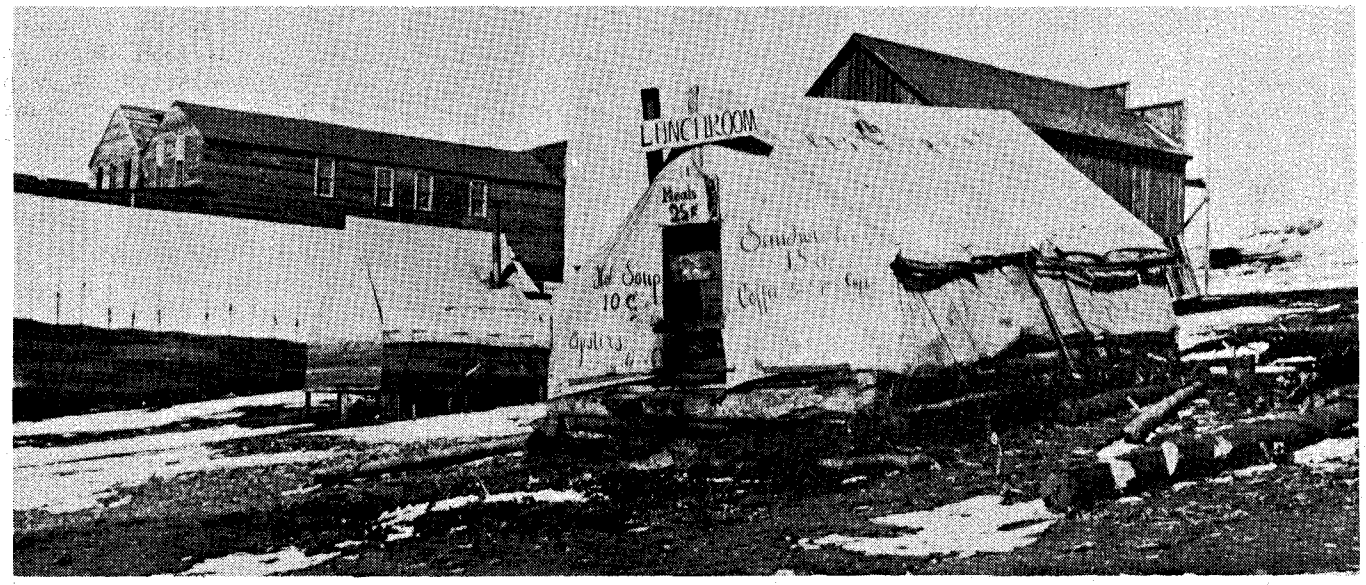

State Historical Society of Colorado

Lunchroom in Cripple Creek is typical of tent stores erected in early mining camps.

Soon after Clum's departure for Tombstone, where he established the Tombstone Epitaph, Nellie sold her restaurant to Mrs. M. J. Smith who'd run a "ladies' and children's emporium" on Church Plaza, neighboring the Delmonico.

When Nellie was ready to advance on Tombstone, she had the semblance of a grubstake--and that was all. As was her wont, she'd liberally dished out food and money to hungry, penniless wanderers--especially starry-eyed prospectors who knowed they'd make a lucky strike manana or, at least, pasado manana.

"Her principal business," Clum wrote, "was to feed the hungry and shelter the homeless, and her chief divertisement was to relieve those in distress and to care for the sick and afflicted."

EARLY ON A summer morning, Nellie Cashman and Jennie Swift, with others, boarded the six-hitch Concord coach at the 'dobe station on Convent and Ochoa streets. They were going to Tombstone, down in the San Pedro valley.

It was sundown when they ascended the north road leading up to the mesa on which Tombstone stood, hurried on past Boothill graveyard--newly begun on a stony promontory there--and then swung into the main thoroughfare, the street called Allen. Pedestrians, who had spilled over into the road from crowded plankwalks, scattered for safety as the stage rolled along. It jolted to a stop in front of the Cosmopolitan hotel.

"Well, here we are," Nellie said, dismounting.

"Yes, I suppose we are," Jennie said, following.

She glanced about her and shook her head. First sight of the shadowy silver camp was not attractive even though, in recent weeks, improvements had been made on the tattered townscape. Structures made of lumber from the Huachuchas were shaping up, replacing the tents and canvas-roofed shacks that had been strung along the street.

They found a room in a small hotel called Russ House, on Fifth and Toughnut streets. As it turned out, Nellie found more. Her original plan had been to open a fruit and provision store with Jennie. But Jennie didn't cotton to the camp and soon went home to Los Angeles. Nellie found that she could lease Russ House and lease it she did and it was her home, off and on, for about a half-dozen years . . .

An oldtimer wrote, "I shall never forget the first time I met Miss Tombstone, in 1880. She was in the tempest of her morning. She was the wildest young lady I ever met."

But on a day not long after Nellie had established herself in Russ House, she took on Allen street--the toughest concatenated six blocks in the land. She'd learned that a prospector had broken both legs in a fall down a shaft he'd been single-handedly sinking. She went up and down Allen street, her palms outstretched, and garnered in $500 for the unfortunate fellow's welfare.

"Citizens supported her charities, generously, without hesitation," John Clum wrote. "If she asked for a contribution, we contributed; if she had tickets to sell, we bought tickets; if she wanted actors for an entertainment, we acted."

She hadn't been long in Tombstone when her brother-in-law, Tom Cunningham, died in San Francisco. She hurried to the Coast, brought back her sister Frances and the five young Cunninghams, and gave them a home in Russ House. Frances found work and soon became independent. She died three years after going to Tombstone, and Nellie took on the responsibility of bringing up the orphaned children. She did a splendid job.

But restless Nellie couldn't be tied down. She'd hear that a new mining camp had sprung up, not far from Tombstone, and she'd start off for it.

"Where's Nellie Cashman?" was a frequently-asked question.

A copper camp came alive in the Mule Mountains, 25 miles south of Tombstone. It was called Bisbee. Nellie went down for a look-see.

"I thought that a town with so little water," she said later, "stood a poor chance of amounting to anything, and I said as much. But a few days after I said it, we had water--plenty of it. Kate Sweeney's store was floated from its anchorage and swam about like a miniature Noah's Ark. I swam out of town with the conviction that Bisbee was all right and I retain that belief to this day."

Next she went to a new milltown called Harshaw, located in the Patagonia mountains, southwest of Tomb-

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stone. It was different from the ordinary camp, she observed: the buildings which lined its lone street were all made of a gray stone quarried in the neighborhood. But that didn't hold her there.

She heard of a new mining camp in the Calabasas-Tubac region, near the Mexican border. It wore the fascinating name, Total Wreck. When she reached there, she learned that the ruinous name had been given to the camp by prospector Jerry Dillon when he'd come upon two possible mines in the region. One of them, he said, "was a big ledge but a total wreck, for the whole hillside was covered with boulders that had broken off the ledge and rolled down."

For a time Nellie ran a restaurant in Total Wreck, and the camp was prosperous for two-three years. It was also reputedly as tough as any mining camp anywhere but it boasted that nobody had been killed in a gunfight there, although it had taken no little bullet-dodging to validate the claim.

Pioneer E. L. Vail remembered the young restaurateur. "She was always good to the miners who were broke and fed them until they got work," he wrote. "She was neat, intelligent, not at all masculine but hearty and healthy."

Occasionally, indeed, she donned less feminine attire than she ordinarily wore, according to the Saint Louis Globe-Democrat. "Going about among the miners," the report went, "or climbing hills for outcroppings, she wore heavy shoes and strong bloomers, and she was usually covered with a cloak worn neglige."

SHE WAS OFTEN absent from Tombstone but she accomplished more good work there than can be related in this briefly told story.

A Tucson newspaper once slyly reported, "Forty-eight saloons and nary a church in Tombstone, and we believe that the average Tombstoneite prefers it to 48 churches and nary a saloon."

But there were many dwellers in Tombstone who wanted churches there and from its beginning the town had not been without spiritual ministrations. The Protestants were there: Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians; the Roman Catholics were also there, and priests came down regularly from Tucson to say Mass wherever it was convenient to set up an altar.

Came the day when a Tombstone newspaper reported, "Due particularly to the zeal of Miss Nellie Cashman, the Sacred Heart Catholic Church was ready to have Mass said in it on February 1, 1881. Father Jouvenceau said it."

For some time Nellie had been troubled in spirit over conditions in her native Ireland. British landlordism was then pressing hard on her countrymen, depriving them of their small farms, leaving impoverished families that were hungry, ragged, shelterless. But generous-hearted America was reaching across the waters through the National Irish Land League to succor the desperately needy people. Nellie Cashman was the moving spirit in the Redpath Branch of the League that functioned in Tombstone and thereabout.

And while she was begging help for her countrymen--and getting it--she was also lending a hand to her immediate neighbors. For some time she'd been working to bring a hospital to Tombstone. At last her work bore fruit. She went up to Tucson and returned with three Sisters of Mercy who'd serve as nurses in the new hospital.

In her few years there, Nellie had seen Tombstone pass through a literal hell. Three times it had suffered destruction by fire but it had risen out of its ashes and rebuilt itself. It had suffered from the presence of sundry outlaws, including Curly Bill Brocius, John Ringo, the Clantons, the McLowreys, Doc Holliday, and the Earp brothers. But now, in 1884, there was a prelude to the town's end as an uproarious but highly productive mining camp.

Miners threatened a strike when the company owning the Grand Central, Contention, and Tough Nut mines proposed to reduce their wages from four to three dollars a day. Production had gone up but it was possible that the company looked to a not too distant day when it would be forced to close down its mines. The reason was water--too much water. Ever since 1882 water had threatened to flood the mines but before that could actually happen, the miners struck.

During the 30-day strike, Tombstone was under martial law, with blue-coated soldiers of Fort Huachucha encamped on a lofty knob nearby, keeping their eyes alert on the Grand Central where the trouble had originated.

Edward B. Gage, superintendent of the Grand Central, and one of its owners, was reputedly an honest man and there was never any reason to think otherwise of him.

On a May day in 1884, a miner-friend spilled a frightening secret to Nellie Cashamn. She went into immediate action.

About 10 o'clock that night, she walked over to a livery stable on Allen street.

"I want a buckboard and team," she said to the stableman.

"That you shall have, Miss Nellie," he said, and glanced

Rev. Pierre Jean De Smet spoke well of Nellie.

Historical Society of Montana

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skyward. "It's a fine moonlight night to go riding."

"Tis that," Nellie said.

She drove around to Edward Gage's residence.

When he answered her knock on the door, she said, "Good evening, Mr. Gage, I've come to take you riding."

"Indeed, Miss Nellie," he said, but hesitated.

"Get your hat, Mr. Gage," she said, "and your bag with an extra shirt in it. And don't keep me waiting."

Gage knew one thing only: he trusted Nellie. But he did wonder what in tarnation she was up to, now.

With Gage sitting beside her, Nellie drove at an ordinary pace down Allen street, but once she had left the outskirts of town, she clucked the horses into speedy hoof-work.

"It's a fine evening for riding, Miss Nellie," Gage said finally. "But where are we going and why?"

"We're going to Benson where you'll take a train for Tucson," she said.

"But why?" he insisted.

"I'll tell you why, Mr. Gage. There was a party planned for you, come 1 o'clock in the morning."

"A party?"

"A party at which you were to be lynched by irate miners. So now you take the train up to Tucson and stay there till the angry winds blow themselves out. Giddap!"

The anger of the striking miners reached boiling-point and bubbled over when they paid Gage an early-morning visit and found him gone. But they cooled off on hearing how their murderous plans had been foiled.

"I reckon," one of them remarked, "that Miss Nellie was right, as usual."

NELLIE CASHMAN WAS in her mid-thirties when she left Tombstone in 1885--the five young Cunninghams and herself packed in a stage for Tucson. After that the children would ask, again and again, "Where are we going now, Aunt Nell?"

"At times," a newspaper recorded, "they lived in mountain cabins in Montana and in Wyoming where snow was piled nine feet about the house."

The children had a hard time keeping up with their energetic aunt but neither they nor she seemed the worse for wear by the time 1889 rolled around. They were back in Arizona then, in the Prescott region; there Aunt Nell found good, temporary homes for her charges, and then hurried off to wherever her restless feet took her.

"She worked like a Trojan in her search for riches," Michael Cunningham, a nephew, said later. "She was rewarded with a modest wealth but she was constantly giving it away to the poor and needy and to various projects of her Church."

She looked for pay dirt in the Harqua Hala region in Yuma county; she found nothing. She went to a new diggings called Continental; she soon left it. She also left Arizona for the Pacific Northwest where she made an extensive tour of Oregon and Washington. On her empty-handed return to Arizona, she was "fully satisfied to remain here," she remarked. But she didn't remain long.

An item in the Tucson Daily Star for November 23, 1889, related, "Miss Nellie Cashman is visiting with Mrs. M. J. Smith of this city. Miss Cashman has just returned from a trip to Africa and is here in search of a crew to accompany her to that country to explore the hitherto unheard of diamond region."

She didn't find any diamond-eyed prospectors, but there were several mining camps on the North American continent in which she hadn't yet set foot, and in the following eight years she traipsed from one to another.

She went to Bodie, California but the camp's peak years had passed. Fortunes had been made there, however, by men such as Leland Stanford and William Randolph Hearst.

Now, in 1890, she hastily left Bodie and lit a shuck for the Coeur d'Alene district in Idaho. It was a wild settlement, she thought; it was not unlike Tombstone except that winter snows filled the lonely mountain gorge there at the junction of the Eagle and Pritchard creeks. For a short time she ran a boarding-house there.

When she left Idaho she hightailed it to Prescott, checked on the young Cunninghams, and then hurried on to Jerome. Copper-bottomed Jerome was just climbing out of a disastrous fire when she arrived there but she stayed for some time to help build it up. After that she returned to Prescott and entered on a new phase of her energetic days. She went into politics.

Nellie didn't take the stump in her own behalf; she

Very few women could endure the rigors of Skagway but to Nellie, it was all a new adventure.

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worked for a man named Nathan Oakes Murphy who wanted to represent Arizona territory as a Delegate to Congress.

Murphy won the election but friends of Nellie Cashman who knew that she'd always championed the Little Fellow, couldn't understand why she'd gone all out for the exponents of Big Business . . .

Two of the Cunningham orphans now left Prescott: Michael went to Bisbee to work and Mamie, marrying Miles Archibald of Prescott, went with him to live in Yuma where he became a guard in the territorial penitentiary.

Nellie's business career in Prescott wasn't long. A Nogales correspondent of the Phoenix Daily Herald, reported on her, as of May 30, 1895.

"Saturday of last week," he wrote. "Miss Nellie Cashman . . . passed Nogales enroute to Minas Prietas, with the intention of opening a boarding-house in that gold camp of Sonora. Tuesday she returned, having abandoned the idea, and went to Bisbee."

In Bisbee she talked "with that engaging frankness that endears her to everyone she meets" according to the Tombstone Prospector of June 8, 1895.

"I was down in Mexico," she said. "I was there two weeks and those two weeks settled me. I'll never go there again!"

"I hope you'll stay here in Bisbee," her nephew Mike Cunningham, said happily.

"Mike," she said, "I'd like to stay but, really, I'm heading for the land of heavy frosts."

"Oh, you can't mean--"

"That's just what I mean. The Klondike region."

She went, by way of Victoria, B. C. as far north as Skagway, Alaska. She saw no hint, then in 1895, of that great stampede which an ensorceled world would make when it heard of the gold discoveries in the region next door to the Arctic Circle. But even as she started back from the edge of that mysterious northland, she knew that she would return, that someday she'd go all the way to Dawson City.

The Prescott Weekly Courier of October 11, 1895, reported, "Miss Nellie Cashman is again in Prescott. This time she comes from Cripple Creek, Colorado."

Cripple Creek was "stark and unlovely . . . without a single tree," but it was a lively gold camp. In fact, it was so full of shooting scrapes that an undertaker "offered party rates for funerals, providing the killings occurred on Saturdays, which they usually did." But Nellie's stay in Cripple Creek, following her Skagway trip, was brief. She went on from Prescott to Globe, another Arizona silver camp, and stayed there a twelvemonth.

Now she turned her restless toes in the direction of Yuma county and a camp called Castle Dome. At long last she took a steamboat northward on the Colorado River for a half-hundred miles and debarked at Castle Dome Landing. The Landing had a few business houses and dwellings but the focal point of activity was 18 miles east, and it could be comfortably reached on a hard-pressed, wheel-smoothened wagon-way. But Nellie stayed at the Landing and fed a transient public, though now and again she roamed about the region of the Castle Dome range of mountains.

But she was growing increasingly restless to be off to the land beyond Skagway, and a piece in the Tucson Daily Citizen of September 15, 1897, told how she planned to go there.

"This is how she intends to go," the newspaper said.

Arizona Pioneers Historical Society

Nellie Cashman in her 60's on a visit to Tucson.

"She wants to stay there for two years and will need $5,000 for the enterprise. She would like to hear from somebody who is willing to organize a company and raise $5,000."

While she was waiting to hear from somebody--and she did hear--she rented a house in Yuma and took in boarders. She was there until the spring of 1898 when she again turned her youngish face toward the North Pole. She was 57 years old but derring-do was in her, burning like an undying flame.

NELLIE CASHMAN EXPECTED her nephew, Tom Cunningham, to join her in Victoria, according to plans made, but when she reached there he was nowhere to be found. She went on to Wrangall without him.

She wrote a letter to her niece Mamie Archibald in Yuma, expressing concern over Tom's absence but asserting that otherwise all was going well with her.

"Many people are turning back--disgusted," she wrote. "Tenderfeet!"

She dilly-dallied at Fort Wrangall, hoping that Tom would appear. The bustling settlement, located on Wrangall Island, near the mouth of the Stikine River, was outfitting post for prospectors using the river to reach the Yukon regions.

She went on to Skagway, a turbulent mining camp, hunkering down at the foot of high hills there. Two routes went out from there to Dawson: one was through White Pass, the other was through Chilkoot Pass. She'd go by way of gliddery Chilkoot Pass. And when she reached it, 15 miles northeast of Dyea, she found that ice and snow still clung to it even though spring was come.

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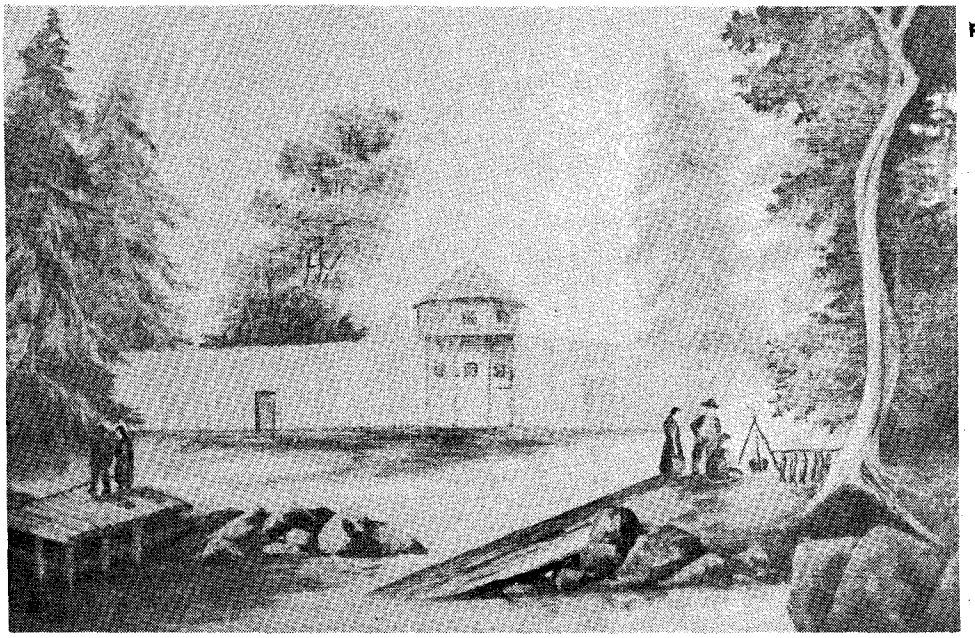

Provincial Archives, Victoria, B. C.

Wherever she went, doors opened to the tireless Irish Wanderer. Above is Fort Victoria where Nellie and companions found refuge when needed.

Never were the physical resources of Nellie more severely taxed than they now were, for the Pass was a narrow river valley that became a steepening climb to a foggy peak of 3,600 slippery feet. She hired a young Chilkat Indian to pack up her stuff, 100 pounds at a time, while she ascended the cloven land on her own power. When she had made the last mile of the climb, she looked across glacier ice to Lake Lindeman. Beyond that lake was Lake Bennett, which she must reach: her company and that which had gone via White Pass, would meet there and construct crafts upon which they should reach Dawson. Reaching Lake Bennett, she met a pair of Tombstone acquaintances who helped her to make a boat.

"We went down the Yukon to Dawson," she said later, "going through all the rapids along the way. I never want to travel any faster than I traveled those rapids."

"Those rapids" were the five interminable miles of the notorious Whitehorse Rapids. After she'd gone over them she had yet 500 miles of waterway ahead of her . . .

She felt tattered but elated when at last her craft ended its journey on the Yukon alongside Dawson's Front street. She arranged to have her goods carted to a warehouse and then found quarters in Hotel Donovan on Main street.

Nellie opened up a short-order eatery and called it the Delmonico. She had to charge from two to six dollars a plate but, she related later, "even with prices as high as they were, I didn't make a fortune. Part of the reason, though, was that if a young fellow was broke and hungry, I would give him a meal for nothing."

Nellie hadn't been long in Dawson when she became desperately ill with what the local medicos diagnosed as an "infected intestine." They said she'd have to undergo a "major operation," but she soon recovered--without surgery.

She'd given up her Delmonico when entering the hospital; after leaving it, she bought out, she reported later, "some chechakos who had started a grocery store and ended with cold feet--figuratively and literally." The store, located in the Hotel Donovan building, was referred to as "The Prospector's Haven of Rest."

One day Nellie was in a photographer's shop chatting away in her rich brogue, when a voice boomed out of the "dark room."

"Hello there, Nellie Cashman," the voice boomed out. "How'd you ever get to Dawson?"

"Hello there, John Clum," Nellie answered, "How did you ever get out of Tombstone?"

When Clum emerged from his obscurity, he told her that for no little time he'd been in the postal department in Washington, D. C., but that when the gold stampede broke out, he'd been sent north to arrange mail facilities for the rushing hordes . . .

But Nellie wasn't tied down in Dawson: she traveled about the white lands on snowshoes or by dog-team; she found some gold but it was elusive in her hands.

"We once left Dawson for supplies," she wrote to her nephew Mike in 1900. "On our return by water the vessel was wrecked and all on board were glad enough to save their lives--with only the clothes they had on. We had to walk the rest of the way to Dawson--200 miles."

She stayed in Dawson seven years, thus making a record for herself. After all, she reckoned there were other camps in the northland that she'd purely admire to see. Fairbanks in Alaska, for instance.

She arrived in Fairbanks three years after that gold-crazed camp had begun on a bend on the Chena River. She stayed there three years. "I was in the grocery business," she said, "and made $6,000 the first winter."

For the 18 years that remained for her, she stayed in the North, except for infrequent visits to relatives in Arizona.

"I went to the Koyukuk district," she told friends. "I went down with an old sourdough. We were going through some swift water when we struck a submerged rock and wrecked our raft. All the middle logs were knocked out. All we had left were the cross-pieces and two outside logs. Sure, we got to shore all right, fixed up the raft, and went on."

Clum wrote that Nellie went to a camp called Coldfoot, on the Koyukuk River. "This was the farthest-north mining camp in Alaska," he wrote, "which some of the most robust and daring of the gold-hunters had established in the midst of those remote wasteplaces within the Arctic Circle--and there she staked and recorded the last of her mining claims. When winter came, she lined up her dog team and mushed over the trail several hundred miles to Fairbanks--still hardy, still hopeful."

Apparently she was in fine fettle when she returned from the Outside to her Coldfoot camp, early in 1924.

{Continued on Page 66}

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FRONTIER ECHOES

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF TRUTH

Vol. 1 No. 1 | September | REAL WEST FINAL

A DREADFUL MASSACRE!

THE KANSAS CHIEF
September 10, 1857

Col. Sumner Overtakes the Cheyenne Indians, and kills Four or Five Hundred of their Men, Women and children!

A gentleman arrived in this city yesterday, just from the Plains, and states that he saw an expressman, bearing dispatches from Fort Kearney to Fort Leavenworth. Colonel Sumner had overtaken the Cheyenne Indians, of whom our Kennekuk correspondent speaks, as having retreated rapidly towards the Arkansas River country. A severe battle ensued immediately after Colonel Sumner came up, which resulted in the indiscriminate massacre of four or five hundred of the Indians, including men, women and children. Neither age nor sex were spared by the American commander! And he and his men, at the last accounts, were subsisting entirely upon buffalo meat.

KANSAS CITY DAILY JOURNAL OF COMMERCE
September 16, 1864

ARREST OF QUANTRILL

An Indianapolis telegram announces the capture in that city of the notorious Quantrill. He was recognized on the street by refugees.

NOT THE MAN

The man who was sent from St. Louis to Indianapolis to identify Quantrill says the prisoner was not the man.

KANSAS MILITIA CALLED OUT

KANSAS CITY DAILY JOURNAL OF COMMERCE
September 16, 1864

The governor of Kansas has issued orders to call out the militia of Douglas and Shawnee counties to move to Fort Scott.

SHOOTING SCRAPE

THE DODGE CITY TIMES
September 21, 1878

A shooting affray occurred Wednesday evening. Some words passed between Al Manning, a bankkeeper, and Jack Brown, an ex-policeman, the former firing at the latter and the ball striking Will Morton, a bystander, the shot taking effect in the instep of the left foot. Manning was taken before Squire Cook and bound over in the sum of $500.

MAN SHOT

THE DODGE CITY TIMES
September 21, 1878

Another shooting took place about 12 o'clock Thursday night. Skunk Curley, a bullwhacker, shot a man named Cogan, a resident of Great Bend, Kan., the ball striking the right shoulder and passing across the backbone to the left shoulder, making four holes and inflicting an ugly wound. The wounded man is doing well. His friends say he was an entire stranger to Curley, who was drunk, and that it was possible the shot was intended for someone else. Curley skipped the town and no arrest was made.

STRICTER LAW

THE DODGE CITY TIMES
September 21, 1878

There was a scrimmage Thursday night, between some of the officers and the party that were going on the Indian hunt. Several shots were fired. One man carries a bandaged head and a soldier was severly wounded in the leg. A disgraceful row occurred in the afternoon, in which it is said the officers failed to appear. These occurrences are the subject of much comment on the conduct of the officers.

SEMINOLE UPRISING

NEW YORK DAILY TRIBUNE
September 21, 1849

The Florida War is likely to become a serious charge upon the Treasury. The few remaining Seminoles are resolutely determined not to be driven from their hunting grounds. They are enthusiastically attached to their swamps, and will leave in them their bones. The portion of the Peninsula assigned to them is remarkably well suited for Indian occupation, but utterly useless for whites. General Twiggs is in command of the military operations in Florida. He united with the authorities of Florida in recommending that a volunteer force should be called upon. It is well known that volunteers would cost, per man, ten times as much as the regulars, and be less effective. General Taylor declared, very promptly and decidedly, that he would send the whole army of the United States to Florida, before he would assent to call out volunteers. The General, has shown, of late, that he is the President-every inch President-in military, civil, and foreign matters.

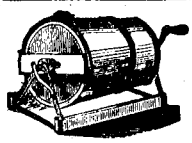
Washington Cor. Jour. Commerce.

TOWN OF LEAVENWORTH

THE PLATFORM
September 28, 1854

Sales of lots in the town of Leavenworth, Kansas Territory adjacent to the Military Reserve of Fort Leavenworth, will take place on Monday the 9th of October next. Those wishing to speculate in lots in that prospective city of the Great west, can then have a chance.

For Cleansing the Teeth.



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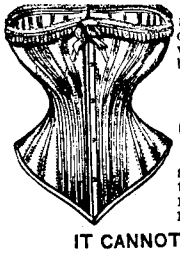

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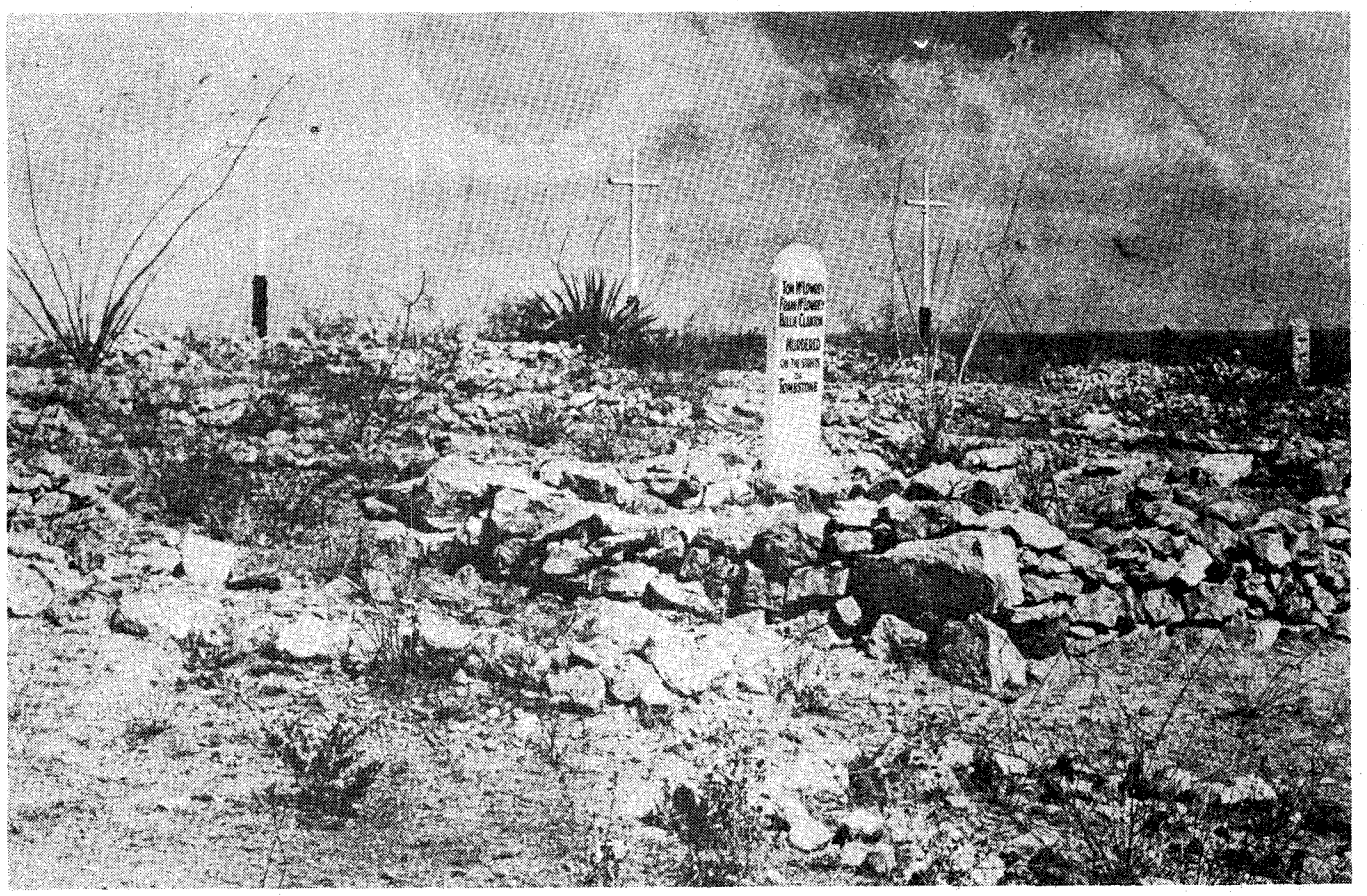

Some of the men buried in Boothill had received a kind word and helping hand from Nell.

But in the summer of that year she became very ill, was brought down the Koyukuk River in a small boat by an Episcopal deacon, Clum related, and then conveyed up the Yukon and Tanana Rivers to Fairbanks where she was hospitalized.

"Double pneumonia," her physicians said.

They shook their heads. And Nellie shook her head.

"Not yet," she said, and began to mend.

She wanted to go back to Arizona--once more, at least.

"But, Miss Nellie, you aren't strong enough to travel alone."

"All right, then, I'll travel with somebody."

They finally reached Victoria, B. C.

"I hate to admit it," Nellie said to her companion, "but I think I must stop here for a little while."

The time was Christmastime. Christmas came and went, and the New Year of 1925 was ushered in. It would be a new year, indeed, for Nellie Cashman: she would be done with desert heat or arctic cold--and with all earthly prospecting. She died on January 4, 1925, and was buried in a Victoria cemetery.

She wasn't a wealthy woman when she died. She'd made money but much of it had been sunk into new mines that hadn't produced, and much of it she'd given away. The kind of riches she left were not tangible.

Fifty years after she'd been in the Cassiar region and ministered to the scurvy-ridden miners there, an old prospector who'd been nicknamed Cassiar was nearing his end in the Pioneer's Home at Sitka. Shortly before he died, he was blessed with a lucid moment in the fog of his senility.

"If Nellie Cashman were only here," he said to his nurse, "I'd get well."

RW

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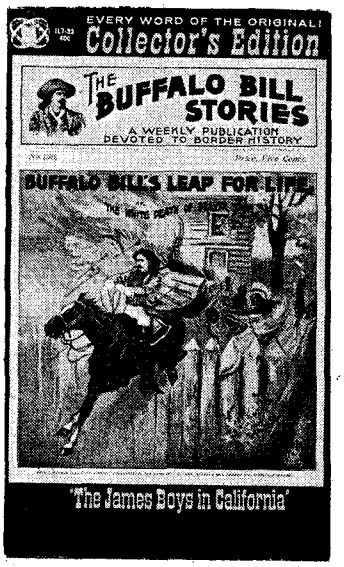
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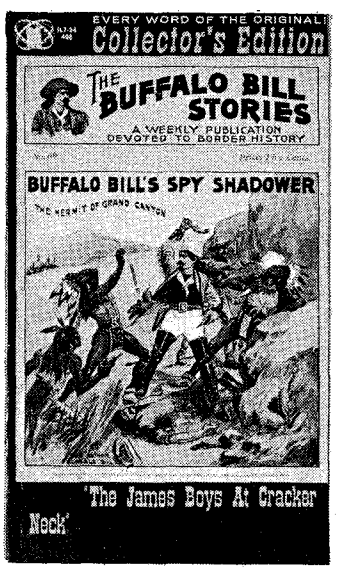
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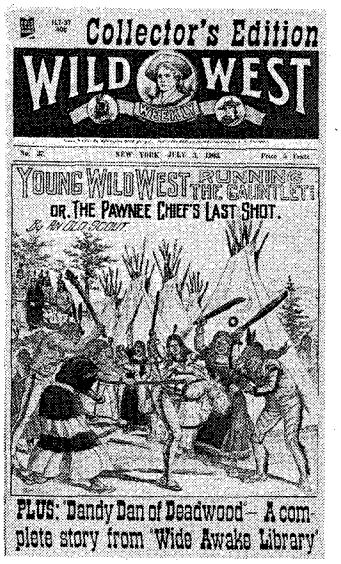
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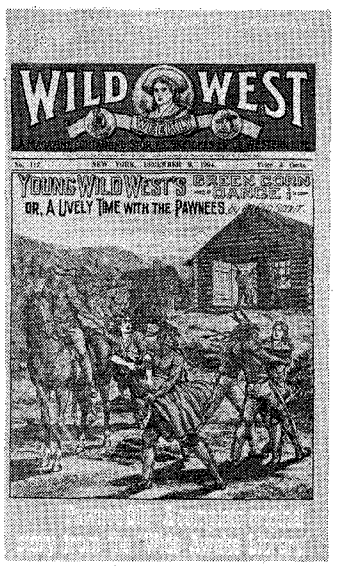

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life.
By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

INDIAN COLOR SYMBOLISM

The American Indian had an elaborate system of color symbolism. When the Indians painted or tattooed their persons; they may have been governed to some extent by individual caprice, but more often, they followed established and rigid laws of symbolic and ceremonial decoration.

The four cardinal points are symbolized by color among many of the Indian tribes. In addition to the four horizontal points or regions of the universe, three others were sometimes recognized, which may be termed the vertical points or regions, namely, the upper, middle and lower worlds. Knowledge of symbolism of the vertical regions is meager.

The following chart shows a system of symbolism for the east, south, west and north of some of the tribes.

When the Hopi make dry paintings yellow-north is first drawn, this is followed by green or blue for west, then red for south and white for east, the same sequences are observed in all cases where colors are employed.

Among the Siouan tribes, and the Zuni, the fire, wind, water and earth are symbolized by the colors of the cardinal points. Among the Cherokee red signifies success, triumph; blue, defeat, trouble; black, death; white, peace and happiness. Red is usually the sacred color with the Indian and is regarded as the symbol of strength and success, for this reason it is the favorite color in painting the face and body for the warpath, for dances and for painting the war pony, the lance, etc. Red is also the color of war. Black usually was the sign of mourning and white was peace.

The Navaho have a symbolism of sex that is based on the cardinal points. When two things resemble each other somewhat, but one is larger, more robust, more violent or noisy than the other, it is called the male; the smaller, finer or more gentle one is called the female. The supposedly turbulent San Juan River is spoken of as 'male water,' the more placid Rio Grande is called 'female water,' an electric storm is spoken of as 'male rain,' while a gentle shower is called 'female rain.' The land of the Navaho with its giant snow peaks and violent winds is called 'male land' the country to the south being devoid of very high mountains and having warm gentle breezes is called 'female land.' Among the Navaho, black, the color of the North, belongs to all things male, while blue the color of the south belongs to all things female. Among the Arapaho white and yellow are the ceremonial colors for male and female respectively. The Hopi associate red and yellow with the male, and white with the female, blue and green are also colors associated with the female.

The Indian use words denoting color in many of their personal names. This may generally have some mystic meaning. Implements used in their games usually have significant colors. Where there are two opposing sides the colors often are red and black. In the Navaho game of 'nanzoz' or hoop-and-pole, one of the two long sticks is marked black at the base and the other red.

Night is commonly symbolized by black among the Indians and day is symbolized by red. The Hopi paint their prayer-sticks in prescribed colors. The ones used for war are red, the ones used for rain are green. Every 'kachina' has a 'prayer-stick' painted yellow, green, red, white, and black, indicative of the cardinal points. The gods of the Hopi are also assigned special colors. The Sun god is red, the god of the Underworld black, the Fire god all colors.

Many tribes do not distinguish by name between black and dark blue, white and unpainted or natural, and green and light blue.

TRIBE	EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
Apache	Black	White	Yellow	Blue
Cherokee	Red	White	Black	Blue
Creek	White	Blue	Black	Red & Yellow
Hopi	White	Red	Yellow	Black
Isleta	White	Red	Blue	Black
Omaha	Red	Black	Yellow	Blue
Sioux	Red	Black	Yellow	Blue

There are some accounts of symbolism among the Osage, Winnebago and other tribes which do not give the orientation of the various colors.

The Navaho have two color schemes. One is applied to songs, ceremonies, prayers, and legends which pertain to the surface of the earth or to celestial regions, places of life and happiness. These are East-white, South-blue, West-yellow and North-black. The other color schemes are applied to songs, etc., which refer to the underground world, to the regions of death, witchcraft, danger, where the goddess of witches and wizards dwells. These are East-black, South-blue, West-yellow, and North-white.

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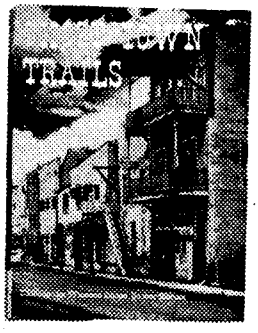

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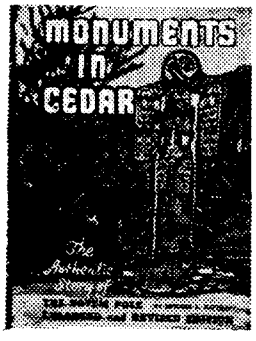

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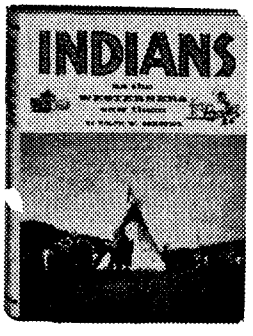

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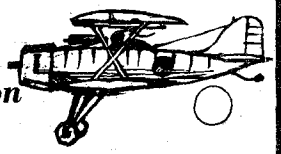

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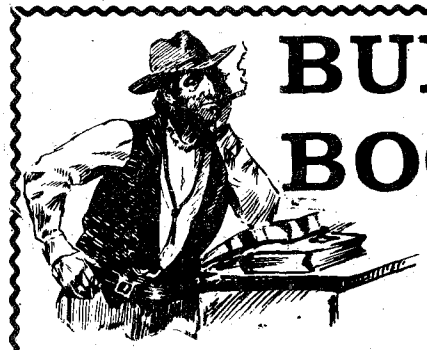

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FIVE YEARS A DRAGOON
by Percival G. Lowe
University of Oklahoma Press, Norman
336 pages - $5.95

Perhaps young men look back to the thrilling days of the old West and see a time of adventure and romance. And maybe some even wish that they could have served in the rugged ranks of the frontier army. Now they can - through the pages of FIVE YEARS A DRAGOON. The reader can follow the career of a man who eventually spent some twenty years traveling the Great Plains as soldier and freighter. Here is a history book often used for reference because of its vivid portrayal of life in a period of national development. This is not a dull, scholarly presentation, but an exciting account of true adventure. The author's experiences were varied and plentiful and recorded in detail in this lively narrative. It is written in the dust of battle by a man who soldiered in a period when each day was a battle against the elements, disease and adversaries.

THE BRONC RIDER
by William Crawford
G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York
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Rodeo--a segment of Americana never before written about authoritatively in a major novel--is the subject of THE BRONC RIDER, a new book by William Crawford, author of GIVE ME TOMORROW.

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The amazing vividness of the sights, smells, sounds and speech in THE BRONC RIDER is explained in part by the fact that William Crawford has himself been a rodeo cowboy and has traveled the rodeo circuit, absorbing the material that is reflected in this book.

ONE MAN'S MONTANA
by John K. Hutchens
J. B. Lippincott Comp., Philadelphia, Pa.
221 pages - $4.95

Combining his own experiences with the stories of Montana's colorful past, the author has personalized the relating of events and people of the old West and given them new life and interest. As a boy he absorbed the vibrant discussions of the old-timers who had witnessed and participated in the gunfights, hangings, Indian battles. The chapters cover such dramatic subjects as the hanging of Sheriff Plummer, Boone Helm's depravity, nights in the mining towns, romance, murder, heroics. Here is an informal portrait of a state told by a veteran writer. One Man's Montana should be on every man's book shelf.

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS
(Continued from Page 6)

Q. When and where was Bill Tilghman killed and who killed him and how? Felton J. Shaw, Wasport Point, Mass.

A. William H. {Uncle Billy} Tilghman was seventy years old when the Citizens Committee of Cromwell, Oklahoma pleaded with Tilghman to come to their town and act as City Marshal to bring law and order to the town. This could hardly be the old West as it was in 1924 and Cromwell was a boom oil town and about every form of vice and lawlessness held sway. Uncle Billy took the job and was soon getting the situation in hand, but on the night of November 1, 1924 he was shot in the back and killed by Wylie Lynn, a Federal prohibition officer. The crime syndicate was so strong that Lynn escaped with very little punishment, and the cowardly murder of one of Oklahoma's greatest peace officers in the old days was overlooked by the citizens who didn't even assist his wife in getting the pension he deserved.

———:———

Q. In the movies and on TV one sees the gunmen and the peace officers of the old West shooting from the hip. Did the oldtime gun experts shoot from the hip? Harry Arrowman, Nashville, Tenn.

A. Burton Rascoe in his book "Belle Starr" has this to say about shooting from the hip, "At various times I have talked to old time peace officers down in Oklahoma - tough men and good shots. I never heard any of them brag about their ability to shoot from the hip. When I would relate some incident of deadly precision somewhat like the incident in Miss Ferber's novel, they would say 'I've heard of such shooting, and never saw none."

———:———

Q. What was the exact location of Fort Hays and what was its purpose? A.V. Paulsen, 1212 Carlisle S.E., Apt. 4, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

A. Fort Hays was first called Camp Fletcher. It was built at the forks of Big Creek, about four miles from its mouth on Smokey Hill River, 52 miles West of Fort Ellsworth. It was an important army post in Western Kansas and many famous officers were stationed there at different times, such as Custer and Sheridan. Its name was changed to Fort Hays when the real fortifications were completed.

———:———

Q. Who were the Modocs, where did they live, and what can you tell me about them? Frederic Lamberson, Springfield, Missouri.

A. The Modocs were a small tribe of Indians, fierce fighters for their rights. They lived in an area around Modoc Lake, Tule Lake, and in the valley of the Lost River, all this area being in Northern California and Southern Oregon. In 1864 the Modocs with the Klamaths ceded their lands to the United States and were moved to reservations. This led to the Modoc wars where a few Modoc Indians defeated, time and again, large United States armies, but in the end were crushed. An important element of their diet was water lily buds.

———:———

Q. What was the origin of the cowboy expression, "Waddy." L. K. Kline, Pickering Road, Phoenixville, Penn.

A. According to the Wyoming Writer Project Book, this expression rose out of the need for the ranchers to hire anybody in the fall and spring. The word "Waddy" comes from wadding, anything to fill in.

———:———

Q. Can you give me the name of Jesse James's wife and his son and what happened to them? Mrs. Dot Foster, Box 41, Bayou La Batre, Alabama.

A. Jesse James' wife was his cousin Zerelda Mimmbs, who at the time of the marriage was only sixteen. She was called Zee. The marriage was a success, despite Jesse's lawlessness. Two children were born to them, Jesse Edward, born August 31, 1875 and Mary James, born July 17, 1879. Jesse Edward was a successful lawyer in Kansas City, Missouri. He died March 26, 1951. Mary James married a man named Barr. She died October 11, 1935.

———:———

Q. A friend of mine has an old percussion rifle with the mark on the lockplate, "L.G. & Y." What kind of a gun is it? Blair McDonald, Watertown, New York.

A. Your friend has a Government Model 1861 Springfield percussion rifle. This gun was manufactured by Lamson, Goodnow & Yale with a plant at Windsor, Vermont, with an additional plant at Shellburn Falls, Massachusetts. They also manufactured percussion carbines for the Government.

{Continued on next page}

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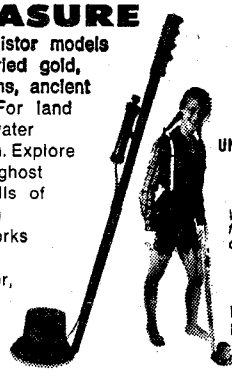

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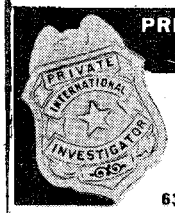

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Q. I have read the word, "worked" in connection with calves on the range, but never have seen a good explanation of the meaning of the word. Felton Mayfield, Seattle, Washington.

A. This applied to calves following their mothers in a herd branded with the mark of the owners. It also applied to calves cut into groups either for the purpose of sale or identification.

———:———

Q. Who were the Chanoma Indians? E.N. Bergman, Sioux City, Iowa.

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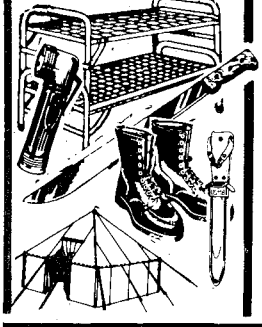

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A. They were a division of the upper Yankton Sioux. Their name meant "shoot at trees."

———:———

Q. Was Tom Mix part Indian and was he really an old time sheriff, soldier of fortune, and all that stuff the publicity department of the movies puts out about him? Waldo O'Neal, 405 Calhoun Street, Clovis, New Mexico.

A. Tom Mix was born January 6, 1880 on a small ranch near El Paso, Texas. His parents were Edward and Elizabeth Mix. While there was some publicity out on him that he was part Indian, there is no record that either his father or mother had Indian blood. There was no school near his father's ranch and what education he got as a youth came from his mother's tutoring. At 15 he was a skilled cowhand and left home to work on a ranch in the West... He served in the U.S. Army in Cuba with distinction, after that was a soldier in the Boer War. He later served as sheriff for Montgomery Country, Kansas. After that he was a Texas Ranger. While taking part in a rodeo at the famous 101 Ranch in Oklahoma, he attracted attention of movie scouts and his career as a movie actor began. He died October 12, 1940 in an automobile accident in Arizona.

———:———

Q. The word "buckaroo" confuses me. What is the real meaning? Glen Farley, Coatesville, Pennsylvania.

A. Buckaroo is the name of a California cowboy. He differed a little in dress from the cowboys, but he was a cowboy just the same.

———:———

Q. What was the "border Shift?" Art Venalman, Beatrice, Nebraska.

A. This was a trick of tossing the six gun from one hand to another, bringing it down shooting. It was practiced more in Texas and a man skilled in this trick could gain an advantage over an opponent. Also it was used when a man had one injured hand.

———:———

Q. One runs into the word, "charro" in old Western stories. What does it mean? Mrs. John Layman, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

A. A charro was a fancy Mexican cowboy, a daredevil with a horse and always dressed in the finest clothes and always had the most expensive saddle.

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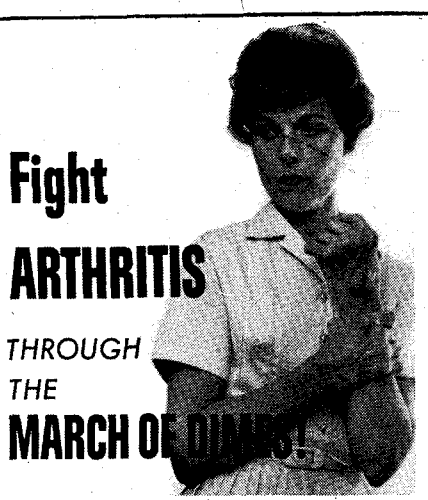

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MAIL ROUNDUP
(Continued from Page 8)

just coyotes that environment of the south may have given some slight change in appearance.

Time and time again throughout my life in the west I have heard people that should know better claim they saw a mountain lion, and caused lion hunters to go out with their dogs, only to find coyote tracks in the snow.

Even men that have grown up in this mountain country where I live, claim every big coyote they see is a gray wolf, timber wolf, brush wolf or what have you.

There are a few gray wolves in isolated areas of Colorado. Any one that ever saw a wolf would never mistake a coyote for one. A large coyote will weigh 25 lbs. I think, though I never weighed one. A gray wolf will weigh 75 lbs. and up.

Mr. Warren is not entirely correct in saying they always run in pairs and never in packs, though that is generally true. I have seen three or four together a few times and on a couple occasions six or eight.

Weather and food situation can change habits and range of most animals at times. I have lived most of my 68 years in the outdoors as a rancher, trapper, hunter. I believe I am in a position to know what I have stated here, and I am sure Mr. Warren is equally qualified.

This seeing coyotes in the wilds and believing they are the size of a fox or thinking they have seen a mountain lion, is like the description police often get from witnesses of a burglar. He is anywhere from short and fat to tall and skinny.

Sincerely,
Victor W. Miller
Cotopaxi, Colorado 81223

We have plenty of other letters about coyotes. What is your idea of this animal?

BILLY THE KID

Dear Mr. Rand:

A friend has given me a copy of your May issue and suggested that I comment on the letter by Jack Wallace re Billy the Kid's mother.

Mr. Wallace, I am afraid, has permitted himself to be led astray by the vaporings of an old fraud who called himself Brushy Bill Roberts and who claimed to be the Kid. There is not the slightest possibility that he could have been. While we know very little about the Kid's background, there are a few documented facts and we may disregard the pretensions of those whose stories do not match them.

First, on March 1, 1873 William H. Antrim and Mrs. Catherine McCarty were married in the Presbyterian Church in Sante Fe. Present at the ceremony as witnesses were the bride's two sons, Henry McCarty and Joe McCarty. As I set forth in the New Mexico Folklore Record, Volume VII, 1952-53, this is recorded in the Book of Marriages "A", pp. 35-36, of Santa Fe County and in the records of the Presbyterian Church in Santa Fe.

Second, we know that Mrs. Antrim died of tuberculosis in Silver City on September 16, 1874. I published her obituary from the Silver City Mining Life, September 19, 1874, in Volume VIII of the New Mexico Folklore Record.

Third, we know the family must have moved to Silver City almost immediately after the wedding, as the obituary states they came there "about one year and a half ago."

Fourth, we know that Henry McCarty escaped from jail in Silver City on September 26, 1875. I published the account from the Grant County The Herald in Vol. IX of the New Mexico Folklore Record.

Fifth, we know that Billy the Kid Antrim was Henry McCarty. See for instance the Grant County Herald for July 27, 1878, the New Southwest & Grant County Herald, May 14, 1881, and the Las Cruces Rio Grande Republican, July 23, 1881.

Since Roberts states that he left New Mexico in 1872, he rather effectively removes all possibility of any connection with the life of Billy the Kid.

I agree that no record of the Kid has ever turned up in New York City, although Mr. William Carson is sure he is the Henry McCarty born there September 17, 1859. For what it is worth, in 1880 the Kid told census taker Lorenzo Labadie that he and his parents had been born in Missouri. I refer Mr. Wallace to the January, 1965 issue of the New Mexico Historical Review for further details. Since all of this documented material has been available to every reader for several years, there is no justification whatever for people permitting them-

(Continued on Page 76)

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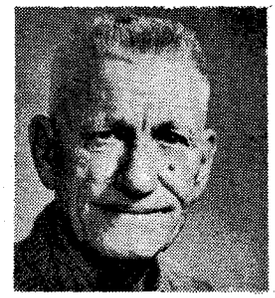

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selves to be misled by stories like that recounted by Mr. Wallace.

Yours very truly,
Philip J. Rasch
Rt. 1, Box 134, River Road
Sneads Ferry, N. C.

INTERESTING RELIC

Dear Sir:

Having read in your REAL WEST magazine of articles that helped shape our West, I thought maybe you would like to know of some things I have found while in road construction. I have two stone bottles, one found in Sioux City, Iowa dump which we made a road across and one found in north central Iowa along a road being rebuilt.

I contacted the pottery, J. Bourne & Son, Derby, near London, England, and found that the pottery was founded in 1809. They made these bottles from 1830 to 1890 for P. & J. Arnold of London, England, and from my description, they said mine were probably well over 100 years old. The pottery is still producing oven and table ware of which they sent pictures.

P. & J. Arnold was founded in 1724 and their records show they were trading with America before the end of that century. These bottles were probably exported to America filled with Arnold's ink and were transported across the plains by ox team any time between 1830 and 1890 as they had bills and documents in connection with this. I'm very proud of these articles.

Yours truly,
Omar McReynolds
Box 85, Waukee, Iowa

THE DIAMOND HOAX

Dear Sirs:

I have read, with considerable interest, the story "The San Francisco Diamond Hoax" in the March issue of REAL WEST.

In the fall of 1963 I accompanied a government hunter after bear in what he called the "Diamond Mountain" near Vernal, Utah. His story, with slight variations, almost paralleled the story by Bob Young. He told of two men that planted diamonds in the mountains, even gluing some to bushes, and sold the property at an exorbitant price. After the sale, and the two scoundrels were long gone, the victims happened to realize that diamonds did not grow on bushes. They recognized the hoax, but it was too late. Hence the name "Diamond Mountains".

Sincerely,
G. M. Farley
P. O. Box 167
Williamsport, Maryland 21795

P. S. Sure enjoy REAL WEST

GOT MANY LETTERS

Dear Mr. Rand:

Your March issue certainly does have readers! Returned from a mine examination trip to find numerous letters mentioning my letter in your Mail Roundup regarding the Lost Cement Mine. And here I think a compliment for your fine work is in order due to the interest that your magazine has stirred up on Western Americana and, moreover, drawing out the numerous unpublished stories, experiences and photographs which otherwise may become lost forever.

Too many of us these days are so engrossed in various enterprises that we fail to recognize history which we could have documented when we talked to old timers who are no longer with us. One of the best sources of information on early day mining in northern California was one William ("Poker Bill") Crandell of Klamath Falls, Oregon. The last time we were out looking over the hills was in 1950 when he was 100 years old! Another was my good friend Robert N. Diggles of Grass Valley, California who was one of the sons of a pioneer and a gold metallurgist out of Stanford University. Bob passed away last summer at the age of 89. His knowledge and experience in gold and silver mining and milling will be hard to come by during the coming resurgence of gold and silver mining.

Mr. Young may know of persons who are still living who would know the history of the mining done in and around Lees Camp, a mining town situated in the Lee Mining District 15 miles south and east of Rhyolite, Nevada but in Inyo County, California and now within the Death Valley National Monument. More specifically, the district is located in Township 28

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North, Range 3 East, San Bernardino Base and Meridan (the exterior of this township was surveyed in 1857 by a Henry Washington under contract with the Surveyor General's Office dated October 15, 1856. I have a copy of the plat. Imagine surveying then along the eastern slopes of the Funeral Mountains on the western edge of the Amargosa Desert?) The earliest mining locations I have found were dated November 18, 1904 just three months after the famous Bullfrog (Rhyolite) strike. These were made by the Hayseed Mining Co. followed by locations in 1905 by the Pumpkin Gold Mining Co. and in 1906 locations by S. J. Hernstadt and J. P. Nelson. There were other locations about this time by the Lee Hidden Treasure Gold Mining Co.

Sincerely,
Burton J. Westman, Mining Geologist
3496 East Pueblo Way
Las Vegas, Nevada 89109

ENGLISH READER

Dear Sir:

I have only recently become aware of the existence of REAL WEST and have read the few copies I have been able to obtain with great interest.

A youthful fascination for "cowboys and Indians" has matured with age and expanded into an interest in American history generally--up to, that is, the turn of the present century.

For several years I have been getting together a collection of books on the United States and I wonder whether you might help me to strike up an acquaintance with some person or persons on your side of the Atlantic with a view to an exchange of literature since second hand books on U. S. history, memoirs, biographies and autobiographies are not easily obtainable in England.

In return I would be happy to provide secondhand books to any correspondent on any subject which might interest him and be more easily come by in England than the U. S.

For anyone interested I am 36 years old, married, one son of 6 years, work in insurance, live 20 miles outside London and have an interest in athletics, archeology and English history.

I hope you can assist me.

Yours sincerely,
Gordon R. Everson
"Mellitus", 111 Station Rd.
West Horndon, Brentwood
Essex, England

P. S. Never cut down on the space you provide for your correspondents -- their letters are great.

ABIGAIL GARDNER'S RESCUE

Dear Mr. Rand:

I don't want to "hog" the Mail Roundup but I was pleased you printed my letter on the Spirit Lake Iowa massacre and the Sitting Bull episode. Recently I wrote to Spirit Lake Iowa and find the Gardner cabin to be the original, also Earl Crotts of Calif. says so. I walked to the actual rescue site of Abigail Gardner and took the enclosed picture. I know Mr. Joe Koller, one of your writers. I like his stories and readers can be sure they are based on research and knowing the facts. I correspond with Robt. MacLaine of Tacoma and find he has spent much time in research and goes for facts only. This is all for now unless there is another massacre or they rebury Sitting Bull.

Yours truly,
Clair Houseman
410 S. Lincoln
Aberdeen, S. D.

BOB DALTON'S BRIDE

Dear Sirs:

I just finished reading RW March '65, and was real interested in the story "Bob Dalton's Bandit Bride." I thought the enclosed clipping might be of interest to you and your readers:

Ex-Sheriff J. F. Ledbetter received a letter from Emmett Dalton, years ago one of the most notorious outlaws and bank robbers in Indian Territory and old Oklahoma. Dalton, who traveled over the country showing moving pictures of himself and his gang committing some of their well-remembered crimes, had just witnessed "Beating Back,"

{Continued on Page 79}

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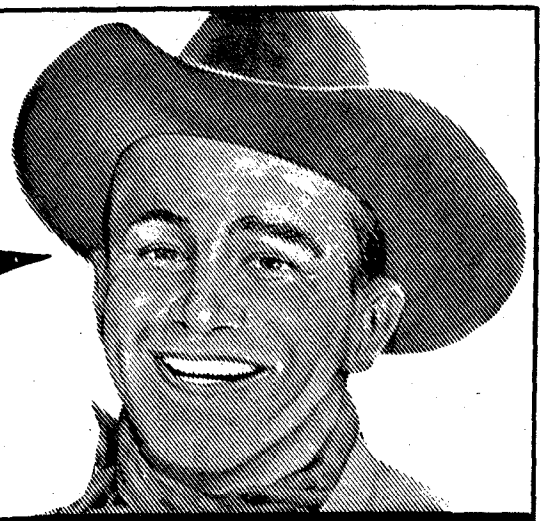

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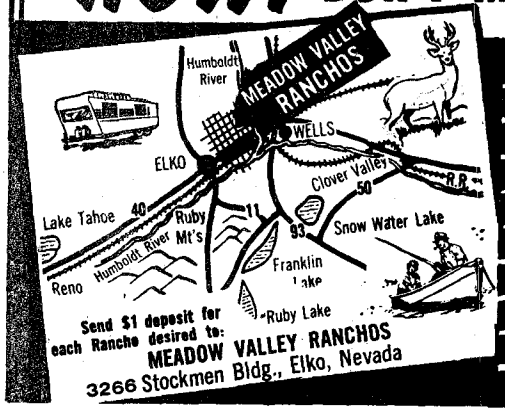

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Al Jennings' moving pictures of his career as an outlaw, his capture, sentence to the penitentiary and his release.

Dalton's letter read:

Wheeling, West Virginia, January 1, 1915.

My Dear Mr. Ledbetter:

I have just witnessed the exhibition of "Beating Back," by Al Jennings, and I hasten to inquire, what's the chance to borrow the longtailed, Prince Albert coat, boots, star and heavy, fierce, black mustache you wear in the picture?

It's a very good picture but I had one h--- of a good laugh when I saw the party impersonating you dressed up as above mentioned, and then knowing you as I do, I could not help but think, while looking at it, how I would like to hear you express yourself, if you could only see it.

I have been in Canada this last fall and in New York and this state since last September, showing, seeing lots of country, getting acquainted with lots of people and making some money.

With kindest regards to yourself, family and any friends I may have there, I remain,

As ever, your friend,

"EMMETT DALTON."

{From Muskogee Daily Phoenix of 1915, Jan.}

I remember Bud Ledbetter well, as a boy I used to campaign for him when he was running for sheriff. I also remember when Al Jennings ran for governor of Oklahoma. Your magazine is the best. Keep up the good work.

Yours truly,
Bill Hollingsworth
217 No. "O" Street
Muskogee, Oklahoma

BIG SPENDER JONES

Gentlemen:

I surely enjoy your fine magazine and articles. In March 65 issue what particularly interested me was "George Jones big spender." I worked for Henry Burton Stuart for over 10 years and was working for him at the time of the suit in 1920's. He was not in the feed business in 1879 but started the "Pioneer Grain and Feed Co" in 1917.

Prior to that he drove a delivery wagon for "The City Store". In early days Mr. H. B. Stuart was a U. S. Cavalry man and chased Indians in the Nevada desert who escaped from the reservation. He was once cited for bravery for capturing a murderer at great risk to himself.

At the time I worked for him he was over 70 years of age and strong as an ox. He would handle heavy 5 wire bales of hay 200 lbs and over and load on a horse truck, also 120 lbs sacks of wheat was child's play to him.

The original 100.00 dollars was loaned to Jones to purchase a cow and I believe it was Judge James that handed down the decision.

It took miles of paper and many dozens of pencils to figure the interest - no computers in those days. He also loaned a Harry Johnston $400 in 1921 at 7% per month (it was Johnston's idea) and when I left Stuart in 1933 was not paid one red cent as yet. This in itself would make a tidy sum!

H. B. Stuart did not care if he collected or not from Jones and sued only for the novelty and fun of it. After he appeared in News reels in theatres he was hounded by people all over the world wanting to borrow money. A couple in the Philippines wanted to borrow 3,000.00 to buy tennis balls for their store!

Another letter I remember was from a crippled girl (so she said) wanted a few thousand for an operation. Mr. Stuart's assets at time of death was $2,000.00 cash and some community property which he shared with his fine wife, Dottie, who was a daughter of a well known San Jose pioneer family. To my knowledge Mr. Stuart did not even get the $19.69 as he had to pay attorney's fees.

Yours respectfully,
Anthony Carlone
740 Sycamore St.
San Jose, Cal.

P. S. At 85 years of age he cultivated his small prune orchard driving a tractor sometimes 12 or more hours a day. This 40 or more acres was left to his wife by her father. I guess you had to be a real man to be in the Cavalry in the early days, if H. B. Stuart was an example.

JACK 'ALOPE

Dear Editor:

I've been a constant reader of your most interested magazine "RW." Have enjoyed many articles from the authors who write for many publishers and some of the stories bring out the truth or less so. All of which is most worth reading.

I am very happy now, that I can go to a newsstand and buy a maga-

{Continued on next page}

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The book explains that, although many people mistakenly think surgery is the only answer to Glandular Inflammation, there is now a non-surgical treatment available.

NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

This New Free Illustrated Book tells about the modern, mild, Non-Surgical treatment for Glandular Inflammation and that the treatment is backed by a Lifetime Certificate of Assurance. Many men from all over the country have taken the NON-SURGICAL treatment and have reported it has proven effective.

The Non-Surgical treatment described in this book requires no painful surgery, hospitalization, anesthesia or long period of convalescence. Treatment takes but a short time and the cost is reasonable.

REDUCIBLE HERNIA | **HEMORRHOIDS**

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zine to read up on the lost treasures. I get a kick out of the many readers answers to others disputing the theories, whether right or wrong, although some feel they are perfectly right within their sense of wording.

I have read many of splitting opinions. It's good to know that one can write a worthy story, without any dictating involved, that's freedom, and long may it stand.

I was out in Douglass, Wyoming back in 1953. Working on the C. B. Q. R. R. I saw a picture of a Jack'alope, some say there is no such animal, but the story I read stated there was an old timer who saw this creature. The Jack'alope is between a Jack rabbit and antelope - I would appreciate anything on it. Thank you kindly.

Sincerely yours,
James C. Glazner
2404 McCroskey Ave.
Knoxville, Tenn.

P. S. The old timer who saw this creature, the year was around 1832.

MONUMENT TO INDIANS

Dear Sir:

The January issue of REAL WEST contained considerable controversy regarding the monument commemorating Custer's Last Stand near the Little Big Horn in Montana. This spurred me to comment that I had failed to see at the same spot any monument commemorating the Indians who fought and died defending their lands, their homes, their families against ruthless invaders and unscrupulous aggressors.

It has recently come to my attention that on the site of Adobe Walls in Texas where 28 Americans withstood and defeated upwards of 700 to 1000 Indians who also were defending their lands against marauding aggressors who were destroying the Indians' chief source of sustenance and bodily warmth, namely, the buffalo, there stands a monument proclaiming itself a memorial to the brave warriors who died defending their homeland against invaders.

A similar monument at the Custer Battlefield would be quite appropriate.

A. V. Paulsen
1212 Carlisle S. E. Apt. A
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87106

JOHN MARTIN

Dear Sirs:

In your May issue of REAL WEST under "Mail Roundup" was a letter from Miss Patricia Jean MacLaine referring to John Martin. Her account was substantially correct except for one major error made many times before.

He was not Italian, he was English, he is not buried in Brooklyn, he is buried in Plymouth, Ind., where sons and grandsons still reside. His headstone in the Oakhill cemetery was marked by the United States Dept. of War years ago as the bearer of Custer's Last Message.

There are documents in Washington at the National Archives, there are photostats of his discharge, and other proof proving that this is the original John Martin.

The Plymouth Pilot has in its files many stories about this hero written over the years. I researched one series myself. He also rode Pony Express, scouted for Buffalo Bill, lived with the Indians, worked as a Deputy Marshal in Dodge City.

For long has this mistake in history been made. This should be cleared once and for all. I refer you to Plymouth, Ind., the newspaper and Martin family. Letters and photos are held by his daughter and son Charles W. Martin.

Brooklyn may claim him if they like, but the fact remains he died in Argos, Ind. and is buried in Plymouth, Ind.

Dr. Alan Robert Elliott
Portage, Ind.

P. S. One photo shows John Martin {not Martini} posing with Comanche the horse that survived.

POSTERS WITH MAGS

Dear Sir:

I enjoy your magazine very much since my wife and I have been collecting items on the old west for some thirty years and now have a small private museum. You asked for opinions as to types of stories to run - I believe it is best just like it is now with different types of stories in each issue so every one will find something of interest in each issue.

Keep up the good work.

Your friend from west Texas
Lester C. Wilbanks
1206 Harding Street
Big Spring, Texas

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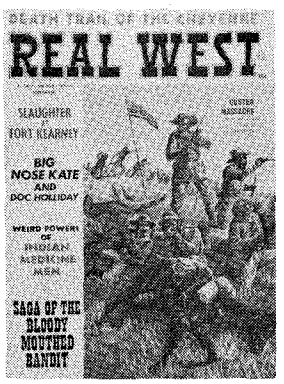


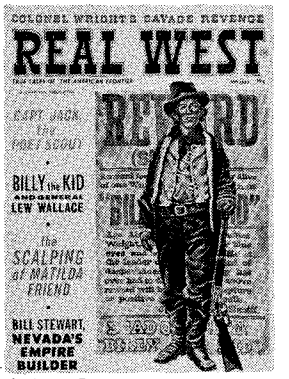
SEPTEMBER, 1964

- Lounsberry's Famous News Scoop: "Custer Massacred"
- "Blood Bath at Red River": Story of Ft. Abercrombie
- Exclusive: "Who Was Billy The Kid's Mother?"
- The Strange Love Affair of "Big Nose Kate" & "Doc" Holliday

SIBLEY'S ARMY OF THE DEAD
REAL WEST
TRAGIC SAGA OF THE BABB FAMILY
JEFF TURNER INDIAN KILLER
SAN FRANCISCO BAY'S GOLDEN TREASURE

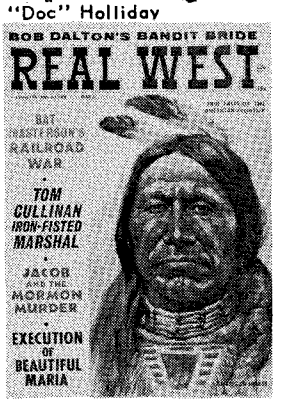
NOVEMBER, 1964

- "The Babb Family": A story of sudden Comanche attack
- "Bloody Vengeance" of the normally friendly Pueblos
- "Jeff Turner, Indian Fighter": A study in revenge
- Exciting military action: "Sibley's Army of the Dead"


COLONEL WRIGHT'S CAVALRY REVENGE
REAL WEST
BILLY THE KID AND GENERAL LEW WALLACE
THE SCALPING OF MATILDA FRIEND
BILL STEWART NEVADA'S EMPIRE BUILDER

JANUARY, 1965

- Unusual similarities between Ben Hur and Billy The Kid
- Matilda Friend's tale of sudden Indian horror
- The firm and shocking justice of Colonel Wright
- "Kate Shelley's Courage": Rescue of a trainload of people



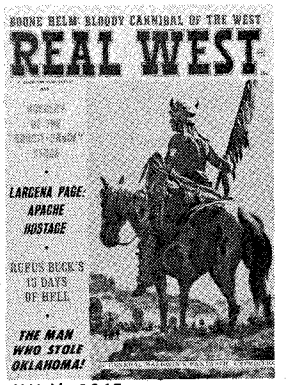
MARCH, 1965

- Bob Dalton's romance with that woman horse-stealer
- Bat Masterson's bloody and spiteful railroad war
- Tom Cullinan: Tamer of turbulent Virginia City
- The tragic execution of beautiful Donna Maria

REAL WEST
TRAGEDY OF THE NEZ PERCES
ARIZONA'S LOST CANYON OF GOLD
BUFFALO BILL'S GREAT HUNT
ORDEAL OF RED CROW'S CAPTIVE SQUAW

MAY, 1965

- Special tribute to the raw-boned, daring Mountain Men
- The *romantic scandal* that killed Jesse James
- "Tragedy of the Nez Perces": A tale of mistreated Indians
- All *about the bloody career* of one-eyed killer Bill Moore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LARCENA PAGE: APACHE HOSTAGE
RUFUS BLOCK'S 10 DAYS OF HELL
THE MAN WHO STOLE OKLAHOMA!

JULY, 1965

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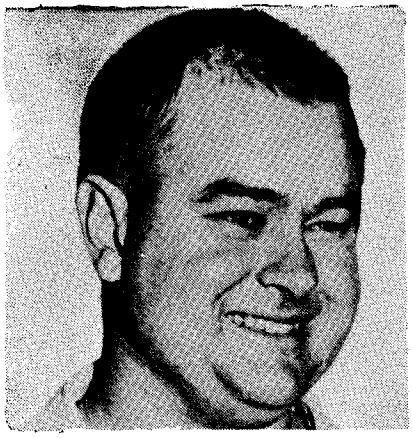

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- ☐ Engine (Gas & Diesel)
- ☐ Engine Tune-Up
- ☐ Transmission Specialist

BUSINESS
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Bus. Administration
- ☐ Executive Training
- ☐ Marketing
- ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
- ☐ Practical Accounting
- ☐ Programming for Digital Computers
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Real Estate
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Sales Mgmt.
- ☐ Small Business Mgmt.
- ☐ Traffic Mgmt.

CHEMICAL
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chem. Engineering
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ Nuclear Energy
- ☐ Plastics
- ☐ Pulp, Paper

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Highway Blueprints
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Structural Blueprints
- ☐ Sanitary Engineering
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying & Mapping

DRAFTING
- ☐ Architectural
- ☐ Drafting Technology
- ☐ Electrical and Electronic
- ☐ Mechanical

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Elec. Appliance Servicing
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Elec. Motor Repairman
- ☐ Industrial Telemetering
- ☐ Instrument Technician
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman

ELECTRONICS
- ☐ Automation
- ☐ Electronic Computers
- ☐ Electronics Technician
- ☐ General Electronics
- ☐ Hi-Fi Stereo and Sound Systems
- ☐ Industrial Electronics

ENGINEERING (Professional)
- ☐ Chemical ☐ Civil
- ☐ Electrical
- ☐ Mechanical

ENGLISH and WRITING
- ☐ Better Business Writing
- ☐ Introductory Technical Writing
- ☐ Short Story Writing
- ☐ Practical English

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Business
- ☐ High School General
- ☐ High School Math
- ☐ High School Secretarial
- ☐ High School Vocational
- ☐ College Preparatory

LANGUAGES (Edited by Berlitz)
- ☐ French ☐ German
- ☐ Italian ☐ Spanish

MECHANICAL and SHOP
- ☐ Gas and Electric Welding
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Tool Design
- ☐ Toolmaking
- ☐ Safety Engineering

SECRETARIAL
- ☐ Clerk-Typist
- ☐ Legal Secretary
- ☐ Medical Secretary
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Shorthand
- ☐ Stenographic ☐ Typist

STEAM and DIESEL POWER
- ☐ Boiler Inspector
- ☐ Power Plant Engineering
- ☐ Stationary Diesel Engineering
- ☐ Steam Engineering

SUPERVISION
- ☐ Foremanship—Supry'n
- ☐ Personnel—Lab. Rel'ns

TV-RADIO
- ☐ Radio and TV Servicing
- ☐ Radio-Telephone License
- ☐ TV Technician
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Engineering

MISCELLANEOUS
- ☐ Textile
- ☐ Other (please specify)

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